

THE LEATHERNECK

August 1931

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The Advance on Bois de Belleau, June, 1918.

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THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	18,531
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—Total strength May 31	1,176
Separations during June	8
Appointments during June	1,168
Total strength on June 30	26
ENLISTED—Total strength May 31	1,194
Separations during June	17,355
Joinings during June	497
Total strength June 30	16,858
Total strength Marine Corps June 30	728
	17,586
	18,780

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben. H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Seth Williams, AQM.

Lt. Col. Randolph Coyle.

Maj. George C. Hamner.

Capt. Vernon M. Guymon.

1st Lt. James M. Ranck, Jr.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Seth Williams, AQM.

Lt. Col. Randolph Coyle.

Maj. Thos. P. Cheatham.

Capt. Wm. H. Hollingsworth.

1st Lt. James M. Ranck, Jr.

MARINE CORPS ORDERS

JUNE 12, 1931.

Major William H. Rupertus, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Department of the Pacific via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Chinwangtao, China, on or about June 9th.

Captain Merritt A. Edson, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa., to report on June 15th.

2nd Lt. Granville K. Frisbie, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "Ecuador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about June 25th.

2nd Lt. William W. Benson, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., via first available conveyance to New Orleans, La.

JUNE 13, 1931.

Captain Tom E. Wicks, AQM, died on June 6th. 1st Lt. William W. Davidson, on June 13th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Lewis A. Hohn, on June 12th detached MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. August Larson, on June 12th detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Albert F. Moe, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla. Chf. Pay Ck. John D. Erwin, about July 1st detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

JUNE 16, 1931.

Major Harold S. Fassett, orders from MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., revoked. Detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Clarke H. Wells, detailed as an Assistant Paymaster effective June 22nd.

(Continued on page 3)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JUNE 1, 1931.

Cpl. James R. Stephens—MB, Quantico, to Candidates Class, MB, Washington, D. C.

JUNE 2, 1931.

Cpl. Manasseh H. Shuman—MB, Charleston, S. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Cpl. David B. Hines—MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Cpl. Joseph D. Blundell—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

Cpl. Arthur S. Stephens—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Port au Prince, Haiti.

Cpl. Albert Dodican—MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cpl. John McGlade—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

Cpl. John R. Thomas—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNE 4, 1931.

Gy.-Sgt. Charles A. Strathern—MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Everett C. Henson—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Cpl. Edward M. Schowe—MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

JUNE 6, 1931.

Cpl. Larry P. Wheeler—MD, NH, Chelsea, Mass., to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

Cpl. Frank Kraemer—MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

JUNE 8, 1931.

Sgt. John H. Wilbanks—MB, NYD, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Sgt. Algie Guthrie—MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to New Orleans.

Sgt. Delbert D. Wells—MB, SB, New London, Conn., to Camp Rapidan, Va.

Cpl. William J. Shaw—MD, USS "New York" to RS, New York, N. Y.

Cpl. John P. Shalala—MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Cpl. William Warner—MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Cpl. Ralph B. Adams—MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Nicaraguan National Guard.

Cpl. Leroy Hudson—MD, USS "Pensacola," to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

JUNE 9, 1931.

1st Sergeant Fred Riewe—Nicaragua to MB, Quantico, Va.

Gy.-Sgt. Albert H. Almquist—West Coast to MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Sgt. Albert Gordon—Nicaragua to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Cpl. Neils E. Blunch—MB, Parris Island, to MB, Quantico, Va.

JUNE 10, 1931.

Sgt. William Atwood—MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sgt. John Schuh—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to Nicaragua.

Sgt. Joseph Marsh—ERD to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

JUNE 11, 1931.

1st Sgt. R. Darrah—Nicaraguan Guardia Nacional to MB, Quantico, Va.

Cpl. George Bishop—MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, NYD, Norfolk, Va.

Cpl. George Bishop—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

(Continued on page 4)

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

ALVIS, Thomas C., at Quantico, 6-18-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Va.

ANDERSON, Herbert, at Yorktown, Va., 6-2-31, for NMD, Yorktown, Va.

ANDERSON, Robert E., at Quantico, 6-5-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Va.

BAIRD, Sam W., at Charlotte, 6-10-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BASSETT, Wilfred E., at Vallejo, 6-9-31, for NP, Mare Island, Calif.

BATEMAN, Horace C., at Memphis, 6-12-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BECK, William D., at MB, New York, 6-8-31, for MD, Ft. Lafayette, N. Y.

BEE, Byrne, at Philadelphia, 6-25-31, for D-of-S, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEERY, Arthur M., at San Diego, 6-3-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BENOTT, William J., at MB, Norfolk, Va., 6-5-31, for Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.

BEVENS, Lynthol, at Salt Lake City, 5-29-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BLACKWOOD, James B., at Fairmont, 6-9-31, for MB, Charleston, S. C.

BLAND, Alva H., at Vallejo, 6-14-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

BRINKWORTH, Edwin F., at Indianapolis, 6-25-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BROWN, Gid H., at Boston, 6-22-31, for MD, USS "Southery," NYD, Boston, Mass.

CASEY, William, at MB, Puget Sound, 6-14-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

CAZER, Jennings, at Long Beach, 6-8-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

CHURCH, Jack A., at Quantico, 6-19-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Va.

COOPER, Harry, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 6-5-31, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

CORDELL, Ivy R., at NAS, San Diego, 6-2-31, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.

COURTER, Joseph A. Sr., at Philadelphia, 6-10-31, for D-of-S, Philadelphia, Pa.

CRAET, Robert H., at Pittsburgh, 5-25-31, for Hdqrs. MC, Washington, D. C.

CRAIG, Edwin H., at Oakland, 6-1-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

CRISMAN, George R., at San Francisco, 6-6-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

CROUCH, Harry P., at MB, NYD, Washington, D. C., 6-12-31, for MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.

CUNNINGHAM, Leo J., at Quantico, 6-21-31, for 1st Marines, Quantico, Va.

DAVIS, Charles W., at Quantico, 6-15-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Va.

DeGRUCHY, Wilfred J., at Boston, 6-15-31, for West Coast, via Hampton Roads.

DEMEULE, Wilfrid J., at NTS, Newport, 6-20-31, for MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

DOTY, Ross L., at Indianapolis, 6-27-31, for MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.

DOWNNEY, Devon D., at Newark, 6-1-31, for MB, Dover, N. J.

DUNCAN, Forrest L., at Seattle, 5-22-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

ELLIS, Edward S., at Charlotte, 6-5-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

ELMS, George E., at San Diego, 6-7-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

ERNST, Robert B., at Ft. Wayne, 6-17-31, for West Coast, via Hampton Roads.

FABICK, John, at MB, Puget Sound, 6-2-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

FERRELL, Charles O., at Evansville, 5-29-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

FITZSIMMONS, Eugene J., at Quantico, 6-22-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico.

(Continued on page 55)

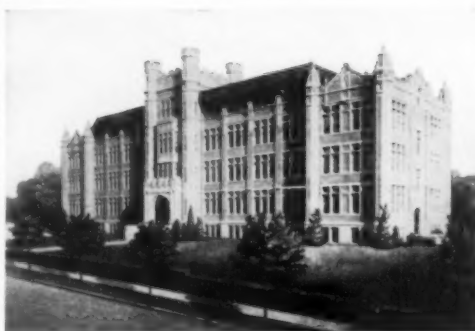
STABILITY



ABOVE, Main Instruction Building of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna.

AT LEFT, International Correspondence Schools Limited, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, England.

AT RIGHT, Administration Building of the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Penna.



MODERN BUSINESS is becoming vitally interested in guiding the education of its employees. One evidence of this fact is the care with which business and industrial leaders today are investigating correspondence schools and other educational agencies before they recommend them to their men. They are following a wise course. It is important that the employer should be fully acquainted not only with the scope and quality of the instruction offered by a school, but with its physical equipment and financial standing — its ability to meet its obligations.

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(Continued from page 1)

Captain Roswell Winans, orders from MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., revoked.

2nd Lt. Clarence J. O'Donnell, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

JUNE 17, 1931.

Captain William B. Croka, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Donald Curtis, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS "Houston."

1st Lt. Louis E. Marie, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. Harold C. Roberts, detached MD, USS "Houston," to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

JUNE 19, 1931.

Colonel John C. Beaumont, on completion of the course, detached Army War College, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Captain Richard H. Jeschke, about June 20th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, USS "Augusta."

Captain Robert M. Montague, on reporting of his relief detached MD, USS "Augusta" to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Lester E. Power, killed in action on June 14th.

2nd Lt. Edward C. Dyer, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Lester S. Hamel, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Deane C. Roberts, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Joe A. Smoak, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Charles D. Warfield, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Edson L. Lyman, orders to MB, Parris Island, S. C., modified to MB, NOB, New Orleans, Louisiana.

2nd Lt. Edward A. Montgomery, orders to MB, Parris Island, S. C., modified to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

2nd Lt. Wallace M. Greene, orders to MB, Parris Island, S. C., modified to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. Frank G. Wagner, orders to Parris Island, S. C., modified to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Elmo Reagan, died on June 17th of injuries received in an airplane crash.

JUNE 20, 1931.

Captain Maurice C. Gregory, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Adolph Zuber, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available conveyance.

1st Lt. Arthur C. Small, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

2nd Lt. Clyde C. Roberts, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

2nd Lt. Harvey E. Dahlgren, orders to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Roy M. Gulick, about July 15th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, Camp Rapidan, Crislersville, Va.

JUNE 24, 1931.

Captain Francis P. Mulcahy, detached AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Venezuela," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about July 9th.

Captain Jacob M. Pearce, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kitter," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 6th.

1st Lt. Paul R. Cowley, on or about July 6th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

2nd Lt. Clarence J. O'Donnell, orders to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., modified to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about July 3rd.

The following-named officers have been promoted to the grade indicated:

1st Lt. William M. O'Brien, 1st Lt. Lawrence Norman, 1st Lt. Granville K. Frisbie, 1st Lt. Earl H. Phillips.

JUNE 27, 1931.

Colonel Frederick A. Ramsey, retired as of July 1st.

Major William F. Bevan, died on June 19th.

Captain Edward D. Kalbfleisch, on July 23rd detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Edward C. Dyer, orders to AS, WCEF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked. Detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Charles H. Hayes, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Robert A. Olson, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific, via the SS "President Wilson," due to arrive San Francisco, July 14th.

JUNE 30, 1931.

Major Raphael Griffin, on or about July 6th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Guatemala," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about July 23rd.

Major DeWitt Peck, orders to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., modified to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

Major Thomas E. Thrasher, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, R. I., to report not later than June 30th.

Captain William F. Beattie, AQM, on June 30th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report on July 1st.

Captain Thomas P. Cheatham, on or about July 1st detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USS "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 17th.

Captain Robert Yowell, on or about July 15th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. George W. Walker, on or about July 6th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NOB, Key West, Fla.

JULY 1, 1931.

Captain Amor L. Sims, about July 10th detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Clate C. Snyder, about July 15th detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about September 14th.

Captain Louis W. Whaley, about July 15th detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Chester R. Allen, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NPD, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Lee N. Uitz, detached MD, Camp Rapidan, Crislersville, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

JULY 2, 1931.

Lt. Col. Gerard M. Kincade, detached Army War College, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Major Archie F. Howard, on August 3rd detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Captain Thomas E. Bourke, about July 25th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Pay Clk. Walter J. Sherry, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Mar. Gnr. Kennard F. Bubier, appointed a Marine Gunner and assigned to duty with AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

JULY 3, 1931.

Lt. Col. Edward W. Sturdevant, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Columbia," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about August 20th.

Major Lloyd L. Leech, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via commercial steamer scheduled to sail from New Orleans, La., on or about August 22nd.

Captain Walter S. Gaspar, on reporting of his relief detached MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USS "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 17th.

Captain Curtis W. Leette, orders to Department of the Pacific modified to FAS, Ft. Sill, Okla.

Captain Miller V. Parsons, detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 17th.

Captain Amor L. Sims, orders to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Captain James P. Smith, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about August 17th.

Captain William A. Worton, on reporting of his relief detached MD, USS "Oklahoma," to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Charles D. Baylis, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Gerald C. Thomas, on August 1st detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

2nd Lt. Robert G. Ballance, resignation accepted to take effect July 31st.

Chf. Qm. Clk. William R. Affleck, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

JULY 6, 1931.

Brig. Gen. Frederic L. Bradman, appointed a brigadier general.

Captain John W. Beckett, when directed by the C-in-C, Asiatic Fleet, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. James D. Waller, on August 1st detached MB, Quantico, Va., to FAS, Ft. Sill, Okla.

1st Lt. Adolph Zuber, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Frank F. Wallace, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

JULY 7, 1931.

Major William H. Rupertus, orders to Department of the Pacific modified to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Prentice S. Geer, on July 31st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Atlanta, Ga.

Captain Lee W. Wright, on August 31st detached Office of Assistant Paymaster, Atlanta, Ga., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about September 14th.

Qm. Clk. Walter J. Czapp, appointed a quartermaster clerk and assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

The following-named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Seth Williams, AQM.

Lt. Col. Randolph Coyle.

1st Lt. Paul A. Putnam.

1st Lt. Matthew C. Horner.

1st Lt. James M. Ranck, Jr.

Chf. QM. Clk. Joseph C. Brochek.

JULY 8, 1931.

Lt. Col. William C. Wise, APM, assigned to duty at Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Major Thomas E. Watson, detached American Legation, Santo Domingo City, D. R., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available conveyance.

Captain Dudley S. Brown, about August 25th detached MB, Washington, D. C., to the Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga.

Captain Muri Corbett, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Quartermaster Corps Subsistence School, Chicago, Ill.

Captain Prentice S. Geer, APM, detailed an Assistant Paymaster effective July 6th.

(Continued on page 55)

Alligators

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POST EXCHANGES

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(Continued from page 1)

(Continued from page 1)

JUNE 12, 1931.

Sgt. Birt Sokira—MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to
Camp Rapidan.

Pl. Joseph L. Watson—CRD to Camp Rapt
Pl. John Slattery—MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N
MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
E 23, 1931.

Cpl. John Davidson—Hati to MB, Quantico, Va.
Cpl. Quillin L. Strickland—MB, NYd, Norfolk,
Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Pvt. 1cl. Llera, Jose—Spanish.
Pvt. 1cl. Privett, Carl Vernon—Aviation Engines.

PROMOTIONS

Roy L. Green—to Corporal.
Henry S. Griffin—to Corporal.

John J. Griffin—to Corporal.
 Teddie C. Grimes—to Corporal.
 Edward E. Harris—to Corporal.
 Henry E. Head, Jr.—to Corporal.
 William C. Holts—to Corporal.
 James F. House—to Corporal.
 William J. Jacisin—to Corporal.
 Harold F. James—to Corporal.
 Charles G. Jordan—to Corporal.
 Orville Ketter—to Corporal.
 William C. Kendall—to Corporal.
 Charles E. Kerstetter—to Corporal.
 Lewis W. Kivier—to Corporal.
 Richard E. Leady—to Corporal.
 Henry J. Lendo—to Corporal.
 Herman J. Levine—to Corporal.
 Grady E. Loe—to Corporal.
 Forrest A. Luce—to Corporal.
 Augustas G. Morgan—to Corporal.
 Burton W. Nugent—to Corporal.
 Joseph F. Patrick—to Corporal.
 Herbert Pickert—to Corporal.
 Holger Poulsen—to Corporal.
 Tom P. Reeves—to Sergeant.
 Ray M. Roop—to Corporal.
 Charles Rossom—to Corporal.
 Gennaro Ruggiero—to Corporal.
 Daniel P. Ryan—to Corporal.
 Joel P. Scarborough—to Corporal.
 De Vere G. Shoffstall—to Corporal.
 Wiley H. Smith—to Corporal.
 Raymon Staton—to Corporal.
 George Sterling—to Corporal.
 Leo J. Strak—to Corporal.
 George Toth—to Corporal.
 Ralph C. Turner—to Corporal.
 Harry B. Verhaege—to Corporal.
 Milton A. Vesey—to Corporal.
 Walter J. Wallraf—to Corporal.
 Lorian A. Weaver—to Corporal.
 Harry A. Weber—to Corporal.
 Cletus J. White—to Corporal.
 LeBoyd White—to Corporal.
 George H. J. Wilken—to Corporal.
 Cecil R. Wilson—to Corporal.
 Henry L. Winebrenner—to Corporal.
 Johnalson E. Wright—to Corporal.

PRIVATES

Herbert Anderson—to Corporal.
 Harry V. Bernstein—to Corporal.
 Ezra L. Bosell—to Corporal.
 Therald E. Cody—to Corporal.
 Laurin T. Covington—to Corporal.
 John L. Dana—to Corporal.
 Mike Davidovic—to Corporal.
 Joseph P. Deluca—to Corporal.
 Wilfred J. Desmarais—to Corporal.
 Daniel R. Downey, Jr.—to Corporal.
 Alfred F. Eure—to Corporal.
 Henry H. Faulkner—to Corporal.
 George J. German—to Corporal.
 Adrian MacF. Greene—to Corporal.
 William E. Hicks—to Corporal.
 Orville S. Hogue—to Corporal.
 Leo S. Hulet—to Corporal.
 Chester O. Johnson—to Corporal.
 Henry J. Jones, Jr.—to Corporal.
 Benjamin F. Kilpatrick—to Corporal.
 Benedict W. Konopa—to Corporal.
 James I. Lall—to Corporal.
 Merle L. Lambert—to Corporal.
 Joseph Marsh—to Corporal.
 Leo Newsome—to Corporal.
 Joseph T. Oczkowicz—to Corporal.
 Thomas T. Olsen, Jr.—to Corporal.
 Robert C. Owens—to Corporal.
 Walter C. Phillips—to Corporal.
 Floyd R. Pierce—to Corporal.
 John W. Ray, Jr.—to Corporal.
 Emmett E. Reilly—to Corporal.
 Leo J. Schick—to Corporal.
 Arius Shook—to Corporal.
 William F. Slaterry—to Corporal.
 Walter C. Smith—to Corporal.
 James J. Walsh—to Sergeant.
 Gustav W. Waltmann—to Corporal.
 Harold S. Ward—to Corporal.
 LeBoyd White—to Corporal.
 Frank M. Wysaski—to Corporal.

LIST OF QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT

1. Wellmeyer, Wilbur M.—March 14, 1908.
- Manley, Frank P.—October 28, 1916.
- Edwards, James W.—December 11, 1916.
- Bassen, William—April 11, 1917.
5. Furey, George S.—April 23, 1917.
- Roberts, Carl B.—June 21, 1917.
- Saunders, Richard O. E.—July 3, 1917.
- Nichol, Glenn R.—August 16, 1917.
- McLuckie, Robert M.—October 26, 1917.
10. Rogers, Victor H.—October 26, 1917.
- Clark, Eddie B.—November 23, 1917.
- Hillier, Alfred—December 22, 1917.
- Clifford, Jack—January 4, 1918.
- Miller, Lewis O.—January 30, 1918.

(Continued on page 53)



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of his solitude"*

—THACKERAY

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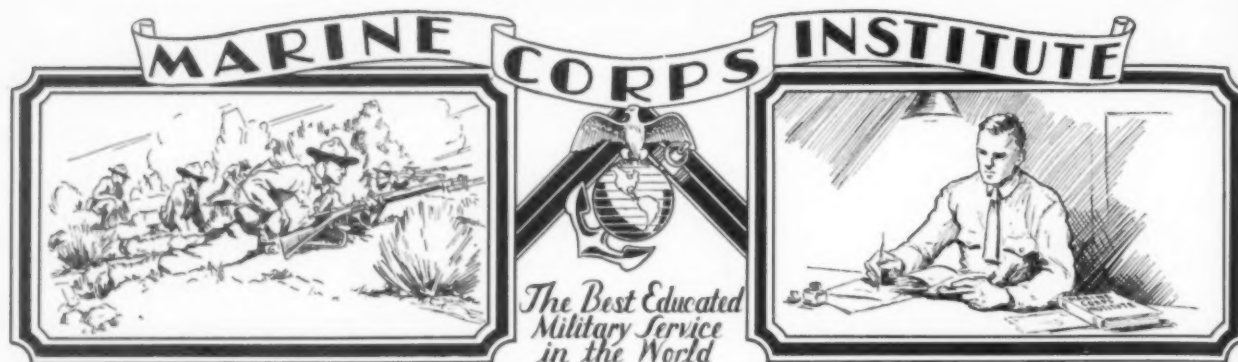
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☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Chemistry
☐ Pharmacy
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Navigation
☐ Agriculture & Poultry
☐ Mathematics

Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

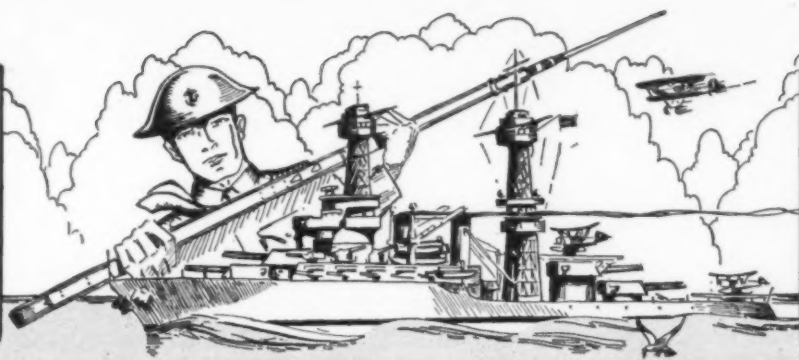
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THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 14

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NUMBER 8

Our Sister Marine

By Lt. David M. Shoup, U. S. M. C.

IN this large brotherhood of Marines we can boast at least one sister, and inasmuch as I have yet to meet one of our Corps who has ever heard of the fact that one time long ago a woman did serve our country as a United States Marine, I feel that this bit of information I have found will prove of interest to many readers of "The Leatherneck."

The Female Marine, a little book printed in 1818 and quite rare today was written by Miss Lucy Brewer and tells of her own adventures while serving three years as a Marine on board the U. S. Frigate "Constitution" during the War of 1812 with Great Britain.

Says Miss Brewer:

"In 1812, forming an acquaintance with a young man, the first lieutenant of a privateer then lying in a neighboring port, who, in the course of an evening's conversation humorously observed that had he been a female, his disposition would have been the same to rove about and see the world, I suggested to him the difficulties that must attend him, exposed as he must be to the insults one would receive, who would presume thus to venture abroad alone and unprotected; to which he replied, 'were I a female and disposed to travel, I would assume a different dress from that usually worn by your sex, which I am confident would rather expose me to injury than afford me protection. I would garb myself as a male, and for such pass among all those with whom I might have occasion to associate; this I am confident I could effect, and travel abroad by sea and land, with proper precaution, without exposing my sex! That a female can do this, and from the knowledge of her most intimate acquaintances conceal her situation, history furnishes us with many instances.' (Here my friend referred to the remarkable instance of Miss Sampson, who during the Revolutionary War disguised as a male by the name of Robert Shurtliff, and as such, by the most scrupulous concealment of her sex, served her country as a private soldier, and performed her duty without a stain on her virtue and honor.)

"From this moment I became dissatisfied with my situation in life . . . (and) felt no other disposition than in disguise to visit other parts of the country . . .

"Fortunately for me, the accidental remarks of my friend stirred my mind with new ideas relative to my situation, and . . . I was positive that I now saw my way clear, for by garbing myself in the habiliments of a male, I should be enabled to escape. . . .

"Having provided everything necessary for my entrance in a new character on the stage of life, I seized upon a favorable opportunity early one morning to equip myself therefor; being garbed complete in a sailor's suit, I quit my lodgings unnoticed and passed into the public street. From my awkward appearance

in attempting to assume the character of a male, I was not without my fears that I should be suspected, nor were my apprehensions relieved until passing through Court Street, I ventured to accost one of my own sex, who, answering with a ready 'yes, sir,' strengthened my confidence that I should pass for a male.

"I bent my course toward the old Market, where, entering a victuals cellar, I procured breakfast—the remainder of the day I spent rambling about town, highly pleased in being enabled to visit places, where females (if known) would not have been admitted. Lodging I obtained without difficulty, and the next morning sought passage for the southward—this was difficult at this time to obtain, as the harbor being closely blockaded by the enemy, no vessel would venture abroad, and for want of funds not being able to travel by land, was compelled reluctantly to give up the idea of a southern excursion.

"Passing through Fish Street, I entered a house which was a public rendezvous for the enlistment of men to go aboard one of the United States frigates then lying in the harbor, and shortly bound on a cruise.

"Encouraged by the active part which one of my sex had taken in the late American war, without exposing her sex, I viewed this as a favorable opportunity to try my fortune in the public service of my country, provided I could avoid the search new recruits must generally undergo—this I succeeded in doing by an artful stratagem and entered as a Marine, received my advance and clothing, and the next day was taken on board.

"New scenes now opened to my view—pains were now taken by the officer of Marines to instruct me in the manual exercise, of which I had no necessity of pleading ignorance; I had taken the precaution to provide myself with a tight pair of underdraws, which I had never shifted but with the greatest precaution, which, together with a close waistcoat or bandage about my breasts, effectually concealed my sex from all on board. My good fortune in having for my commander one of the most humane and experienced officers in the American Navy, was much in my favor, as the respect entertained for him and under officers caused the utmost harmony to prevail among the ship's crew.

"In August we set sail with a fair wind and in good spirits; we first stood an easterly course, in hopes of falling in with a British frigate cruising in that direction. I suffered a little confinement by sea sickness (so peculiar to fresh hands) which was all the illness I experienced during the whole cruise. In the use of my arms I made great proficiency, which I soon learnt to load and discharge with an expertness not surpassed by any in my corps.

"We passed near the isle of Sables, and took a station off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, near Cape Race, to intercept vessels

bound thither to or from Canada. While cruising off this station, we captured two merchant vessels. Having received information that the British squadron were off the Grand Bank, and not far distant, our brave commander determined to change his cruising ground; he accordingly stood to the southward. On the 17th he was informed by the commander of an American privateer that a British ship of war had been seen the day before, standing to the southeast, and that she could not be far off. Our intrepid commander immediately made sail, intending if possible to fall in with her.

"On the 19th at 2 P. M. a vessel was discovered (to) the southward. Our ship instantly gave chase, and soon gained on her. At 3 P. M. it could plainly be perceived that she was a ship, under easy sail, close hauled to the wind; soon after she was ascertained to be a frigate; our ship continued the chase. The chased vessel now backed her main topsail, and waited for our ship to come down.

"It is frequently observed by those who have been in battle that at the commencement of an engagement, the most resolute feel daunted in some degree; but I can solemnly declare that I never felt more composed. As did every person on board, even to the youngest lad, are on such occasions anxious to distinguish themselves at their post, so I felt an extreme desire to render myself conspicuous, and to perform that which woman never before achieved. Stationed in the tops, I waited only with impatience for the battle to commence.

"As soon as our ship was ready for action, she bore down, intending to bring immediately to close action the British frigate, which about this time had hoisted her ensign. As soon as our ship came within gunshot, the British fired her broadside, then filled away, wore, and gave a broadside on the other tack—they, however, produced no effect; her shot fell short. The British frigate manoeuvred and wore several times for about three quarters of an hour, in order to take a raking position. But not succeeding in this, bore up under her topsails and jib, with the wind on the quarter. Our brave commander made sail to bring his ship up with her. At 5 minutes before 6 P. M. our ship got alongside, within pistol shot, he ordered a brisk firing to be commenced from all her guns, which were double shot with round and grape shot; and so well directed and so warmly kept up was our fire that in fifteen minutes the mizzen mast of the British frigate went by the board, her hull was injured; and her rigging and sails torn to pieces. I was at this time busily engaged in the top plying my faithful musket with the best success, whenever the smoke would permit me to see a blue jacket of the enemy; in the heat of the action a grape shot striking and splintering the butt of my musket, I was noticed by one of my comrades who stood within a few feet from me, who, patting me on the shoulder exclaimed, 'never mind it, George, you have already won laurels sufficient to recommend you to the girls when you return to port.'

"The grape shot and small arms of our ship completely swept the decks of the British frigate; thirty minutes after the commencement of the action the mainmast and foremast of the British frigate went by the board, taking with them every spar except the bowsprit; she then struck her colors, and as soon as her crew could be removed, and in consequence of her sinking condition, was set afire and blew up a quarter past seven. She had fifteen men killed and sixty-one wounded; while our loss amounted to no more than seven killed and eight or ten wounded.

"Soon after this noble achievement our gallant ship returned to port, where she remained for some time, undergoing necessary repairs. While there I had frequent opportunities to go on shore, and in more than one instance was actually in company

with girls who were late my associates, but who did not identify my person, so artfully did I disguise myself. . . . It was from some of my old acquaintances that I learnt, that as soon as it was discovered that I had fled, the "blood hounds" were unkenneled and sent in every direction after me. I conversed with many, who, in my late situation knew me well, but to whom I was now a stranger, as I did not disclose the important secret. . . .

"As soon as refitted, our ship was ordered upon another cruise; during which I had another opportunity to assist my brethren in revenging their injuries, while cruising along the coast of South America, two strange vessels were discovered on our weather bow. At ten they were discovered to be ships. One of them stood in for the land, the other stood off shore towards our ship.

"At quarter past one the ship in sight proved to be an English frigate, and being sufficiently distant from land, our commander ordered the mainsails and royals to be taken in, to tack the ship and stand for the enemy, who soon bore down with an intention of raking our ship, which we avoided by wearing. A general action now commenced with round and grape shot. Both vessels, for some time, manoeuvred to obtain a position that would enable them to rake, or avoid being raked. About three o'clock, the head of the British vessel's bowsprit and jib boom were shot away; and in the space of an hour her foremast was shot away by the board, her main topmast just above the gap.

"About four o'clock the fire of the British vessel being completely silenced, and her colors in the main rigging being down, she was supposed to have struck, but her flag was soon after discovered to be still flying. About a quarter of an hour after, the mainmast of the British vessel went by the board. About three-quarters of an hour after four, our ship got into a very good position for raking when the enemy prudently struck her

flag, being almost a wreck. She was a frigate mounting forty-nine guns, with a complement of four hundred men, of which sixty were killed, and about one hundred and fifty wounded. Our loss was comparatively small.

"In this engagement I did not attempt to signalize myself less than in the former. From the ship's top I discharged my piece nineteen times, which, as I had learnt to take pretty exact aim, must, I think, have done some execution. An accident soon after the conclusion of the engagement occurred, which was near betraying my sex to the whole crew of the ship; attempting to go below, I made a misstep, and fell from the shrouds overboard, not knowing how to swim, I sunk immediately; a boat was sent to my relief, but before they could recover me and get me aboard, life had become nearly extinct. As soon as they had succeeded in getting me on deck (as I had not strength to do it myself), some of my shipmates were ordered to strip off my clothes and to furnish me with a dry suit, and they had nearly divested me of my outdress, when I mustered sufficient strength to beg them to desist, as I then felt able to effect it myself. Not long after our late engagement we returned to the United States, where our brave officers and whole ship's crew were received by our countrymen with every demonstration of joy and esteem, for our late gallant exploit.

"So closely were all our harbors blockaded at this time by large ships of the enemy, that it was thought imprudent for

(Continued on page 45)



Enlistment of Private Lucy Brewer as a Marine at Boston, 1812.

The Fita Fita of Samoa

By Nelson Huron

THE writer was once in command of the "Fita Fita," or Samoan Army. "Fita Fita" is the Samoan word for soldier. The army is composed of native Samoans who are enlisted men of the United States Navy and who perform duty very similar to that of a detachment of Marines at any navy yard in the United States. The Fita Fita is, therefore, somewhat of a composite gob, artilleryman, doughboy and Leatherneck. In justice to the Samoan soldier he is entitled to recognition as a worthy member of his brethren in arms in any of these branches of the service in the United States or elsewhere.

The Samoan Army was organized under the name Fita Fitas in the year 1900, this being the year the United States Government at the earnest solicitation of the principal native chiefs took over the government of Samoa and established a naval station in the harbor of Pago Pago on the island of Tutuila. The history of Samoa up to the time of the advent of the American Government was one of almost constant warfare between the different chiefs and their adherents. The Samoans realized that they could never have peace under their own kings or chiefs and that the Samoan race was doomed to extinction unless aid could be procured from some strong government outside. For several years after their organization and enlistment the Fita Fitas were commanded and instructed by officers or chief petty officers of the U. S. Navy. Upon request of the governor of American Samoa, approved by the Secretary of the Navy, the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps sent the first Marine there for this duty about 15 years ago and a Marine has been in command of the army ever since.

To be eligible for this detail the Marine must be a first sergeant, married and somewhat of an old-timer. The Navy Department supplies a completely furnished house in connection with which there is a small plantation and garden. The following fruits and vegetables grow in profusion: oranges, limes, lemons, pineapples, guavas, bananas, taro, breadfruit, watermelons, cantaloupe, alligator pears, cocoa nuts, etc.

The islands of American Samoa from East to West are: Rose Island, Tau, Olosega, Ofu, Tutuila and Aunuu. British Samoa lies from 70 to 90 miles west of American Samoa. Prior to the partition of old Samoa the island of Upolu (now British Samoa) was the most important of the group. The Samoan kings lived there and the most important wars were waged on that island, although the other islands were often the scene of hostilities. It was customary for Tutuila to send warriors to participate in the general wars.

The location of the island of Tutuila may be better understood from the following table of distances:

Distance from Pago Pago, Tutuila, to—	Miles
San Francisco	4160
Honolulu	2263
Auckland, New Zealand	1536
Sydney, Australia	2370
Suva, Fiji Islands	612

It will be seen that Samoa is almost midway between Honolulu and Australia. The general direction is southwest from San Francisco and Honolulu. The Oceanic Steamship Line operates three fine steamers between San Francisco and Sydney. The voyage of 19 days is as follows:

San Francisco to Honolulu—5½ days. Honolulu to Pago Pago—6½ days. Pago Pago to Sydney—7 days.

The 6 days between Honolulu and Pago Pago are in tropical seas, but tropics as are nowhere else in the world. The equator is crossed about 800 miles north of Samoa but the air is cooled by refreshing trade winds which blow constantly. Pago Pago is a completely landlocked harbor of great beauty. Outrigger canoes filled with natives chanting weird songs meet the

steamers and offer for sale tropical fruits, carved war clubs, fans, baskets, mats, tapa cloths, necklaces of beads, etc.

Overlooking Apia (British Samoa) is Mt. Vaea, on the summit of which is the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson. This is the home of romance and enchanted isles, well told in books of Stevenson, Melville, Jack London, Frederick O'Brien and others.

On March 5, 1889, there was gathered in the harbor of Apia the American ships "Trenton," "Vandalia" and "Nipsic;" the British ship "Calliope;" the German ships "Adler," "Eber" and "Olga." A hurricane developed on that day, and by the evening of next day only one of those vessels remained afloat—the "Calliope," which was able to put to sea and escape.

On April 1, 1899, a force of Marines and sailors from American and British men-of-war was ambushed while attempting to destroy some native villages near Apia. Two American officers, one British officer, two American sailors and one British sailor were killed and a considerable number were wounded.

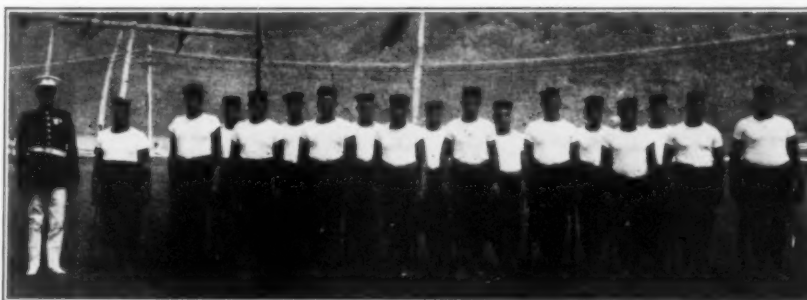
The Samoans are of the Polynesian race, their ancestors probably coming from Honolulu in open boats. In appearance they are a light reddish brown or copper color, well formed, erect in bearing and handsome of feature. There is nothing about them to suggest the negro.

The authorized strength of the Fita Fita is 70 men, 18 of whom are bandsmen. The band is an excellent one—and is trained and directed by a bandmaster of the Navy sent here for the purpose. Vacancies in the Fita Fitas are much sought after and we always have a large waiting list of husky young warriors. The most of these men have been in the service from 12 to 25 years and vacancies seldom occur. The Fita Fitas are well instructed in infantry and artillery drills and are armed with modern Springfield rifles and automatic calibre .45 pistols of the latest pattern. The Samoans are not apt linguists and English is not spoken to any extent. A few of the Fita Fitas speak fair English only, but they are very alert for the commands in English while at drill. They take great pride in their calling and are looked upon by their civilian brothers with admiration and envy. A much larger force could be organized should their services be required.

The uniform worn by the Samoan soldier is very striking. It will be seen from the following description that the Fita Fita would never be mistaken for American Marine, gob or doughboy. When in full uniform the following four pieces are worn: (1) Turban, made of bright red Navy muslin; (2) sash, made of the same material and color as turban; (3) "Lava Lava," made of Navy blue serge; (4) white cotton undershirt. The lava lava is a piece of cloth about 30 by 60 inches, wrapped about the body at the waist so that bottom is about 12 inches from the ground. It is held in place by the bright red sash. Rank of the wearer is indicated by horizontal stripes of red tape near the bottom of the skirt. The lava lava in effect is a skirt without buttons or hooks and looks much like a hobble skirt. A photograph fails to do justice to the bright colors of the uniform or to the colors in the lava lavas or various colors worn by the civilian. Trousers, shoes and stockings are almost unknown in Samoa. The Fita always goes barefooted as he has no shoes. The undershirt is not always worn as the Samoan is more comfortable when naked from the waist up—and from the knees down. A dressmaker or tailor would find little work in Samoa.

The duties of the commander of the Fita Fitas are rather novel. While the Samoans still relish a good fight with fists, rocks or Samoan shillalahs, they appear to think that the lone Marine sent down here to command them is a very high chief and he is treated with the most respectful obedience. Orders are not only obeyed unhesitatingly but they are constantly trying to anticipate every wish of the commander and their efforts to prove their loyalty and good will

(Continued on page 45)



1st Sgt. Leslie J. Burrows, Present Commander of the Fita-Fita Guard at Samoa.

"And Never Lost Our Nerve"



ON May 27, 1918, some forty divisions of German soldiery torrented down from the north. Rolling like a tidal wave toward the Marne they swept the French defenses away as rotten breakwaters go with the flood. Only at Reims and west of Soissons did they hold. Between those towns the wearied Poilus retreated, leaving a persecuted rear guard to stem the tide as best it could.

The left flank of the Germans was reaching out for Chateau Thierry, the key to the Paris-Metz highway. It was a calm little village, with the undisturbed Marne flowing through to divide it in half. Neither was it large, but its location was of military import, and presently it was to achieve a distinction and gain a name that will live long as a synonym of heroism.

A few kilometers behind the lines a battalion of Machine gunners from the Third Division, U. S. Army, were being schooled in the lore of civilized warfare. Untrained and untried, they were the only troops available to dam the Teutonic flood. Hurried into trucks they began a desperate race against the advancing Germans. The goal was Chateau Thierry, and the prize was Paris. The race was nearly a dead heat. The Yank battalion arrived at the southern bank of the Marne just as the enemy entered the village on the other side of the river.

It was the last day of May. The battalion speedily fashioned crude defenses, with their forty-eight guns commanding strategic points at the river crossings. The commander of the soldiers was Major Waller, U. S. M. C., who had been attached for training and observation.

The Germans approached confidently, marching in columns down the roads. Nearer and nearer they came to the river, the last barrier to a great victory. Suddenly a thunder of fire blasted almost into their faces and hurled them back. They consolidated their shattered ranks and struck again. Once more they were beaten off. Time after time they surged forward, heaping their dead high about the bridgeheads.

At length they retreated into their portion of the town and laid out defenses. Many furious attacks were launched from then until July 18, but never once did they gain foothold across the river.

In the meantime the Second Division of the American Army was hastily gathering. In camions and on foot were the combat elements rushed to the front. There was no time to be lost; the enemy was coming fast, thirty-five kilometers in three days.

Roughly the line curved up from just west of Chateau Thierry, along Bois des Clerembauts, through Triangle Farm, skirting the southern edge of Belleau Wood to Lucy-le-Bocage, up to a hill designated as 142, thence through Les Mares Farm and down toward Bois de Veully.

Two battalions of the Sixth Marines were flung into line to hold from Triangle to Hill 142, where their left flank rested against the right of one battalion of the Fifth Regiment. This latter, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick M. Wise, covered a four-kilometer front, extending to Les Mares Farm. The Sixth Machine Gun Battalion was distributed at vantage points along the line. The other battalions of the Marine Brigade lay in support.

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

This was the situation on June 2 when the Germans launched a terrific attack and scattered the French back through the American positions. The retreating army was in disorder and panic. A French officer rushed frantically to Colonel Wise. "The general orders are for everybody to retreat!" he cried.

"Retreat! Hell!" answered the colonel. "We've just got here!"

It was the same all along the line. A French officer implored Major Hughes to withdraw. One brigade of inexperienced men could never stop those Germans. The Americans should retire and reform farther back with the French.

"One Brigade of Marines can stop them!" was the major's response.

In front of Colonel Wise's Marines the French had all gone. The Germans came in sight, down across an open slope in platoon waves. Closer and closer, two hundred yards, one hundred and fifty. The Marines lay in their fox holes, taut and steady, holding the sights of their rifles on the advancing skirmishers.

The Germans were but a hundred yards away when a sheet of flame blazed out along the line. The first wave went down. Surprised as they were, the second wave came on gallantly. That, too, suffered as the first. The survivors broke in a ragged retreat and streamed back to the woods.

Darkness fell and the allied artillery drenched them with heavy shell fire. That night and the following day the Marines dug in and strengthened their positions. Cautiously they pushed their outposts forward. During the days of June 3 and 4, heavy casualties were suffered by both sides from intensive artillery bombardments.

The night of June 4 was black and moon-

less. Occasional flares cast their hideous saffron lights over the sector. The enemy lay suspiciously quiet. Lieutenant William A. Eddy and Privates Rockwell and Stair, crawled forward beyond their outposts. Like phantom Indians they penetrated deep through the hostile lines almost to the town of Torcy. They returned with valuable information: The enemy was preparing an attack. To wait calmly would be fatal. There was but one thing to do—strike first.

That same night the Marines' positions were reformed and the line somewhat shortened. Colonel Wise's battalion and the First Battalion of the Sixth were withdrawn. Major Holcomb moved his second battalion of the Sixth until his left flank rested against the right of Major Berry at Lucy, while his new right flank touched Triangle Farm.

Early in the afternoon of June 5 an attack was made by a French battalion and Major Berry's Marines. The enemy was surprised and driven in toward Torcy.

The Second Battalion of the Sixth was ordered to hold the line while the Third, under Major Sibley, came up and attacked the woods. Major Berry and his battalion from the Fifth were to hammer forward on the left of Major Sibley.



Machine gun fire slashed into them and the artillery in Torcy opened up. Still they advanced, step by step.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of June 6 the entire line moved up. The ground was rolling, dotted with patches of wood and fields of grain. In front of Major Berry stretched a wheat field, open and dangerous. The Marines moved ahead at a slow walk. Machine gun fire slashed into them and the artillery in Torcy opened up. Still they advanced, step by step. Shells burst thunderously along the line and the air was alive with keen, droning noises. Men began dropping. A burst caught Major Berry in the arm and he went down. Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent with the Marines, fell. He was wounded twice more and a machine gun bullet went through his face, tearing out his eye. Scores of wounded and dying were lying where they had fallen among the wheat. The scorching fire was more than humans could withstand. The Marines flattened themselves beneath a plane of bullets and waited for darkness.

Major Sibley on the right was more fortunate. The battalion swung like a door on its hinges and swept across the open ground, two companies deployed in four skirmish lines. Heavy fire crashed into them as they approached the woods. Machine guns blazed forth, mowing them down. Still they continued, the rear waves moving up as the first ones were wiped out. They gained to the edge of the wood and drove in.

About this time Brigadier General Catlin, while observing the attack, was dangerously wounded by a sniper's bullet. Captain Tribot-Laspierre of the French Army dragged the wounded general to shelter.

In the woods the Marines encountered stubborn resistance. There were isolated dog fights, in which struggling men met hand-to-hand. From every conceivable shelter machine guns snarled. In some places the American advance was momentarily checked; at other points they dashed ahead wildly. Communication was broken and contact lost. Machine gun nests were stalked or rushed. A squad would fling itself against an emplacement. Most of them would die, but two or three survivors would get in with their bayonets. Night fell and the fighting continued.

At nine o'clock Major Sibley sent word by runner that the first objective had been attained. The Marines had advanced nearly a mile in four hours. About ten o'clock reinforcements arrived, more Marines and two companies of Engineers.

While the others were struggling on through the woods the 96th Company of the Second Battalion, and one company of Major Sibley's reserves were ordered to take the town of Bouresches. Two platoons, one from each company, started advancing across a little valley.

Half this force was commanded by Captain Donald Duncan, the other by Lieutenant James F. Robertson. As the Marines approached they found themselves under heavy fire and casualties were severe. Captain Duncan went down mortally wounded. Lieutenant Murray was shot through both arms.

Lieutenant Robertson and twenty survivors got into town. From behind barricades and street corners came a steady stream of hostile fire. But the Marines bombed and bayoneted their way in and threw the Boche out. It is recorded that some four hundred Germans were evacuated by this handful of men.

At 9:45 Lieutenant Robertson reported that he was in possession of Bouresches and asked for reinforcements. Captain Zane rushed up with a company, and later some Engineers came in. The Germans counter attacked but the Americans beat them off. Ammunition was nearly exhausted. Lieutenant Will-

iam B. Moore and Sergeant Major John Quick, who had won his Medal of Honor at Guantanamo Bay, and who had been through the campaigns of China, Samar and Vera Cruz, volunteered to drive in a truckload. It was a perilous venture. The shell-pitted roads were hard to follow in the blackness of night; and the Germans were delivering a neat barrage to prevent supplies and reinforcements from being brought up. The ammunition arrived just in time, for at 2:30 in the morning the Germans attempted another attack, which was repulsed.

On June 7 the fighting in the woods persisted. The men of the Third Battalion, Sixth, and other units fought forward from one strong point to another.

For the next two days the battle surged back and forth through the woods, with neither force doing much beyond inflicting casualties upon each other. Major Berry had been relieved; Colonel Wise went in with his battalion of the Fifth to support Major Sibley.

On June 9 the Marines fell back slightly to enable the artillery to thoroughly comb the woods. The bombardment endured until dawn, when the Marines drove against the German Fifth Infantry Division and attacked the town of Bussières, which they took after violent house-to-house fighting. The next day Major

John A. Hughes, 1st Battalion, Sixth, went into the woods, joining Colonel Wise. The two battalions worked forward from Major Sibley's old position, extending the line farther north toward Belleau. The Boche struck at them repeatedly, but they drove on, advancing nearly a thousand yards along a 600-yard front.

The Germans again assailed Bouresches. As they advanced, a perfectly timed American artillery barrage dropped a curtain of fire behind them, shutting off supports and reinforcements. Then the gunners tore the assault waves to pieces. Few survived.

By June 11 the enemy was retreating toward the

northern end of Belleau Wood, where he was establishing himself for a last desperate stand. The woods were lavishly sprinkled with his rear guard strong points whose fire bit into the Marine skirmish lines and slowed them up. German reserves were being rushed forward, fresh troops to confront a handful of men who had been fighting constantly for more than a week. They were weary, hungry, and hollow-eyed from lack of sleep. The terrific strain was beginning to tell. But early that morning the 2nd Battalion of the Fifth, the 1st Battalion of the Sixth and a few smaller combat groups leaped against the Boche and by the fury of the assault gained their objectives.

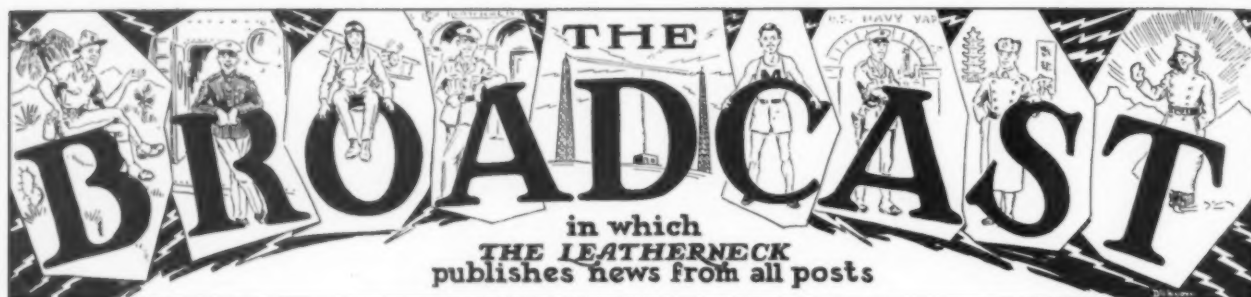
On the afternoon of June 12 the 2nd Battalion of the Fifth sprung a surprise attack. It was successful only in parts. Their left was rolled back, but their right got in behind some German positions. Here they destroyed a series of machine gun emplacements, took prisoners and retired to prevent a flank attack.

On June 13 the Germans struck vigorously. Three regiments, the 109th, 110th and 128th swept forward behind a dawn barrage. They were determined to recapture the ground that had been lost. The Marines were worn out completely, a fact well known to the enemy. It was hardly supposed that men subjected to the strain that had been their lot for nearly two weeks could withstand a resolute onslaught. Not only did the Marines stand, but they rose to meet their foe, and rushed forward in a counter attack. The Boche fell back. Never before had they

(Continued on page 46)



Most of them would die, but two or three survivors would get in with their bayonets.



Sea Going

Batavia to Sicily

The Marine detachment, U. S. S. "Pittsburg," is still seeing the world in a big way. The past few weeks have been spent touring Ceylon, the Holy Land and Egypt. After almost two weeks of sailing through the South China Sea and the Indian Ocean, we arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, all set for plenty of liberty. Soon after anchoring the liberty parties started going ashore and after about an hour there was hardly anyone left aboard ship except the necessary "watch standers."

At Colombo many semi-precious stones could be bought and everyone came back to the ship with some for their best girls back in the States. Ebony elephants seemed to be the most desirable souvenirs; each man has eight or ten of them in his locker.

Incidentally, Colombo was the last port where we were to see rickshaws. It seems strange not to have rickshaws to ride around in and the countries we are now visiting are noticeable for their lack of them.

Some of the Marines took sight-seeing trips to various parts of the island. The main place of excursion was to Kandy. There many objects of Indian art and Buddhist temples were seen. The elephants' bathing lake was the downfall of some of the boys. Most of them rode their first elephants while there.

The last day we were at Colombo an Indian snake charmer and magician came aboard and put on a show for us. He was very good and his show was new to all of us. First he broke out three baskets of snakes and put them through a lot of tricks. Strange as it may seem, he even made them dance. After charming his snakes with his funny-looking flute, he broke out his bag of tricks and gave us an excellent performance. He made a boy disappear on the fo'c'sle right in front of our eyes. Now it wasn't the first time a man has disappeared on the fo'c'sle (they have been disappearing from working parties for years), but this was the first time one had escaped with all hands and the ship's cook watching him. He also made a mango tree grow right up from the deck in short order.

After his show was over twenty-five seamen tried to find out how he made the boy disappear, as the trick would come in handy on days when ammunition or stores came aboard. The magician must have been a confirmed motion picture goer, for the words "Charlie Chaplin" were part of his hokus pokus in making the various objects disappear.

After his performance of sleight of hand, he once more broke out his menagerie of snakes and a funny-looking animal called a "mongoose" to put on the main event of the day. Those of you who saw a motion picture a couple of years ago called "The Letter" will recall that in that picture there was a scene of a cobra and a mongoose fighting. This snake charmer put on an identical show that was very exciting. All of us had seen dogs and cats fighting in the alleys of our respective home towns, but none of us had ever seen anything as exciting, or as real, as this fight was. The snake charmer put the cobra and the mongoose in the center of the crowd of Marines and sailors and let them battle it out.

They went through a series of preliminary motions before the actual fight came off, the cobra trying to catch the mongoose's eye to charm him, and the mongoose waiting for an opening to safely grab the cobra by the head. Pretty soon they got down to business and a real fight was in progress. After several minutes of twisting and squirming, the fight was over. The mongoose won by a technical knockout, the cobra throwing in the towel because of a broken jaw and various other parts of his anatomy being out of commission.

After weighing anchor at Colombo we sailed for thirteen days to Suez, Egypt. Five of these days were spent going through the Red Sea. We were all disillusioned and even thought of suing the map makers for misrepresenting the facts. The Red Sea was not the slightest bit red and we were at a loss as to how it got its name. The first two days were very hot because of the deserts on both sides of the narrow sea, but the third day we hit a heavy gale which followed us all the way to Suez, making the remainder of the trip very cool.

While en route to Suez, an acey-deucey tournament was staged. All members of the guard participated and there was a very heated race for first place. Corporal Murphy won the battle with the title of "Champ" and the coveted "Landry-Layman Acey-Deucey Trophy." Pfc. Bear was the runner-up in the tournament and was accordingly presented with a handsomely decorated fish.

We arrived at Suez the 16th of May and proceeded to put off a liberty party for Jerusalem. It was strongly rumored that the first lieutenant was sending over a working party to the Holy Land to get a fresh supply of "Holy Stones," but it never materialized. The Marines who made the so-called "pilgrimage" to the Holy Land were First Sergeant Landry, Corporal Hartmann and Private Ramsey. Ramsey, we gather, had a good weep on the Wailing Wall and apparently made

up for his unused weeping slips left by the last chaplain we had aboard.

While making passage through the Suez Canal, Pfc. Hutchinson challenged all comers to either a pyramid-sitting contest or a camel race, depending on which the entrants desired most. As yet the contestants have not competed for the various prizes, but we hope to be able to announce the winners of these novel events at a later date.

"Ship me somewhere East of Suez
Where the best is like the worst.
Where they have no ten commandments
And a man can raise a thirst.
For the Temple bells are calling
And it's there that I would be
By the old Chinese Pagoda
Looking lazy at the sea."

—Kipling.

As we passed through the Suez Canal, that water barrier which separates the Orient from the Occident, these thoughts were running through our minds. It was our last "look-see" at the Asiatic station and all of the happy days spent there cruising the China Seas were becoming just memories.

Upon arrival at Alexandria, Egypt, we put off liberty parties for Cairo to see the pyramids and the sphinx. These men were afforded sights that few people ever get to see. Everyone had their pictures taken riding camels, the pyramids and the sphinx invariably in the background.

The uniform of the day seemed to be camels and the fez. I am sure there would have been quite a disturbance in Washington had the officials seen some of our liberty parties wearing the Mohammedan fez in place of the regulation headgear prescribed by Navy and Marine Corps regulations.

The pyramids and the sphinx were the first places visited by practically everyone. After that many old mosques and museums were inspected. The Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Cairo was one of the most impressive places any of us had ever seen. There we saw the treasures taken from the tombs and temples of King Tut and other pharaohs. Many of the objects on display were nearly 6000 years old and completely covered with gold and jewels.

On the train returning to Alexandria from Cairo, we were carried through a large farming district. The principal crop appeared to be cotton. The fields are irrigated by one of the oldest irrigation systems known. The water is pumped from the main ditches to those in the fields, on a higher level, by means of large water wheels propelled by oxen driven in a circular path. This deviation from the methods we had been used to

seeing throughout Asia was very noticeable and quite amusing.

On our return to the ship we found a regular bazaar in progress on the main deck. There were natives selling everything imaginable to those who had remained aboard. They were even accepting old knives and fresh packages of cigarettes in trade for their merchandise. Incidentally, American cigarettes are very expensive in Egypt, selling from 60 to 75 cents a package.

At this writing the U. S. S. "Pittsburg" is passing through the Strait of Messina, the channel that divides the toe of Italy's boot from the island of Sicily. All along both shores we can see large towns nestling against the base of the mountains. In the distance, on the island of Sicily, we can see the snow-capped peak of Mt. Etna. It is the first snow we have seen for a long time.—W. W. Wood.

Galloping Ghost

Full many a moon has passed into the great beyond since the blushing guard of the U. S. S. "Asheville" last saw the light of reason in "The Leatherneck."

A stay of a month and three days at Corinto in the earlier part of this year was our first trip of any importance. We left too soon for the earthquake.

Place: Limon Bay, Cristobal.

Time: A sunny Sunday morning, April the 12th.

Event: Hurry call for U. S. gunboat "Asheville" to proceed with all speed to the east coast of Nicaragua.

Result: The liberty party was recalled, leaving behind two mess attendants. One engineer caught the ship as it passed through the breakwater, and the "Galloping Ghost of the Caribbean" was on her way, full speed ahead, nine knots and no smoke.

Puerto Cabezas was reached at midnight the next day. The entire population of the town seemed to be on the dock, as it afforded the only place of refuge (and a small one, at that!) against the bandit attacks. The S. S. "Cefalu" of the Standard Fruit Company, New Orleans, La., was tied up to the dock, her decks loaded with sleeping natives. Several small boats also bearing their portion of refugees were riding at anchor.

Our number one gun crew manned their gun all that night and the forward searchlight was kept trained on the dock. The next evening three squads of Marines went over as dock guards, one squad at a time, for watches of four hours each. Apparently the people on the dock slept more soundly. Banana-loading machines, boxes, baby carriages—anything and everything was being used as a bed.

Wednesday, at ten in the morning, the entire landing force of about two hundred men moved to the old Marine hospital on the Bluff. Cossack patrols were sent out, alternating the Marines and the sailors—six on, six off. There were plenty of the well-known rumors, but nothing actually happened.

The Marine patrols were awaiting their reliefs at midnight Thursday. They waited—and about an hour later one lone boatswain's mate came out with orders to return to camp. The "Asheville" left immediately for Cabo Gracias a Dios, on the Honduran border, where

there had been a raid. There it was found that several stores had been looted and the Tropical Radio station wrecked. However, there were no casualties, and it seems that the leader of the band had once been in the employ of one of the "big guns" of the town.

While we were at the Cape, a squad or two of Marines left each morning and evening, on dawn and sunset patrols. One night a flashlight was espied on the beach. It looked as if someone were trying to send a message. Two squads of Marines were called away and the regular landing force stood by. Fifteen minutes later the first boat blinked back for reinforcements. The second boat left in a hurry and—broke down about a hundred yards from the ship! Nothing daunted, oars were put out by the Marines in the bow and the boat proceeded on its course.

Meanwhile, the first boat had been meeting natives in "cayucas" who had blood-curdling tales to tell of a bandit patrol coming down the Coco. The bandits were said to have already entered the town. The night was as black as the lowest pit in Hades and soon the whole landing force was rowing merrily toward the scene of battle!

Things went on like this for over half an hour, by which time the captain's gig had entered the water, and was coming alongside boat two to tow it to the beach. Just as it was secured, the first boat returned.

Then the story broke—the "large force of bandits" was a Guardia patrol coming down the river to guard the town! The natives had not waited to identify the invaders—that would have been sort of foolish. The mysterious signalman turned out to be a Guardia officer trying to get the ship.

Thus was the battle of Cape Gracias fought by the illustrious landing party of the mighty "Asheville!" All honor and glory be theirs!

The first week of May was a week of recreation and liberty in the Zone. After it was over, the "Asheville" returned to Puerto Cabezas to relieve the "Sacramento." This time our stay was put to a better use. The Marine detachment went over to the old Marine range on the air field outside of town, where thirty-two men fired for record. Thirty of them qualified: nine experts, ten sharpshooters, and eleven marksmen. The guard also received detailed instruction and practice in the use of the 37 mm. gun, the Stokes' three-inch trench mortar, and hand and rifle grenades.

Since our last article, Pfc. Grant and Coffman made the other stripe. Corporal Fleck grew a new chevron on his arm and now "nursemaids" the detachment even as the great and original police sergeant did. Sergeant O'Sullivan guides the destinies of our letters and bills. Drm. G. A. Schroeder changed his rating to private and made private first class a month later.

Our genial skipper, First Lieutenant B. S. Roberts, heard the call of big business and returned to the great outside. First Lieutenant H. N. Kenyon, formerly of the "Denver" detachment, took over the guard and is now doing his best to make it a crack sea-going unit.

We have also welcomed Tpr. Lamont W. Rawlins and Privates Sanders and Mosley, from Coco Solo, aboard.



"GUNNERY SERGEANTS"

THIS BUNCH OF MALADY MAKERS WERE AT ONE TIME THE HIGHEST PAID NCO'S IN THE CORPS! BUT THAT WAS STOPPED WHEN GEN. GRANT CAUGHT A GY-SGT. OUT FOR INSPECTION WITH A RUSTY BOW AND ARROW!

OLIE "GUNNY" IN BOSTON SWEARS HE WAS IN THE CROWS NEST OF OLD IROUSIDES WHEN SHE MADE HER FIRST TRIP THROUGH THE PAJAMA CAJAL! THE NAME GUNNERY DON'T MEAN THAT THEY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GUNS—MOST OF THEM THINKS 16" GUNS ARE JUST OVER GROWIN' BEER BOTTLES! THE 1ST GY-SGTS FATHERS NAME WAS GUNNY—SO HE BEING A SON OF A GUN—THEY NAMED HIM AFTER A GUN!

New Detachment

The following-named men comprise the new Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. frigate "Constitution":

Sergeant Felix V. Makawavitch, Corporals Earl R. Ellenberger and Martin C. Hall; Privates First Class Henry Bilbert, Thomas O. Gardner, and William I. Leslie; Privates Donovan E. Davis, Theodore J. Gardner, George W. Gould, Louis G. Howard, William C. Koval, James C. Mauney, Stanwood W. Meredith, John P. Waller, and Delmer L. Williams.

Miles Around the Anchor

When the commander, base force, transferred his flag from the "Procyon" to the "Argonne" in January, 1931, this detachment was transferred to the "Argonne" as a unit. Our detachment isn't very large, having an authorized complement of one first lieutenant and thirty-eight enlisted men, yet, like our forefathers in '75, we carry on.

Being on the flagship of the base force, we lay in San Pedro nearly the year 'round, making more miles around our anchor chain than Solomon had wives. However, when the fleet maneuvers as a unit we shall be there. When the ships are out, as they usually are, we are there (San Pedro, Long Beach, Los Angeles, what-have-you).

On our last trip out (battle practice) we had enough gold on board to start a mint. The Secretary of the Navy, Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet, his Chief of Staff, Commander Base Force, four or five naval captains, ranks below that practically uncountable. Boy, oh, boy! What the Forty-niners could have done with a jack-knife.

A few words about the personnel. Recently the storeroom door swung open and pfc. chevrons were handed out, Musgrove, Stroud and Crapo being the lucky ones. Gahr is still bucking like a Texas mustang (a compliment, he having been born in Missouri).

Dalmer (Corporal Bates), the fat boy of the guard, is all smiles here of late. Sutter and Emge delved into the mysteries of concentration and found a way to paint his huge ventilators.

When we go ashore for close- and extended-order drill, "Sarg" Mussen goes along and hands out a few hours of "Extra Grief." He seems to think we are snakes the way he has us crawling and creeping through the grass.

Talk about "Hash Marks!" Ere long this guard will probably be purely old-timers. Out of the thirty-eight enlisted men, eight are wearing one stripe of service or more. Strange as it may seem, six of the eight have dodged sea duty until recently. First Sergeant Burnham saw most of his duty in Santo Domingo and on recruiting duty. Detroit recruiters will remember him well. Sergeant Mussen is somewhat Spanish by now, having put considerable time in Cuba and Nicaragua. Corporal Walden (Tiwink) likes sea duty, although he talks of Guam now and then. Pfc. Repetosky gave the senioritas a break when he left the shores of Nicaragua. Stroud, after sojourning in Guam, went to China. Now he thinks he is a San-Pan man, as does Babo. Erwin and Hatfield, the Haitians, have their 12th and "C" Street battles, but always have truce in Harder's Place. These old-timers take de-

light in telling about Parris Island five and six years ago. Several of them being rebels (Suthurn Gen'lmen, if you please), usually win the debate with that drawl.

Since returning from Panama we have received several replacements from San Diego including the "B" trio, Bearce, Brough and Brungess, lately initiated in the mysteries of squads east and west. We'd like to say more about these fellows but it would hardly be printable.

Spectacular Rescue

Marines of the U. S. S. "Louisville" had the situation well in hand when the S. S. "Harvard" went aground at Point Aguella, California (better known as the graveyard of the Pacific), at 3:20 A. M., 30 May. The "Louisville" picked up the stranded steamer's SOS and came about on a course direct for the point and increased speed to thirty-two knots an hour. The "Louisville" arrived at seven-thirty and began to pick up the scattered boats loaded with anxious passengers. Five hundred men, women and children were taken aboard with their baggage and put ashore via tugs and minesweepers at San Pedro.

The Marine compartment of the "Louisville" was converted into a temporary abode for the rescued women and children. Marines turned to and became nurses for the remainder of the day. Ice water, messages and a hundred other things kept all hands on the move throughout the day.

Passengers took matters lightly after they were located comfortably in bunks and their immediate needs taken care of. Three hours drifting about the dangerous reef in open boats was very trying and many elected to sleep, while others visited all parts of the ship and were served hot coffee. All declared that Marines are as versatile as described in the well-known poem by Rudyard Kipling, for instance: A canary bird was rescued by Pfc. James A. Cooksey for a wealthy matron of Washington, D. C.; Sgt. John Crecion sent his compartment force scurrying about the ship in search of a sophisticated poodle belonging to a lady of leisure who has St. Louis for a home port.

Two sisters, of Berkeley, California, are now convinced that flying fishes fly in spite of the fact that science proclaims them gliders. They also developed a morbid contempt for pork chops through the efforts of the company scribe. Newlyweds of Los Angeles were reunited by Pfc. Austin B. Speed, after both had given up hopes of a vision of the other. This dashing private first class evidenced no little amount of the science of detection as set down by A. Conan Doyle.

Cpl. Jack Frost surrendered his bunk to a debutante of Hollywood, California, without an argument. The latter statement is worthy of note anywhere in the Marine Corps.

Pfc. Roy Parsons assisted a magician, en route to Hollywood, to locate his family but the all-important bag of tricks could not be found.

From the time the first boatload of passengers disembarked at the gangway of the "Louisville," until the hook was dropped at San Pedro, Marines maintained a guard over all parts of the ship, life lines were watched carefully to keep

passengers off, baggage was stowed in the port hangar and a Marine sentry placed in charge. This was by far the most difficult assignment, knowing that no baggage could be removed from the hangar, passengers insisted good-naturedly that it was vital to their well-being to obtain articles from their bags, ranging from lip-stick to a typewriter.

During the cruise from Point Aguella to San Pedro, dozens of messages flooded the communication office congratulating Captain Marquart, commanding officer of the "Louisville," on his spectacular rescue. They were despatched from the commander in chief of the battle fleet, other admirals and captains of the fleet and civilian sources.

As the ship steamed into the harbor of San Pedro and anchored in "battle-ship row," cameras clicked as press representatives and newsreel photographers milled about the ship. Thousands of officers and men of the fleet manned the rails of their ships to look on in silent admiration of the cruiser which completed her first service to the people of the United States in such a colorful manner.—Kermit V. Miller.

100-Percenters

Private Frank T. Newby, agent for "The Leatherneck" aboard the U. S. S. "Helena," now at Canton, China, reports that his detachment has subscribed 100%. Why not your outfit?

Dobbin

The Marine detachment aboard the U. S. S. "Augusta," familiarly known as the good ship "Dobbin," consists of nine men: Corporal Roberts, who is acting first sergeant, commanding officer, etc., and Privates First Class Dreuke, Elgey, Fleeman, Potter, Veerman, Kurdilla, Peterson, and Private Greene.—Greene.

Unforgettable Night

That unforgettable last night in Samoa! Those of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Chicago," who were not actually on watch, and the ship's orchestra, were treated to a farewell party by the Samoan Fita Fita Guard and Band which, in our opinion, is unparalleled. It was not just a party, but an ovation—the way of the Samoan toward those whom they hold in high esteem, the sealing of new and fast friendships with their American Fita Fita brothers. Their regard and hospitality was manifested in their every action, every gesture and every word.

The party began at five o'clock, just after the baseball game between the naval station and the "Chicago." The American and Samoan Fita Fita gathered here and there in little groups and discussed each other's countries, homes, customs and Marine traditions. Much of interest to both parties was found to talk of. After many "special" friendships had been established and everyone was on the best of terms we heard the welcome notes of the bugler calling us to the feast they had taken so much care to provide. And what a feast! Everything a Marine or sailor likes best, and cooked as Mother would cook it—back home. The first thing that greeted our eyes as we filed eagerly into the dining hall was a large roast pig resplendent

in all the glory of cool looking ferns, inviting our already mounting appetites to come and be satisfied.

Beyond the pig, and between row upon row of palm and cocoanut leaves interwoven around beams and stanchions, scattered about in becoming confusion from window to window, were the two long and beautifully decorated tables at which we were to meet the inevitable, our Waterloo. To describe in detail the mountainous array of foodstuffs before us would entail paragraph after paragraph. Suffice it to say not a single thing was omitted.

After being seated, the master of ceremonies (in his best English and from the bottom of his heart) gave us his welcome speech and ended in a blessing given in his native tongue. The feast had begun.

Immediately after everyone had consumed as much as he could possibly hold, we were presented with the roast pig, together with the explanation that it was the custom of the Samoan people to save the pig to take home after the feast.

We were then ushered upstairs to a large hall and were held enthralled the balance of the evening by the native dances and songs staged for our entertainment. Mere words cannot do justice to the feeling and whole-hearted spirit with which these people seem to be imbued. Every motion of every dance had some meaning and although we did not know all these meanings, we felt they were complimentary in the extreme.

Dancing over and time to repair to the ship, the Fita Fita, in a wonderful mixed chorus, sang us their farewell song. We returned the song with a loud, hearty cheer and, accompanied enmasse by our gracious hosts, made our way to the dock and thence to the ship.

—“Chicago” Racketeer.

Detachments

Hampton Roads' Harpings

“The Leatherneck” has been mighty generous in spreading publicity on local activities, and all concerned appreciate the efforts of the editor. Repeated reference to the excess avoirdupois of one Red Florczak, and to Sergeant “Sandino” Danmeyer and his associates, have, however, caused the reporter in the premises much ado about nothing.

The separations from the command this month were fewer than ever before. Just a calm before the storm. The “storm” consists of the “Kittery” and the “Nitro,” scheduled to sail many days before this will be printed. Sergeant Robinson has departed for M. B., Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. Privates Dunkle, Morse, Nelson, and Pennebaker made the grade in prep class and are, to the best of our knowledge and belief, in Bancroft Hall. Best of luck, and here's hoping that you all blossom out with gold braid four years hence. Burnie Snyder checked out for Parris Island. Sergeant Benoit was paid off, shipped over, bought a new vehicle, and took a furlough, all in less than two weeks. Privates First Class Jenkins and Vincent were also paid off, and are probably selling apples by this time on the great “Outside.”

Lieutenant Vogt has returned to us after several months in school at Quantico. Lieutenant Enk seems to be well pleased to be on the guard roster after spending altogether too many months in the Norfolk Naval Hospital. Captain Mehlinger is giving Baltimore a treat for thirty days, and is expecting a change of address subsequent to his return from leave.

Corporal Mayson is no more; long live Sergeant Mayson. And why not a big hand for Private First Class Ginsberg, even though he and Lloyd M. Miller are as good as transferred to the D. O. S. here at the N. O. B.?

Probably the most impressive ceremony the Fifth Naval District has participated in for many moons was the parade and review in honor of the retirement from active service of our District Commander. All activities of the District were present, and Rear Admiral Burrage delivered a splendid, though short, address, as follows:

“Today I have arrived at the time, when through the wisdom and generosity of Congress, I leave the formation and seek a quiet harbor, taking with me priceless memories of my naval experiences. My one wish for you is that when your time comes you will look back and feel with me there is no life finer than that in the U. S. Navy. To the loyal officers who have made possible my career, goodbye. To the men who have stood by me at the guns, and worked below in the engine rooms and firerooms, on the bridge, fair weather and foul, and all the other numerous men of various activities that have gone to make up my life in the Navy, goodbye—carry on.”

Rocks & Shoals

Forty young officers took another long step forward in their military careers, when they completed their special course of training at the Marine Corps Basic

School, Philadelphia, on June 26. The students made a smart appearance in their white uniforms, and the Navy Yard Band was present to render appropriate music.

While the graduation exercises were not marked by any special demonstration, and only a small group witnessed the ceremony, those who were present, as well as the officers themselves, realized the fact that another milestone had been reached in the march of these young men toward the attainment of higher awards in the service.

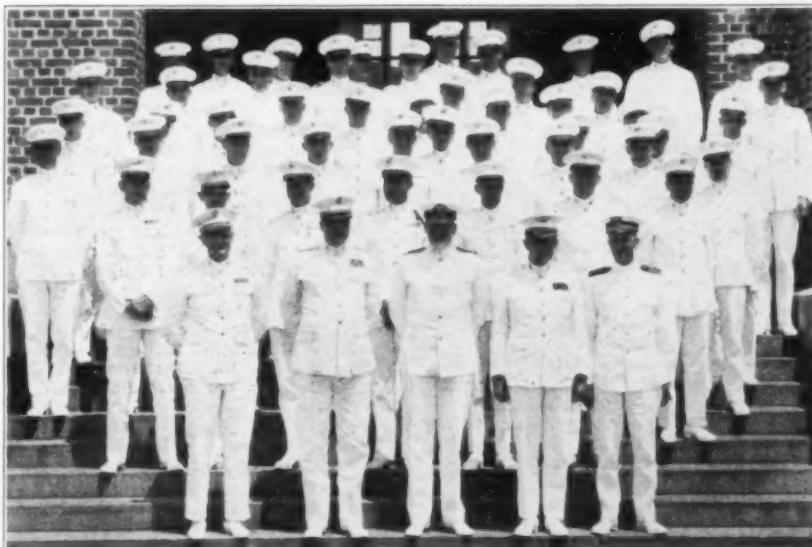
An audience comprised mostly of friends and relatives of the graduates, gathered at the Marine Barracks to witness the ceremony, which began with an invocation by Captain Bowen R. Patrick, the Navy chaplain, and was followed by brief addresses by other high ranking officers who were present.

In his opening remarks, Lieutenant Colonel W. Dulty Smith, commanding officer of the Basic School, told the students to grasp opportunity, to be willing to accept responsibility, and to play the game to the best of their ability.

Then Rear Admiral L. A. Bostwick, commandant of the 4th Naval District and of the navy yard, pointed out to the students that they had a good start, reminded them that they belonged to the Navy as well as the Marine Corps, and wished them the best of luck in their future service.

Brigadier General R. C. Berkeley, commandant of the Marine Corps schools, whose headquarters are at Quantico, Va., made the final address. In the course of his remarks, he pointed out some of the rocks and shoals that the young officers might be expected to encounter.

While sketching a brief outline of what the school had done for them, General Berkeley urged them to apply the knowledge they had gained, and told them to make use of that knowledge



Group of students at the Marine Corps Basic School, Philadelphia, standing in front of the school headquarters immediately after their diplomas had been awarded.

From left to right, front row, are: Lieut. Col. W. Dulty Smith, U. S. M. C., Commanding Officer, Basic School; Colonel L. M. Gulick, Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks; Rear Admiral L. A. Bostwick, U. S. N., Commandant of 4th Naval District and Navy Yard; Brig. Gen. R. C. Berkeley, Commanding Officer of Marine Corps Schools, and Captain Bowen R. Patrick, U. S. Navy Chaplain.

when they were confronted with situations they would be virtually certain to meet during their careers as Marines.

He also outlined the duties of Marines in warfare and quoted from an address made by Major General Commandant B. H. Fuller on a similar occasion, that the Marine Corps was "not the Army, but an essential part of the Navy employed for naval work."

General Berkeley also reminded the students of the subtle propaganda broadcast by pacifists and others who would destroy our national institutions, and pointed out the dangers of radicalism. Finally he warned them to be careful in financial matters, to beware of the signing of notes, and stated that many a young officer's career is ruined through carelessness in money matters. In closing he thanked the commanding officer and staff for the excellent results obtained by the class, and presented the diplomas to the students.

Among the graduates was General Berkeley's own son, Lieutenant J. P. Berkeley, whose wedding took place a few hours after he received his diploma. The bride was Miss Margaret Lawrence Griffith, of Philadelphia, while sixteen members of the class acted as a guard of honor.

Lieutenant T. B. Hughes was the honor student of the Class of 1931, and he achieved a passing grade of 92.58 per cent. Second and third in standing were Lieutenants W. P. Battell and John Wehle. Others who graduated, all of whom, in addition to the above-named, hold the rank of second lieutenant, are:

A. D. Abel, H. W. Bauer, F. D. Beans, S. Boyle, L. C. Brunton, W. W. Childs, G. H. Cloud, J. M. Daly, J. M. Davis, W. H. Fromhold, E. W. Fry, W. M. Greene, C. H. Hayes, G. G. Herndon, R. E. Hill, L. Lloyd, E. L. Lyman, M. McG. Mahoney, P. A. McDonald, W. B. McKean, E. A. Montgomery, E. O. Price, N. J. Pusel, F. M. Reinecke, P. W. Russell, R. D. Salmon, C. E. Shepard, W. B. Steiner, L. R. Tyler, Paul Moret, C. P. Van Ness, F. G. Wagner, D. McP. Weller, J. T. Wilbur, F. H. Williams and S. S. Yeaton.

Unpatriotic Worm

Nearly all the younger Leathernecks in this outfit are to be seen on these balmy July evenings strolling along the main stem of the little city of Bremerton, Washington, showing you the results of their labors in the Inland Scouting Fleet. Some exhibit graceful little craft which delight the eye, while others, due to a very inferior grade of seamanship, offer nothing better than a clipper of yesteryear with little to be desired from a sophisticated nautical viewpoint.

Is it because of the bandy legs, the sailor bonnet or what-nots a gob wears that he is able to go out in his war paint and gather in all the classiest craft on the beach while Ye Leatherneck does the heavy looking on?

It is plainly evident that something must be done about this! Are we Leathernecks falling down in local color? Are these movies showing up Marines as gay Lotharios putting a blemish on the fair name of the Fighting Marines? Has the Forestry Green forgotten the ardent teachings of the maidens in the land of savior-faire?

There is something the matter with us that distracts the female of the species, and it is up to every Leatherneck to help find the trouble. Once it is discovered, the remedy will probably present itself without further ado.

Relative to this important matter, the writer was talking to a very sweet little lady in Bremerton the other night on what seemed to be the matter with the Marines in general; that is, what seemed to be the cause of disfavor from a feminine viewpoint. Her answer was very startling.

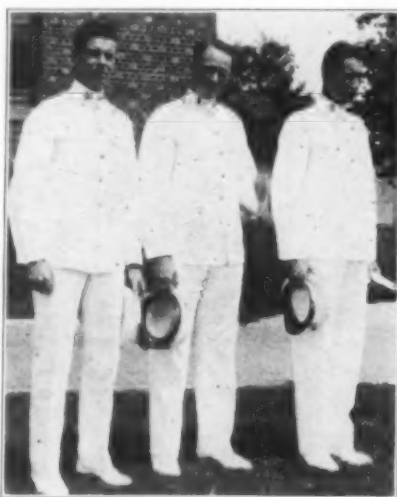
She said the thing in her mind which was most hurtful to the Marines returning from foreign-shore service was the article a certain First Lady wrote some time back about the Marines in Nicaragua being unfit to associate with the women of their own race after they returned. I recall hearing something of

ous thought, except for the ill-concealed contempt he radiates toward the Marine Corps and the harm he had brought upon the good name Marine.

How we were misusing the natives in Segovias! The 55th Company was stationed at Yali, one of the most isolated stations in all the great northern wilderness, for a time. We hit the trail on our two meals a day for months until the supply trains got in enough to merit full issue. And when I say we hit the trail, I mean we hit it. My own record shows that I traveled 1598 miles on foot before I got a mount, and, God knows, there were many more with more mileage than that!

The significant part of our stay at Yali, however, was that when we left the natives were crying and whole families had gathered at the side of the trail to wish us Godspeed with the beautiful Spanish farewell, "Que se vaya bien."

If Mr. Beales had taken the trouble to really investigate conditions in Nicaragua instead of calling on his imagination for his facts, he would have discovered that the best friends of the Marines in Nicaragua were the natives themselves! The incident at Yali, as most of you know, was not the first or last time the natives of a Nicaraguan town cried like little children when the Marines evacuated it.—Allen.



Prominent athletes who received diplomas at the Marine Corps Basic School.

Left to right: Paul Moret, former star end and assistant coach at Naval Academy; center, Russell (Whitey) Lloyd; and right, H. W. Bauer, both of whom played stellar football at Annapolis and later with the All-Marine eleven.

that account while in the hills of the Sandino country. The heat and the asceticism we were forced to endure in Nicaragua not being enough, we must be maligned at home.

Then there was Beales, the reporter, sneaking up through the hills of the Segovias, he of the poison tongue and the stinking gold of Sandino in his itching palm, thrusting poison darts at us in the very theatre of war. Personally, I doubt if he strayed farther out in the hinterland than the International Club in Managua, from the contradictions in his articles.

Imagine the unpatriotic worm straying all the way up in the Segovias, by way of San Rafael del Norte and Jinotega, without salt or food! The very time he wrote of his wonderful trip to see Sandino, the 55th Company of the 11th Regiment of Marines was in San Rafael del Norte, and I'll leave it to any Marine in the outfit if there wasn't salt by the sack in the doorway of every tienda and fruit in abundance on all sides for the price of a few coppers. This verbal martyr doesn't even merit a seri-

Clicking Reels

We are still holding down the Naval Ammunition Depot, Lake Denmark, Dover, New Jersey—the best post on the East Coast.

Captain Harry W. Bacon is still our commanding officer, QM. Sgt. Charles B. Hirsch was transferred July 15th and First Sergeant Earle E. Daniel will follow shortly. Port au Prince's gain and our loss. We hope their replacements are as good as they were.

Corporal Grasborg is holding down the quartermaster's department until Hirsch's relief reports and Pfc. Goldstein will carry the company office around on his shoulders until the new first sergeant arrives.

We are in hopes of getting new barracks to replace the temporary barracks now being used by the Marine Detachment.

Corporals Grasborg and Stainbrook were both discharged at this post and immediately re-enlisted for Dover, so this must be a good detachment. Stainbrook is now on a 90-day furlough.

Sgt. Ray Wilson and Pfc. Herby Burkhardt extended their enlistments three and two years respectively for Dover. Wilson will take over the duties of Navy mail clerk the 1st of August.

For the benefit of the men of the Marine Corps who want to transfer to a really good post, hear ye: We have an excellent swimming pool in the rear of the barracks, an indoor .22 caliber rifle range, and a lake crammed with fish, donated by the Hackettstown state fisheries. The reels are quite busy nowadays catching fish for Fridays. There are plenty of those you-ought-to-have-seen-the-one-that-got-away stories. "Star Gauge" Adams went out fishing and came back with two rubber boots and a lady's corset. We hope the latter fits him.

—Jack Goldstein.

Lack of Potency

One often observes more or less comprehensive side-lights published in "The Leatherneck" concerning the Department of the Pacific in San Francisco. Such references, however, seem to be devoid of the necessary potency; they do not treat the subject under discussion with the inflection necessary to create the atmosphere that is significant and traditional to these Headquarters.

What is the Department of the Pacific? Suffice it to say that there are many within our ranks who really could not respond with a correct explanation.

The Department of the Pacific is, in a word, the Headquarters of the West Coast Marine Corps. In most instances it operates independently in matters of departmental management. When major issues arise requiring the judgment, approval, etc., or confirmation authorizing the power to act, it is then that "Marcorps, Washington" is drawn into our consultation.

This department, as represented in the literal sense, is the seat of activities of our Major General in command, which has functioned at the head of these local activities during the past ten years. Aside from the Depot of Supplies, the Paymaster's Department and the Adjutant & Inspector's Department are represented, the latter operating in immediate conjunction with the Commanding General. All Marine Corps Reserve administration is under the direction of the Commanding General, and with this we have the complete arrangement of staff operations. Headquarters, Western Recruiting Division, is the only non-staff unit on the premises.

During the past several years the local recruiting district has carried on at 3rd & Mission Streets, in the old Williams Building. This was apparently of considerable expense and recognizing the ample space to be utilized here at the Marine Corps Building, the Navy Department is constructing a suite of offices on the fourth floor which will be ready for occupancy in the near future. Hence, the Western Recruiting Division will be more fully represented—the occasional sparkle of dress blues will be a pleasant enhancement to our hallways.

In the future the writer can perhaps maintain a "log" of the events of the day—if the readers are interested.

(Sure they are!—Editor.)

—H. R. Heath.

Quantico News

Two Hours to Go

Three long blasts of the siren shrieked over Quantico camp on the afternoon of July 9. It was not a fire alarm to which this Marine Corps base responds when occasion demands—nothing as commonplace as that.

Such an alarm as this had never before been heard here by the officers and men who compose the backbone of the Corps' organization. They had been drilled in their barracks and their lecture rooms and in their headquarter's conferences to expect it and be prepared for it, but it had never before aroused them from their routine.

Three blasts—and they echoed from end to end of the great encampment—

were the signals for the men of every rank and at every station, from a private painting a tin roof to the post commander, Major General Smedley D. Butler, that the entire Marine brigade was to be ready within two hours to "abandon camp," and embark upon an expedition to a given point where there was need of getting the "situation well in hand."

In theory, a secret order had come from the high command in Washington. This order directed General Butler to move his brigade out of camp at the earliest possible moment. For months the Marine Base at Quantico had been organizing and drilling for just such an order. It had been preparing to break all speed records in embarking the brigade and its impedimenta. It proposed to show that by skill and intense organization, it could mobilize and be on its



Brigadier General R. C. Berkeley (right) congratulates his son, J. P. Berkeley, after his graduation at the Marine Corps Basic School. At left is Rear Admiral L. A. Bostwick, Commandant of the 4th Naval District, who addressed the students.

way to the scene of disorder quicker than any other military unit ever moved.

The first test of this skill and preparedness was given today. Some of the higher officers of the base were let in on the secret. They knew that sometime during the day the siren would sound. And they knew, moreover, that it was not an actual order to embark and that the transports were only hypothetically at the dock. They knew that it was a test drill.

But they knew also that they were expected to go through with the drill just as if it were real business. They must not fail or fall down on the job. They were being observed by their own general officers and by others who had been invited to witness the demonstration of Marine Corps fitness and efficiency.

How many of the men knew what it was all about could not be guessed. All that one could be certain of was that they went about their business with determination and dispatch. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the company streets seemed to be filled with officers and men. Everyone of them dropped whatever he was doing and rushed to his post of mobilization. This was as true of carpenter squads, street repair gangs and mechanics as it was of hospital units and field officers.

And all at once it seemed that long lines of motor trucks appeared from nowhere and began nosing their way through the men to the quartermaster warehouses. Officers dashed about assembling their men. Machines were drawn out upon the parade ground. Airplanes were formed in squadrons for the take-off. About those planes were ground crews and flyers alike assembled, all in heavy marching order.

But a brigade dare not move to a foreign port without its necessary supplies—supplies for the three months' campaign. These must go, too, along with ammunition and every other article that goes to make up the equipment of fighting troops.

The movement of these supplies and munitions was the vital part of the test. There were but two hours allowed for the operation. If longer time had been required, the test would have failed. All the organizing of General Butler and his staff during the past months would have been discredited. Both officers and men knew this.

Trucks moved in and out from the warehouses with clock-like precision. Truckmen, many of whom were borrowed from the field units, swarmed about the loading platforms. In thirty minutes great open spaces appeared in the warehouses that had been piled high with boxes and crates and hampers. In an hour whole sections of the warehouses were empty. In less than two hours all the supplies for the expedition had moved to the docks and in theory were stored in the holds of the transports. Meanwhile the field force, with regimental bands playing, machine guns limbered, Stokes mortars packed and full packs slung on backs, occupied the parade ground. They were ready to march.

It was an impressive performance. The job was done handily within the two-hour period. This organization, which regards itself as the quick fire-fighting end of the national defense establishment, had shown that it could mobilize and move a brigade with every article of its supply store from camp to dock and from dock to shipboard within two hours and be ready to sail away.

This test will be ordered again, perhaps many times when there are observers at Quantico who may be interested. The demonstration probably will move even more smoothly and speedily than it did today, now that the officers and men have the benefit of experience.

Planes Participate

Three fighting planes attached to Brown Field, Marine Barracks, E. C. E. F., Quantico, Va., and piloted by First Lieutenant David L. Cloud, Jr., First Lieutenant Edward L. Pugh, and Second Lieutenant Warren P. Sweetser, U. S. M. C., were flown to Huntington, W. Va.,

July 8, to participate in the dedication of a municipal airport. The planes were flown from Wheeling, W. Va., where they were present at the dedication of a municipal airport in that city. The detachment returned to Brown Field.

Brown Field Blower

The gunnery and bombing exercises, which were completed in May, were highly successful. All ordnance equipment performed without a hitch, thanks to M. T. Sergeant Jordan and his veteran aides. Both Lieutenant Brice's and Lieutenant Sanderson's squadrons made excellent scores, and we have the tow sleeve to prove that one flight made over 500 hits with 600 rounds of ammunition, with fixed guns.

After the exercises were completed, the Navy sent its moving picture cameraman down to get some shots of how things are supposed to be done. If the pictures show everything as it was, you will be dazzled with the brilliance of the performance. Lieutenant Sanderson and his formation of six Cloud Busters did their bit toward scaring the cameraman, and Lieutenant Kerr did the honors in bombing.

The chief operations this month are firing the rifle for qualification and co-operating with the Tenth Regiment in their artillery fire. M. T. Sergeant Brock, our radio man, is spotting and observing the fire. The whole radio section has been working hard to get the OC-2's and the Kingbird fitted out with sets.

The construction work around the field has come along rapidly. The railroad bridge has been completed and once again the barracks rumble and tremble as the trains rush through. After three months of quietness, caused by the trains having to slow down to ten miles per hour, it is strange to have them rush by.

The dredges have been burrowing rapidly and the lake formed by their efforts has grown to mammoth proportions. One dredge is way down to the extreme point, by the island; the other has worked up to within fifteen feet of the old VO-6M office building. Both dredges together average over three thousand yards of dirt daily. The pipes have been run so as to form a great dam around the edge of the swamp, clear over to the edge of the channel of the creek. A sluice has been built and the water coming through the pipes with the dirt will have a chance to settle instead of carrying away the fine silt. The whole area, from the point to the bridge, following the channel of the creek, has been filled to a certain extent. The piling under the bridge is nearly buried in earth.

The bridge across the new channel of the creek has been completed and cuts into the old bridge about two hundred

yards from the guard house. The end of the old bridge has been torn down.

The stump land back of the boatman's house at the northern end of Minnis Bridge has all been cleared and will be dredged to the level of the field when the present job has been completed.

The boatman will have a new house, which is being built at the northern end of Field No. 2, on the bank of the new channel. A large area has been cleared and filled to form a suitable location.

A contractor is at work putting in a concrete apron between the two south hangars, and one at the end of the southernmost. This will be a great improvement over the present dirt and board arrangement.

Of the personnel attached we shall not say much. The new policy of The Leatherneck, showing promotions and change of station, is a decided improvement and stays a lot of meaningless chatter on my part.

However, in case some may wonder who is who, we will say that Major Geiger is the C. O.; Captain James T. Moore, the executive officer; and Second Lieutenant Ennis, adjutant and C. O. Headquarters Company. First Lieutenant Cowie is C. O., Service Company; First Lieutenant Chappell, C. O. of VO Squadron 6M; and First Lieutenant Cloud, C. O. of VF Squadron 9M. At the present time, Captain Campbell and Lieutenants Brice, Sanderson, Miller, Jerome, Plachta, and Towner are on leave.

Sergeant Major Lang has reported in from Haiti and taken charge of Headquarters. Everyone is glad to see him.

We are also proud to state that Gunnery Sergeant Kennard Bubier has accepted the promotion to Marine Gunner and that he is now assistant engineering officer, Service Company. The senior NCO's are presenting him with a handsome sword as a token of their congratulation and esteem. Gunner Bubier is a popular officer with all hands.

—RECO, Substituting.

Fighting Spirit

Boy Scout Troop No. 121, Quantico, Virginia, has shown much action in the past month. Mr. H. E. Howes, scoutmaster, has apparently imbued them with a fighting spirit and they have made themselves known by their activities in the competitive activities over the State and nearby States in the past few weeks.

On May 22 this troop gave a first-aid demonstration at the Sojourners Club, held at the Officers' Club in this post, and won the appreciation of those members of the organization who were privileged to see an example of the good work Scouts are taught to perform.

May 16th and 17th were marked with a camporee at Clarendon, Virginia, at which place the troop won fourth place,

finishing this competition with a score of .830 out of a possible 1000.

On May 23rd and 24th at a camporee at Dripping Spring, near Alexandria, Virginia, they took first place.

June 6th and 7th at a final camporee at Braemar Forest, Maryland, they made 887.90 points out of a possible 1000.

On June 10th they held a court of honor at Quantico, Va.

June 11th they entertained the newly formed Cub Pack of younger Boy Scouts at a "weenie roast" at the Scout cabin.

On June 19th they entertained Daisey Troop No. 80, Girl Scouts, of Quantico, at their cabin.

On June 23rd, they were entertained by Girl Scout Daisey Troop No. 80 and had a very enjoyable time.

On June 25th, they helped to officially institute a newly organized Cub Pack, now under the guidance of their able leader, Captain Albert W. Paul, U. S. M. C.

The members of the troop regret the loss of two of their members: Life Scout Carl T. Hull, Jr., son of Commander Carl T. Hull, U. S. N., and Life Scout William G. Hawthorne, Jr., son of Major William G. Hawthorne, U. S. M. C.

"Little Sister"

"Little Sister," of Quantico, who, appropriately enough, is sired by the thoroughbred stallion, "Devil Dog," and is owned by Esther Allen, niece of Captain and Mrs. Campbell H. Brown, won first prize in the Model Hunter Class for ponies, against about twenty other entries, in the annual show held by the Warrenton Junior Hunt, of Warrenton, Fauquier County, Virginia.

Wolves, Lions, Bears

At a very impressive ceremony held at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., Thursday evening, June 25th, a Cub Scout pack was officially instituted. The scene typified an Indian council fire which was most realistic. An Indian tepee stood out in the glow of the camp fire. The ceremony was opened by an Indian dance accompanied by the rhythmic beating of the tom-toms. Scout executive for Virginia, Mr. W. L. Leitch, officiated. A short introductory talk was made by Captain A. W. Paul, U. S. M. C., cubmaster of the pack. The local Scout Troop No. 121, under the able leadership of Mr. H. E. Howes, scoutmaster, rendered valuable assistance. Private James W. Parker, U. S. M. C., assistant cubmaster, also assisted in the program.

The following cubs were initiated:

Wolves.—Walker G. Bennett, Leland L. Brigham, Jr., Theodore H. Cartwright, Elmer E. Casper, Robert E. Hawthorne, Walter A. Jagiello, Richard H. Jeschke, Thomas Quigley, Harold Sanford, Jack Weatherford.



Lions.—James E. Casper, Robert S. Davis, Robert A. Lewis.

Bears.—Frank L. Davis, Roy S. Geiger, Jr., Hughes M. Hayden, Raymond E. Knapp, Robert J. McCook, George W. McHenry, Jr., John F. McVey, Ralph S. Miller, Alfred H. Noble, Fred G. Patchen, Jr., Frank G. Snow, Leland M. Swindler, Moncure Waller.

Bowery Dance

The Marines at Quantico entertained at a "Bowery Dance," given at the Post Gymnasium on the evening of 3 July. The dance was largely attended by our friends from Washington and nearby towns.

Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley and Mrs. De Boo led the grand march, after which refreshments were served and a very enjoyable evening spent.

Speaker

Major General Smedley D. Butler, commanding general at Quantico, Va., was the principal speaker at Gettysburg, Pa., on July 4th, being the guest of the Gettysburg Chamber of Commerce.

General Butler was also a guest speaker at Legion Post of Indiana, Pa., on the same day.

M. G. C. Visits

Major General Ben H. Fuller, Commandant of the Marine Corps, was the principal speaker at the graduation exercises of the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, June 19th. Congressman Melvin J. Mass also delivered an address. Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley, Commandant of the Schools, introduced the speakers.

Following the graduation exercises, the Major General Commandant and Mrs. Fuller were guests of honor at the buffet luncheon given by the graduating classes. Approximately two hundred guests were present, among them: Major General Smedley D. Butler, Brigadier General and Mrs. Randolph C. Berkeley and Mrs. Upshur. In the afternoon, General Fuller inspected the East Coast Expeditionary Force, the new post exchange and store houses.

Nicaragua

Earthquake Diary

The following is an extract from the diary of Private First Class Van Rosa, giving some of his impressions of the recent earthquake in Managua, Nicaragua.

"Tuesday, 12:30. Patrolling the town, two man patrol. Fire seems to have whole town in blaze. Plenty gasoline blowing up. These buildings are all flimsy structures anyway. There are

very few looters—guess they're too scared to do anything but run yet. In a couple of days they'll be all over the place. When do we eat?

"Our main job right now is to report all the wounded to the passing ambulances. Dead seem to be everywhere. Trucks are busy clearing the streets. Water mains are all busted and telephone lines are all down.

"7:30. Same stuff, patrolling. Guess we ought to get some coffee pretty soon. Here comes the truck now! The people are getting things lined up to leave the city. Granada and nearby towns seem to be their destination. They are leaving most everything behind. Fire is still underway. Engineers are catching the devil. They're blowing up the stuff for blocks around to stop the fire. No water available.

"We're just beginning to get our right feeling back again. An earthquake not only starts fires and ruins towns, but it also numbs a person. Feels as if one were standing on a small rug that is suddenly jerked out from under him. That curious sensation of falling certainly is spooky.

"Guess we get a relief. Reporting to the transport for truck driving as a relief for day drivers—got an ambulance.

"3:00 A. M. Whatta night! Got a relief: now for some sleep. We are having earth tremors and some of them are hard ones, too. They are regular—one about every thirty minutes.

"Wednesday, 7:30. Still piloting an ambulance. Plenty sights. Doctors Hatfield, Brown and many others from the army at Granada and civilian doctors and Navy corpsmen have been working all through the night on the cases. The movie hall has been converted to an open-air hospital. Tents have been put up and all the women and children of the officers are now in Campo de Marte. There is much ado about getting organized again. Colonel Bradman was slightly injured in the quake, but is around everywhere.

"Haven't much time to spend in camp—none of us have nowadays. Food is being given the refugees here. Guess there are about five thousand of them at every meal."

Service Clubs

Soldiers, Sailors & Marines

The purpose of the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Club, located at 1015 L Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., is to provide the enlisted men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard with beds, meals and such other accommodations usually provided by clubs for its members at prices within their reach and in keeping with the pay they receive.

The club is run on a non-profit basis, furnishing meals at regular hours, breakfast from 7 to 8, dinner 5 to 6, lunch 12 to 1; beds at 50 cents. Board and room

at special rates are offered to the men who expect to be in the city for some time—\$35.00 per month. The club also has several lockers available for men who might want them. These rent at \$1.00 and \$1.50 a month, depending on the size.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Medcalf, the club has been able to secure the building next door, which we have joined to the old building and after thoroughly renovating and overhauling the heating plant, together with building a new kitchen and dining room in the new building, we are now ready to accommodate upwards of 60 men a night.

The meeting halls are rented to veteran organizations at \$3.00 a night. The rental is set aside in a separate fund to provide entertainment for the men of the service and the upkeep of the halls.

When funds become available, we expect to extend the front porch across the new building. A new frigidaire is also on the waiting list.

All men of the service are again heartily invited to stop over at the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Club whenever they are in the Capital City, where every effort will be made to make them feel at home.

The facilities of the club are also extended to the veterans' offices for the accommodation of needy veterans who may apply to them for aid.

Parris Island

Embryo Marines

There is a quotation from Samuel Butler which goes something like this, "Silence is not always tact, and it is tact that is golden, not silence." This was not quoted as any wise-crack at our former President, Mr. Calvin Coolidge, but merely to indicate that we down on Parris Island have decided to use Mr. Butler's quotation as a guiding star and you readers of "The Leatherneck" will hear from us more often in the future.

How many sighs of relief did we hear when they let up on recruiting—the biggest being from Captain Walter J. Green who is the post recruiting officer? We were swamped with men from applicants to the finished recruit and if recruiting had continued a little longer we would have only had standing room. We now have hopes of recuperating a bit and straightening out the many little things that the push of business caused us to let hang fire.

First Sergeant Emanuel Yalowitz has reported here from the Second Brigade in Nicaragua and is acting as Recruit Depot Sergeant Major, which job he held down prior to leaving our fair home for an excursion in the jungles of Nicaragua. This is a relief for Sergeant Major Horace Larn who has been holding down both jobs of Post and Recruit Depot Sergeant Major and losing a lot of weight over it as well as a lot of fishing.



First Sergeant Fred Stinson has left us for the Marine Detachment at the Naval Operating Base, Key West, Florida. He drove down from here in his automobile with Mrs. Stinson. We were sorry to see them leave us and will miss them very much.—E. B. Hardy.

Schools

Manlius

The Manlius School of Manlius, New York, founded as Saint John's School, has enjoyed an enviable record in the armed forces of the United States. In times of peace, as well as in times of war, it has furnished officers to all branches of the service and has been especially partial to the Marine Corps. At present eleven former students of Manlius are on active duty with the Marines, while two are on the retired list. Forty-three are on the active list of the Regular Army and one on the retired, while ten are on active duty in the Navy.

The following officers in the Marine Corps were students at Manlius:

Captain Frank R. Armistead.

1st Lieut. B. W. Atkinson.

Lieut. Col. Frederick A. Barker.

Captain Daniel W. Bender, retired.

Captain Joseph C. Bennett, retired.

Colonel Richard M. Cutts.

1st Lieut. Richard M. Cutts, Jr.

Major Robert L. Denig.

Major General Logan Feland.

1st Lieut. Carl W. Meigs.

Captain Edward B. Moore.

Major John B. Seabee.

2nd Lieut. George Van Orden.

Two sons of Major Denig attended Manlius, Robert L., Jr., who is now a second classman at Annapolis, and Charles A. E., who died during the summer of 1928.

Two sons of Marine officers are now enrolled in the school, those of Major C. F. B. Price and Captain Le Roy P. Hunt.

Manlius, located on a one hundred twenty-five acre tract in the hills of Central New York, eleven miles from Syracuse, was founded in 1869. In 1881 military training was instituted but it was not until 1891 that the War Department officially detailed an officer to the school as professor of military science and tactics. In 1904 Manlius was designated a distinguished institution, an honor only accorded six colleges and secondary schools the first year of its inception. They have retained the honor school rating for twenty-seven consecutive years, a record unequalled by any other military school in the country.

Manlius is essentially a preparatory school, a non-sectarian educational corporation administrated and controlled by a self-perpetuating board of trustees, for the most part made up of members of the alumni body. The school can accommodate three hundred forty students and the Manlius Battalion, Reserve Officers' Training Corps, is organized as a battalion of infantry, composed of a battalion headquarters, three rifle companies, a machine gun company, a band. Its graduates have the privilege of being commissioned in the Officers' Reserve Corps at the end of the four-year course.

The success that Manlius now enjoys was due to the great efforts of the late Brigadier General William Verbeck,

former adjutant general of the State of New York. In 1888 he came to St. John's when there were but eighteen students enrolled and in his forty-two years as president of the school his marvelous personality and educational training have been imparted to generations of students. His death last summer left a loss hard to fill but his work is being carried on by his son, Colonel Guido F. Verbeck. Colonel Verbeck, who commands the 368th Field Artillery, Organized Reserves, is now superintendent of the school and the vice president of the Board of Trustees. He graduated from St. John's in 1905 and has been on the faculty of the school for twenty-one years.

Exclusive of the military department, the officers of administration and instruction number thirty-six members. It is interesting to note that fourteen are commissioned officers in the Reserve Corps while three are on the retired list of two branches of the service.

Clerical

Hurrah! We are off with the first class of nineteen-thirty one at the Clerical School, Philadelphia. Who said the Leathernecks couldn't get down to brass tacks? If only you could be a bystander, listening to the typewriters zing, and the cussing of the twenty-three industrious, concentrating and visualizing students, you would sit and ponder just how many of us really wish that we might be some place else.

Our classroom is located on the ground floor in the south wing of building one hundred at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. In the room are twenty-three desks with a typewriter on each, so, you see, our class is like President Hoover's Cabinet, "all filled up." Many educational posters are hanging on the walls to explain the easiest methods of study, etc. Several cabinets throughout the room are filled with books and supplies for the class. There is also a blackboard in front of the room.

The real purpose of the Clerical School is to teach the elements we lack in training and experience in the way of clerical duties in the Marine Corps. A tip for the fellows contemplating entering the school: don't become imbued with the idea that you are coming to Philadelphia for a five month's vacation. Instead, there is hard work to be done, work that will be its own reward.

With the ending of the first week of school, we find that the enthusiasm of getting started has died. We now have our noses buried in our books and our typewriters almost torn apart. We also find the most difficult part to be the few-and-far-between liberties.

Our curriculum, at present, consists of typing, spelling, English, and last but not least, shorthand. We understand that in the succeeding few months Marine Corps correspondence, pay rolls, muster rolls, and naval courts and boards are to be added. If there were any more, we could roll our socks, buy a flask and feel collegiate.

Our morning struggles begin with spelling—only forty minutes long but what it can do to a fellow's monthly grade is tragic. Hence the reason for the many hours we spend the previous evening desperately trying to get the I's before the E's, the double P's, T's, M's, the ible's, able's, etc.

Our English is an International Correspondence School Course, fifteen lessons long. It is the same as that listed as "Good English" in the Marine Corps Institute Schools, so we feel that we are "killing two birds with one stone." To date we have had only the simple business letters, but we can see compound and complex sentences, phrases, clauses, telegrams, punctuation rules and short stories in the not-distant future.

Three hours a day are devoted to typing, which becomes monotonous, boring, tiresome, and finally disgusting. If these typewriters were ice they would have melted long ago. Corporal Davis permits us to talk to them, swear at them, bite them, pinch them, make faces at them, but under no condition are we allowed to hit them with our fist or throw them on the floor. That would be damaging Government property, which would mean additional damage to our record books.—Hogan and Thayer.

China

Peiping Minstrels

A cast composed of twenty-five enlisted men from the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China, made a great hit with the members of Peiping's foreign colony by their excellent performance in the "1931 Marine Minstrels," presented on the evenings of 14-15-16 April in the Peiping Union Medical College Auditorium.

First Sergeant Ernest Arnold, bandmaster, who is due to retire in August with thirty years of service to his credit, directed the show and gave freely of his time and knowledge in the preparation of the musical numbers and the training of the cast.

Colonel Breckinridge, Major Rupertus and Captain Ruffner lent their hearty support, contributing many valuable suggestions and ironing out various difficulties that cropped up during the preliminary work.

Mrs. Catherine Arnold was a Godsend to the cast of amateur performers, acting as wardrobe mistress and helping with the selection of the cast, as well as appearing on the program herself in a recitation act that stopped the show.

A special free children's matinee was presented on the afternoon of April 13. There was uproarious applause and a few cases of mild hysteria, caused by the crazy antics of the black-face comedians.

The three evening performances won a great amount of praise and applause from the adult audiences, who were kept in the throes of spontaneous laughter by the jokes and comic acting of the players.

All of the men in the cast deserve great credit for the manner in which they carried their parts. The interlocutor gave a professional performance in his part as master of ceremonies. The celebrated "Chinemen" Quintette made a very favorable impression with their harmonious rendition of several old favorite southern melodies. "Senorita" Montejano and "her" chorus of Sunkist Dancing Beauties brought down the house, and their fame has traveled far and wide.

The Legation Guard Band, under the direction of Ernest Arnold, wound up the performance with a Bolshevik band act that was a scream, and then played "The Marine Hymn," the closing number.

The show, planned primarily for the purpose of raising a fund for the purchase of sound equipment for the Legation Guard moving picture show, was a financial success also. A large sum was raised to form the nucleus of this fund, and it is hoped that we will be able to obtain the necessary sound equipment before many moons have passed.

The complete programme was as follows:

1. Overture.....Marine Orchestra
Interlocutor
W. V. D. Masterson
Tambos: Bones:
E. J. Taylor J. F. Wendt
W. W. Pitchford P. Sanford
Circle
J. T. Donnelly A. H. Baldwin
R. P. Wilson G. P. Chapman
R. E. Gunnoe W. A. Hacklin
W. L. Beals M. W. Schreiber
E. E. Frey L. F. Cobb
2. Opening Chorus.. "The Broadway Melody"—Entire Company.
3. Baritone Solo—"It Happened in Monterey"—R. P. Wilson.
4. Yodeling Solo.... "Railroad Blues"
J. F. Wendt
5. Tenor Solo.. "The Pagan Love Song"
W. L. Beals
6. Quintette..... "Southern Melodies"
Donnelly, Baldwin, Sanford,
Chapman, Gunnoe.
7. Tenor Solo—"I'm Just a Vagabond Lover"—A. H. Baldwin.
8. Finale..... "The Stein Song"
Entire Company
10-Minute Intermission
9. The Sunkist Dancing Girls—
M. Montejano, Drew, Kissane, Wanner, Brayton, Overland.
10. "How Salvator Won"—(As told by the Jockey himself)—Catherine Arnold.
11. "A Lockstep Interlude"—Taylor, Dulin, George, Wilson.
12. "A Specialty".....Marine Band
13. Grand Finale... "The Marine Hymn"
Marine Band

Stage Manager.....D. Laughlin
Advertising Manager....D. A. Stockton
Ticket Manager.....R. Davis

Your Boy Was There

Sunday, May 9th, was Mother's Day. The Fourth Marines' Church was well occupied and a wonderful sermon on "The Greatest Woman" was delivered by Chaplain Truitt. After divine services, one hundred Marines were invited to dinner at various private homes. To mothers who read this, it is our pleasure to say that your boy was there and was thinking of that dear face across the sea, and pleasant memories caused many a tanned hand to wander across leathery cheeks to wipe the tears away.

The following-named men were transferred back to the States recently: Gunnery Sergeant Hensley; Sergeants Woodward, Armstrong; Corporals Ayres, Fritz; Pfc. Gill; Privates Robinson, Sawdy, Sherman, Culmer, Daily, Epperson, Wasson, Coe, Frank J. Wasson (no relation), Watson, Turner, Taschler, Malley, Walker, Wutzkey, and Yoder.

We were all sorry to see this splendid group of men go back, but Uncle Sam says we can't stay in China over thirty months, and that's that.—W. R. Tyler.

Marines Saw China in 1841

As early as 1841 Marines began to take a part in Chinese affairs when they visited Whampoa on the "Constellation" and "Boston," the first American vessels to reach the inner waters of China. In 1844 they formed part of a landing party at Canton, where they dispersed a mob which was threatening an American factory.

Ten years later they joined with the British marines and bluejackets in fighting the Chinese imperial troops at Shanghai. The following year they aided the British forces in destroying the piratical Chinese junks of Chulan, while in 1856 they took a great part in storming the barrier forts near Canton. A call for help by the consul sent the Marines scurrying ashore at Newchang in 1866.

In June, 1871, when Korea was a part of China, the Marines landed and captured five forts of the "Hermit Kingdom." This series of engagements was known as "Our little war with the heathen."

In 1900, at the time of the Boxer trouble, Marines in Peking assisted in the relief of the ill-fated Seymour expedition and formed part of the inner allied relief column which relieved Tientsin and Peking. It was at this time that the first American Legation Guard was established at Peking, under the command of Captain John T. Myers. Captain Newt H. Hall was also a member of this command. When the Boxer troubles were over this detachment was withdrawn and it was not until 1905 that the Legation Guard was re-established.

Previous to this time the guard at the Legation had consisted of United States Infantry companies, but, after a discussion between the Navy and the War Departments, Marines were detailed for the Legation Guard, probably because of less trouble involved in changing personnel, since the Army then ordinarily relieved entire organizations instead of individuals.

The commanding officer of this new guard was Captain Harry Lee. His junior officers were First Lieutenant Thomas Holcomb, Jr., and Second Lieutenant Edward T. Larned. There was already a Marine officer in Peking, however, in the person of Captain Henry Leonard, who was detailed to duty as the military attache at the United States Embassy.

From 1905 until 1911 the Marines were not called upon for any extraordinary duty, but at that time it became necessary to send a battalion to China to protect the Americans during the revolution which started in October and which ended in the overthrowing of the Manchu dynasty.

An incident growing out of this revolution was the hasty organization of a detachment of "Horse Marines" in February, 1912, for the purpose of protecting outlying American residents of Peking when a serious mutiny broke out among the Chinese soldiers.

Chinese Contrasts

(Compiled by a Chinese student in the U. S.)

Whereas in China the husband divorces the wife and gets her dowry, in America the wife divorces her husband and gets his income.

Whereas in China a despairing wife threatens to hang herself, in America she threatens to shoot her husband.

Whereas in China people are interested in marriages when they are being made, in America they become of public interest only when they are unmade.

Whereas in China white is worn by mourners, in America it is the color of the bridal dress.

Whereas in China one shakes one's own hand to congratulate oneself on the good fortune of meeting a friend, in America one shakes the other fellow's hand to congratulate the latter's good fortune in meeting oneself.

Whereas in China people pay the priests to say their prayers for them, in America people pay the priests and have to say the prayers with them, too.

Whereas in China teachers get at least ten times as much as a bricklayer, in America the latter gets more than the former.

Whereas in China they drink their liquor hot, in America they drink it with ice.

Whereas in China "toe" means the head, in America it means the other extremity of the body.

Whereas in China people take off their glasses in salutation, in America they take off their hats.

Whereas in China explanatory notes are put on top of the page and are therefore properly "head-notes," in America such explanations become "foot-notes."

Whereas the Chinese in sewing push the needle away from them, the Americans push it toward them.

Whereas the Chinese compass points to the South, the American compass points to the North.

Whereas in China it is west-south, in America it is south-west.

Whereas in China surnames come first and given name next and "Mr." last, in America it is just the reverse.

—The Literary Digest.

John Chinaman—At Home

Students of "behaviorism" would doubtless find a prolific source of information in the study of John Chinaman, at home. Bret Harte probably knew what he was talking about when he offered the "Heathen Chinese" as the best living exponent of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

But it is from the Marines who have visited the country that we get our best close-ups of the true Chinese character. Some time ago Captain Prentice Geer told some of his observations in China to readers of the St. Paul Pioneer Press. He had spent two and a half years in China and related several anecdotes that came under his observation.

The following excerpts from his story are typical:

"The Chinese are so adept at trading that hardly any Jews are found trading in China. There are a considerable number of Scotch there, however, and these seem to be the only foreigners who can outbargain the Orientals.

"Captain Geer has little admiration for the much vaunted 'Chinese Justice.' The man who can talk the loudest or show the most money usually wins in any altercation with courts or police, he asserted.

"As an indication of the extent to which loud talk and voluble argument

are effective, he related an incident which occurred on a train on which he was riding.

"A passenger refused to pay his fare, saying he was a member of parliament and did not have to do so. The conductor came up with six guards, each armed with two or three pistols and upholstered with ammunition belts, and informed the passenger that he would pay or get off.

"For 15 minutes the passenger and conductor argued, but finally the member of parliament got himself worked into a beautiful rage and completely outshouted the conductor. With that, the latter retreated with his six guards, and no fare was collected.

"There are many admirable traits in these Chinese despite their shortcomings, Captain Geer emphasized. They are a happy, contented people, even in the face of terrible hardships and sufferings. As artisans in brass, silver, or paper and paint they have no equals in America.

"The coolie class live in squalor and filth unbelievable in America, Captain Geer stated. They are literally beasts of burden, he declared. The middle class of Chinese compare with America's poor, most of the wealth being in the hands of a few of the higher class."

The Evansville Journal recently recounted some of the experiences of Sergeant Carl Mundon, who saw service in China. The article states in part:

"While Sergeant Mundon was stationed in China about a year ago he had occasion to make a hasty trip and urged the coolie pulling the rickshaw to run. The coolie did and when Sergeant Mundon reached his destination he shouted 'dongie dong' suddenly.

"The coolie stopped, so did the rickshaw, but the sergeant sailed gracefully through the air and finally made a three-point landing on the pavement with rather disastrous results to both the Marine uniform and the Marine.

"It might be stated that 'quack, quack' in China means go, and 'dongie dong' stop. They are the two words most used by the Marines in China, Sergeant Mundon said.

"However, the coolies have nothing against the Marines, for geometrically speaking the Marines are to the coolies what butter and egg men are to feminine 'gold diggers,' according to the sergeant.

"When the Marines first went to China the rickshaw coolies wore hardly any clothing," Sergeant Mundon said. "A few weeks later and they had shoes and plenty of clothing. When the average coolie makes only about nine cents a day to support a family, a nickle or a dime thrown to him looks pretty good."

"Rickshaws, which are merely two-wheeled rubber-tired carts, pulled by a man, are very comfortable to ride in and are still one of the principal means of transportation in China, according to Sergeant Mundon.

"Police protection is often needed when a rickshaw coolie 'spots' a prospective American fare because their generosity is well-known and about 20 coolies are likely to rush the person at once.

"While a rickshaw coolie makes a little more money than the common laborer in China, his life is comparatively short, according to the sergeant. The coolie runs so fast with his rickshaw and then cools off so quickly because of lack of

clothes that he soon dies of pneumonia, he said.

"The Chinese reckon temperature quite differently from the Americans, Sergeant Mundon explained. When it begins to get cool the Chinaman puts on another coat. As it gets colder he adds another coat, putting it on over the others. When you ask a Chinaman how cold it is he will say it is six coats cold or the number of coats he has on.

"The jinrikisha coolies are not the only ones who make their living on the streets. Barbers in China do not have shops, but carry their equipment with them. Whenever they meet a customer they set up their instruments on the sidewalks and go to work. A shave or a haircut costs about 10 or 15 cents if procured from the traveling Chinese barbers.

"The larger Chinese cities look a great deal like American cities," Sergeant Mundon said. "They have skyscrapers, street cars, automobiles, rubbernecks, taxis and motion picture houses. Western ideas are gradually taking root and even the Chinese pigtail is a rarity in most parts of China."

"Sergeant Mundon, who has been in the Marine Corps since the World War, was stationed in China for about a year and a half. He served in France in the Army during the war."

Haiti

Squirrel Food

Every day we pick up the newspapers we find some mention of how much today's dollar is worth compared with a hundred cents of some time past. The pocketbook of the Squirrel Food family has never been overburdened and we had come to the conclusion that the dollar of today is just the same as the dollar of yesterday and isn't worth anything.

Statistics are everlastingly trying to show how far a dollar will go. About the only thing positive is that a paper dollar will go farther in a cyclone than it will in a breeze, and that a silver dollar, melted down and shot from a rifle, will go farther than the one Washington threw.

This brings us to the point of order. Squirrel Food takes this opportunity to show its reader (modesty forbids the plural) just how far fifteen cents will go if properly used.

A few days ago three very young ladies approached Mrs. Squirrel Food and proffered for sale tickets to a Red Cross benefit show. They confidentially whispered that the only thing parents had to do with this show was confined to a role of a spectator. Each ticket cost fifteen cents. "Wouldn't we buy a couple?"

The tickets themselves should be entered in some museum alongside other famous documents. Somebody's writing paper diminished considerably. Whose it was, I don't know, but they contributed unknowingly to a most worthy cause.

Some of the tickets omitted mentioning the date, some forgot the hour. However, if one bought a couple of tickets there would be enough information on both of them to supply that data.

This family kicked in for thirty cents (applause acknowledged with thanks) and the three little ticket sellers, Louisa Horton, Jane Kirkpatrick and Mary

Walling took themselves across the way to Captain Hermle's home where the Garde d'Haiti's operations officer operated on his billfold and extracted a Haitien gourde and a dime. Thirty more cents and three big smiles.

One Wednesday evening, or afternoon, anyway, it was 5:30 p. m., and you can pick your own definition, the street between the Casernes Dessalines and Dartiguenave, or, to be more explicit, the street between the Marine and Garde d'Haiti barracks, was lined with automobiles. The compound of the Marine barracks was alive with Marines directing traffic. The show was on.

Eight little girls and two little boys, uncoached, self-trained and self-prompted were about to give an admiring audience a show that later received more comment than anything we can remember; and our memory is not so bad.

According to our program, penned in a delicate child's hand, the first act was a jungle tragedy, "Tarzan of the Apes." "True to life absolutely," said our program. The scenery was perfect. Those ferns that Mrs. So-and-so had nursed from tiny slips gave a most perfect jungle effect.

The cast included Albert Long as Tarzan, Becky Torrey and Mary Walling as the elephant (permit us to inform you that any rumors of a fall-out between Becky and Mary over who should be the trunk are false), Caroline Cook was the lion, Jean Farrell the gorilla, and Evelyn Fagan the beautiful hunter's daughter.

Then came the great magician's act. "Marvelous," said our program. Albert Long bewildered the audience with stupendous feats of mystery. Where the chicken ever came from out of that empty box will cause us many sleepless nights. And, too, had that chicken laid an egg while it was going into the audience (where Albert threw it after he had brought it from nowhere), we'd have laughed, because we were well in the back of the hall. Mercer Fagan was a superb assistant. And the chicken that talked. How did they do it?

Then came famous international dances, which, according to our program were "very beautiful." Caroline Cook and Evelyn Fagan were Scotch, that is, allow us to explain, Scotch dancers. Sophie Long made the hit of the afternoon with her acrobatic dance. Evelyn Fagan and Caroline Cook made quick changes, returned with Mary Walling and the trio gave us a Spanish dance.

Next on the bill, "The Hiccough Tragedy," was, according to our program, "very amusing." The program hadn't failed us yet and didn't look like it was going to. Mary Walling, Caroline Cook, Jean Farrell, Becky Torrey, Evelyn Fagan and Sophie Long all co-starred in this drama. Sophie, the sewing machine girl, was an awful piker compared with the poor child, who, stricken with the hiccoughs, was unable to do anything but hiccough.

Now comes the grand finale, billed as the "Great Encore Surprise." Said the program, "astonishing," and astonishing it was. All the actors and actresses appeared during the final act of the program and all received just applause for their performances. To pick any outstanding player among them would be like choosing an egg out of the hen house: they were all good.

The show was over. The lights went out and preparations were made so that the regular nightly movies could go on at eight o'clock.

It was the biggest fifteen cents worth anybody has ever received. If anybody else can give us as much for fifteen cents he won't even have to knock on the door. (Just walk right in and help yourself in the ice box.)

The ticket sellers tramped hard, rocky streets, walked "multimous" steps, knocked on gosh knows how many doors, gave infinite smiles and sold tickets. Little Harriett Lloyd announced the show and sent a lot of us home wondering why they don't have more female announcers.

Out of all those who aided not one can boast more than a dozen years on this earth and yet they grew up intelligent enough and thoughtful enough to do something to help such as you and I who, much older, have neglected to take care of our future.

The Red Cross aids those in need, these children helped the Red Cross. Their parents aided them and, like the House that Jack Built, everybody took a hand. I have a dictionary and a thesaurus. I've looked them both over from stem to stern and I'm still at loss for an adjective containing sufficient expression of praise. I can only express the sentiments of those I know, "I'm glad I helped, it was good."

If someone, somewhere, sometime, receives a pair of socks to place on their bare feet, gets a bowl of soup to fill an empty stomach or has handed them a package of useful articles in a time of need, how's to say thanks to the kiddies who took the initiative, used their time, gave up part of their vacation, and thought to themselves, "Gee, it's great to be able to do something for someone else."

Back of it all there must have been that home teaching. It's fine to think that "Like father, like son," let's add, "Like mother, like daughter." There were a lot of proud parents in the audience that evening. They might have been a little nervous at the start but they certainly showed big broad smiles at the finish.

What had been instilled into the hearts of the elders had been passed on to the younger, "Semper Fidelis." Ever faithful—unto humanity.

The pleasure is all mine.

—Belton.

Gangs & More Gangs

Genial Sergeant Major "Nate" Rothstein, although a recent arrival at Bowen Field, Port au Prince, Haiti, is already well acquainted and has, as Gyrene tradition will have it, the situation well in hand.

Led by the musically inclined "Tropical" McMahon, the following gang of hoodlums may be heard performing a tom tom rally right in the midst of our barracks almost any rainy evening: "Slim Jim" Vinson, "Wop" Venuti, "Whitey" Holmberg, "Teddy" Petras, "Balmy" Carine, "Jawboneless" Hohlstein, John Paul Jones, and Music Howells.

Just to show you that they will get that way, the following-named men have decided to stay with us a while longer: "Abe" and "Wop" Donato, "Tropical"

McMahon, "Whitey" Johnson, "Polo Buster" Olso, and "NAP" Peltier.

As for personalities, we'd like to see this gang duplicated anywhere else in the Corps. The original "Stinky" Davis first comes to mind. There is also a second "Stinky" who holds down a chair in the quartermaster's office. Then there is "Balmy" Carine, who won't admit that he is too far gone, and who argues with the big egg man, Berube, even though they are both from Massachusetts. "Lucy" Lotridge does her paint and needlework, among many other accomplishments, while "Madame Free-Wheeling" Straine helps "Chick" Reynolds get rid of a lot of good lumber. "Norfolk" Frankie Beauchamp has his ups and downs at the golf club and is often on the short end when shooting for his drinks with "Colonel" Rowden or "Rag-time" Alexander Cowie.

Free cerveza was on hand on four occasions when "Pop" Greer, "Pop" Pelz, lackadaisical "Al" Bowman, and that eminent shiek of shieks (we can't think of a proper nickname) Raymond Carpenter, one of them radio bugs, made a few extra simoleons on the pay roll. Of course this gang all received the congratulations due them and some of the boys tried to drown themselves to show just how glad they were. But that is beside the point. The point is—it sticks!

Perhaps the most exclusive gang of all our gangs is that bunch of bozos who went and did it. Did what? Well, if you-all could take a peek at "Steve" Toranich, "Red" Edwards, and "Whitey" Holmberg you would know of what we speak. With the tops of their heads shaved off and with but a few remaining wisps of hair, or fuzz, if you prefer, they look like the latest edition of Zigfeld's "Review of the Monks with the Shaven Heads."

Led by our able executive officer, Captain Rogers, who is batting for the commanding officer while the latter is on leave in the States, as this is written, we have an impressive array in our polo line-up. "Dutch" Drewes, "Wop" Donato, the other shiek, Ilso, "Stan" Fields (we recognize him even without his moustache), "Tropical" McMahon, "Bob" Stoddard, and "Abie" (A.B.) Johnson are the other constituents. This team is of championship caliber and should come out on top in the next tournament.

We have been having a bit of trouble with our plumbers. First of all we were short of water (this is not an official complaint) and then we got more rain than we cared for. Walsh got himself laid up with the plumber's ailment and is now recuperating in the Brigade Field Hospital. We are all looking forward to his return and hope it will be soon.

Just for the sake of mentioning it, we have turned the camp topsy-turvy, and now Michigan rummy is the rage. "Doggey" Rogers gets so mad he eats the cards when they don't come his way. "Mobile" George DeBinder can perform in a ditto manner. Then there is the

secretive operator K-9, "Big Boy" Thome, with his able shadow, "Frog" Delisle, who has his own way of playing the game. "Stinky" Davis hangs onto his cards whether they do him any good or not and "Dutch" Krall will break out with a grin only when he can lay down at least 100 points. We first got wind of this game while we were cavorting around down in Panama. It appears that a Dutchman from Pennsylvania invented the game, played it first in China, and after trying it out in several other countries and some of the States, he fell on the name of "Michigan Rummy" for no good reason at all.

Before we forget we want to call your attention to our Asiatic gang—and what a gang! "Devil Dog" Kurtz is the ring-leader of this herd. He is assisted by "China" Logan, "Wop" Venuti, and "Red" Hensen. What this gang can't do in the performance of the dizziest stunts just ain't to be done.

"Pop" Towles tried to do something he probably shouldn't have and now he has gone and lost part of his trigger finger. That didn't stop "Pop" from building himself a dandy little boat, however, and he has it rigged up with an outboard motor and claims he is going places in the waters surrounding this flowery kingdom, geographically known as Haiti. Of course, his gang in the garage are right on the job. He has "Freddie" Glatz as assistant major domo, and "Bozo" Samuels, "Frenchie" Delisle, "Wop" Venuti, "Irish" McMahon, "Short-timer" Jackson, and the young Greek Adonis himself, the stand-by driver, "Teddy" Petras. If this gang doesn't represent the League of Nations no gang does.

We are looking forward to a good season of baseball as this is scribbled. We lost two of our good players in last few shipments back to the States, but we feel confident that we have the nucleus of the champion team in Port au Prince. For instance there are Brown, Craig, Grif-fiths, Pawloski, Fields, R. Davis, H. Davis, Perkins, Johnson, Wade, Rodgers, Thome, and three or four others to start out with. And lest we forget, Lieutenant Walker will once again be cavorting around the first sack and will once again hit those home runs that will help us win ball games.—Schneider.

Miscellany

Maybe He Bit Him Back

"Ah, Mr. Holmes," said Dr. Watson as he bustled into the great detective's home yesterday morning, "I have something most mysterious for you to unravel. The White House Irish wolf-hound, a great pet of the President's, and which always accompanied him to the Rapidan summer camp, has disappeared, and although a most vigilant search has been made, no trace of the wolf-hound can be found." "Quite interesting," remarked Mr. Holmes. "When did the dog vanish?" "Right after biting one of the Marine guard at the camp." "Ah, the dog bit a Marine, did he?" remarked the great detective smiling. "Then you will find him at the nearest dentist's having his teeth repaired." "Marvelous," ejaculated Dr. Watson.—Chicago Tribune.

SEND IN THE NEWS
OF YOUR DETACHMENT
TO THE LEATHERNECK

Unsung Heroes

No. 5—"Pete" Hartmann

"The greatest excitement I ever had on patrol was when a scorpion got between my undershirt and skin."

This is Captain Peter W. Hartmann's (First Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps) conception of the greatest thrill he experienced in fifteen years service in the Garde d'Haiti. Perhaps modesty more than humor prompted this statement on his part; perhaps it was because he considered daily contact with bandits part of a day's work. In either case, he bases the crucial moment of his life on the act of a native scorpion dropping between his anatomy and undershirt. What happened after the scorpion reached its objective is merely a conjecture.

One of the first to join the Garde d'Haiti, then the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, First Sergeant Hartmann's experiences have been many and varied. About the hardest thing to accomplish was to get him to talk of his experiences. Practically everything he had done seemed to him to be merely in line of duty and unworthy of special mention. He possesses a splendid repertoire of stories which, for the most part, are told in the third person, but actually happened to him personally. Famous throughout the Garde is the one concerning a message received by him when he was District Commander of the District of Port de Paix in 1917. The message was received in code. Decoded, it read: "Reported submarine base on west side of La Tortue stop proceed and destroy stop report results." Hartmann is not sure of the exact context of the message but is positive that a submarine base was reported on the western side of the Island of La Tortue, and that he was ordered to accomplish its destruction. It was at this time that German submarines ravaged the shipping of most of the nations of the world and converted merchant ships sailed the Caribbean on the outlook for prey. The determined conduct of German forces left little hope that they would permit a submarine base to be captured without strong opposition.

Hartmann made a hurried trip to his storeroom, loaded two days' emergency rations on board a native sailboat and set out with two gardes, armed with two Spanish-American War Springfields and a riot gun. Thus set forth Hartmann's three-man expedition.

Hartmann began to consider his plan of attack. He still wonders what he would have done had he located a submarine base. The northeastern part of the island was reached in quick time, but adverse winds kept him sailing for three days; he finally returning to Port de Paix on the fourth day. By this time his rations had been consumed, and the old saying, "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink" had become to him a stern reality. "I fervently hoped that I would find a submarine base, even if only to get something to eat and drink" is Hartmann's manner of describing his dilemma.

Returning to Port de Paix, Hartmann informed the Department Commander by telephone that the rumored La Tortue submarine base remained but a rumor. Hartmann claims the commissary has recovered from the attack he made on it

on his return home, but that the Port de Paix water supply received a blow from which it still suffers.

Hartmann tells his story of the submarine base incident in a jocular vein. It was just one of many exciting incidents that are occasions for laughter—after they have been accomplished and the anxiety of the affair is an event of the past.

During the bandit trouble in Haiti, Hartmann was stationed in Grande Riviere. One night, after reporting to Cape Haitien for special instructions, he returned by taking passage on a hand car on which were seated a couple of employees of the railroad. One of the employees, a Haitian, was either deaf or suffering from a toothache as Hartmann's several attempts to engage him in conversation were total failures.

The railroad track from Cape Haitien to Grande Riviere ends in a long grade. This downward grade accelerated the hand car and when a cow appeared in the dusk a collision was inevitable. The hand car, passengers and human motor landed in a ditch; the cow remained on the track considerably the worse for wear. Hartmann pulled out a flashlight and tried to get his bearings. The close-mouthed Haitian, taking advantage of the light, spit some objects closely resembling .22 caliber blank cartridges into his hand. Inquired Hartmann, "What are those, your teeth?" Came the astonishing reply, "No, dynamite caps. I was afraid they might explode." Hartmann explains that after the hand car had been lifted back on the tracks, the dynamite-cap carrier was told to wait for the return trip of the hand car.

Hartmann tells only experiences of the humorous type. For instance, years ago, while there were still Marines on duty in Hinche, a plane came out with fresh vegetables, celery, lettuce, and so forth. Hartmann invited the mayor to dine with himself and a few friends. During the course of the meal the mayor's children peeked in to observe how the meal was progressing. As it happened, they made their appearance while all hands were eating celery. Rushing home, the astonished children informed the wife of the mayor that her husband (and their father), the Gendarmerie Captain and some Marines had all gone crazy and were eating the flowers from the table.

For years Hartmann commanded Gendarmerie and Marine patrols in bandit infested areas. His operations against native insurrectionists resulted in the award of the Haitian Medaille Militaire, a medal awarded solely for "distinguished conduct against the enemy." Later a Haitian Distinguished Service Medal gave evidence of peace-time superiority in the performance of duty.

Hartmann's career is replete with action. Since his entry into the Garde he has been stationed in the more or less remote sections of the republic, having little relish for life in the more populous centers.

No story about Hartmann would be complete without mention of the incident which brought about closer cooperation between military and judiciary officials at Hinche. It was in 1920. The justice of the peace had little liking for American intervention and took every chance

to thwart their efforts to enforce the law. Thieves arrested and sent to his tiny palace of justice were let off with a mere warning with the result that Hinche soon became a haven for petty thieves. Hartmann decided to resort to strategy. He recalled the adage "Nothing hurts until it hits home" and forthwith sent for one of the best chicken thieves he knew. To the chicken thief he promised reward if he would successfully make away with some of the judge's chickens, of which the judge was quite proud. The "expert" thought little of the idea, but a few cigarettes, several gourdes and a promise of more after the deed had been done convinced him that the white man really meant it. About 11:30 one night shortly thereafter, Hartman's aide woke him and displayed a sack containing seven chickens.

The next morning Hartmann arranged with a friendly native to appear in court to answer to a chicken-stealing charge. The perfectly innocent citizen came back with a six-month sentence and a note from the judge informing Hartmann that it was about time he took steps to rid the countryside of thieves. Hartmann says that from then on he received perfect cooperation. A short time thereafter, when the judge had become more friendly, Hartmann told him the story. The judge had a good laugh over the affair but asked payment for the chickens. Hartmann isn't quite sure just who lost.

Trying to get serious about Hartmann is about as easy as getting all worked up over a cribbage game when the cribbage board has been lost. He is just one of those Marines who takes life as it comes, performs his duties in accordance with his orders, although his readiness to take the initiative in time of emergency is unquestioned.

Recently he was transferred to Cape Haitien and assigned the duty of chief of police, relieving Captain W. E. Riley, U. S. Marine Corps. From Cape Haitien he sends word that a fire broke out the first night he was on the job. To use his own words, "It was a very nice introduction."

On his first inspection, Hartmann says, he asked one of the gardes why his clothes were not marked. The reply was "Captain Riley used to leave his fountain pen on the desk. You take yours home with you. I have lost my rubber stamp, you take home your pen, I have nothing with which to mark my clothes."

The garde has obtained a new rubber stamp.

Hartmann is the type of Marine who goes about his work efficiently and at the same time smilingly. He has compiled a remarkable record in the Garde d'Haiti, has made a host of friends among the Haitians, and has done his bit to make Haiti more livable for Haitians and foreigners. Hartmann considers his experiences as routine. When washed-out roads rendered a trip to interview him impracticable, it took Hartmann three weeks to answer a letter asking for information about himself.

The letter was worth the wait. He asked how we were, told us everything was fine and closed his letter "Please tell McIndoe to send me five Marine Corps khaki shirts."

—Fred Belton & John Rogers.

Old Timers' Corner

Memory Lane

The "Old" Marine Corps, as set by statute, on July 11, 1798, consisted of: 48 sergeants, 48 corporals, 16 drummers, 16 trumpeters and 720 privates, total strength 848. During the Spanish-American War the rating of gunnery sergeant was created and just prior to the outbreak of war the enlisted strength was: 1 sergeant major, 1 QM. sergeant, 50 first sergeants, 60 gunnery sergeants, 150 sergeants, 300 corporals, 60 drummers, 60 trumpeters, 1 drum major, 31 bandsmen and 4139 privates, total strength 4853. The "high water mark" in Marine Corps promotions was reached during the late World War and on July 1, 1918, the appropriation act provided for a total strength of, read 'em and weep, 75,500, and there were 202 sergeants major, 1016 QM. sergeants (O! the growls), 1142 first sergeants, 1101 gunnery sergeants, 5113 sergeants, 9115 corporals, 880 drummers, 880 trumpeters, 5 drum majors, 67 Marine bandsmen, 13995 privates first class and 41984 privates. It is interesting to note that for sixty-five years (1834-1899) the Marine Corps boasted but one sergeant major and one quartermaster sergeant, both stationed at the old headquarters, 8th and Eye Streets, Washington.

Years ago some men were known throughout the Corps by their nicknames. Some of these *noms de guerre*, as it were, suggested personal peculiarities while others described accomplishments. I wonder if you remember "Mickey-the-Beast," "Hang-over Dick," the "Quivering Duke," "Bull Pup" Anderson, "Wild Bill," "Squeaky," "System" (yes, we must have system), "Whiskey Pete," "Shimbo" Nelson, "Senator" Platt, "Nigger" Brown, "Spick" Harris, "The War Child," "Scrap-iron" Johnson and many others.

Of course you've been asked: "Do you know 'Chuck' Connors? I mean the old 'Chuck'."—now just who was the "Old Chuck" or the "old" member of the everlasting parade of "Spud" Murphys, "Dusty" Rhodes, "Peggy" O'Neils, "Bud" Fishers and "Buster" Browns? The first ones must have been on the Ark or the old "Tuscarora."

Turning the leaves of my scrapbook I came across a few peculiar sport items, for instance: The Wimbledon cup was first offered in 1875 and was won in 1909 by 1st Sgt. Victor H. Czegka (now Marine gunner). Leech cup competition also started in 1875 and has been won four times by a colonel and once by a private first class. . . . Usually when an officer has grown grey in service we are more than apt to forget that headlines may have screamed his name in years gone by; one of my old items brings this forcibly to mind. It is a matter of record as well as an odd co-incident in Army-Navy football. Since the early "seventies" but 53 times have collegians been able to kick a field goal from placement on or beyond the 45-yard line. In the 1903 Army-Navy game Cadet Russel H. Davis (now one of our senior majors) booted one from the 48-yard line and that is no typographical error—I mean the forty-eight yard line. That was against the Naval Academy. A year or so later in the Army-Navy struggle this was repeated, this time for

the Navy by midshipman (now Commander) Percy Northcroft. . . . Out in Tientsin in 1927 one of our pitchers tossed a no-hit-no-run game and one of the Marine scribes wrote it up as "the first no-hit-no-run game ever pitched in North China." I primed myself with the well-known Five Star and proceeded to wax eloquent, maybe a bit incoherent, trying to convince someone that it was not the first game of that sort. I did not have the old scrapbook along, so I lost the argument. Just now I turned over an old *Legation Guard News* clipping and it tells me that good old "Lefty" McClaire, pitching for the Peking Marines, in August, 1922, twirled a no-hit-no-run game against a Japanese team. And that reminds me, in 1904 one of the star pitchers on the Tacoma team of the old Pacific Coast League was none other than our old pal and shipmate, Eldred "Lefty" McClaire. He is running a leather goods shop in Juneau, Alaska, now, and, albeit his old bean is white, only last summer he took a turn on the mound, but he tells me that the old soup-bone was "not so hot."

Did you ever wear a "fore and aft" campaign hat or the old blue overcoat with chevrons on the cuff, the round khaki coat buttons, the old knapsack, spiked helmet or the scarlet-lined cape? Even a "boot" can remember when the first greens were worn and a real young "old-timer" can tell about the days when Marines did not wear neckties.

Get one of the present day old-timers to tell you about "Chaw" Brennan. There was a great old-timer, and it is too bad that you younger chaps will never have the opportunity to hear "James Q." Matzen tell about his trip to Peking "commercial."

When you fellows in Nicaragua find the going tough and are tempted to drop out, just remember those immortal words of the old top kick in France when he turned to his gang at zero hour and said, "Come on you so-and-so's—do you want to live forever?" I'd like to mention his name, but he is living and enjoys life on the retired list. . . . but I cannot help saying, "good old Dan, and here's hoping you're well."

Well, I guess I'll put away the scrapbook and go do a little "horizontal exercise"—just the same as in the "Old" and "New" Marine Corps. (We call it "bunk fatigue" now.—Ed.)—Jay W. Kay.

A Dog-Gone Conspiracy

Having listened with manifest interest to various adventure tales swapped in the squadroom at the U. S. Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, New York, Veteran (Silent) Smith cast an appreciative glance at each and every one of the seven rookies present and said:

"The last time I was here, back in 1907, we had a mascot, a little yellow dog named Wop. Now, he was a very exceptional dog, friendly and loyal to every private in the post, but kept his distance from the officers and non-commissioned officers. There was one lad, however, whom we called Alaska. He probably got his nickname pinned on him because he had served in Alaska at some time or other. He was Wop's self-appointed charge, together with his personal effects. I guess Wop would have willingly died in defense of both. Oc-

asionally we used to amuse ourselves by pretending to take something belonging to Alaska. Wop would show his teeth and snarl a warning.

"Nobody ever knew where Wop came from. He just loomed up from nowhere in particular, and made himself at home right on Alaska's bed. He seemed to scent out his own duty right from the start. Curled up on Alaska's bunk, he had a way of keeping tabs on the guard house across the parade ground, and just as soon as the O. D. or the sergeant of the guard started out to make their rounds, Wop would precede them by about 175 yards, pausing alongside each sentry long enough to emit a couple of low warning barks. If it were dark he would wait until he was convinced that he heard the clanking sound of the officer of the day's sword before darting to the next post. We soon grasped the idea and consequently everybody was always on the job. For a while the officers were puzzled, but not for long, and one fine day the C. O. ordered all dogs in the post killed by the police sergeant on account of Wop's tactics. Wop was the last one to get caught, he was that foxy.

"One night later all hands were present in our squadroom feeling kind of blue over the lamentable fate of Wop. Alaska was loudest of all in his denunciation of the order and vowed that he would have revenge for that 'dog-gone conspiracy.' Suddenly a young fellow over in a corner bunk said, 'Gee! how I miss that dog. I wish Wop were here now.' Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before a familiar scratching sound at the door was heard. 'It's Wop! It's Wop!' was the half doubtful cry in unison. The door was opened by a welcoming hand and sure enough there stood Wop with a severed rope about his neck. Wop entered furtively, glancing behind, and made the round of all hands in the room, finally settling down on his regular roost on Alaska's bunk. We were all delighted. Many were the guesses as to how that dog ever managed to escape a watery grave. Quickly plans were made to prevent a recurrence of the 'dog-gone conspiracy.' Inside of five minutes Wop understood that he must keep out of sight of all officers and the police sergeant, too, by hiding in a wall locker. Believe me, the way that dog entered into our little plan would put human intelligence in second place, for throughout his tuition he eagerly paid strict attention to every detail of his part.

"The following day was commanding officer's inspection. Extra precautions were taken and a lock was snapped on a locker after Wop had leaped inside. Soon after the C. O. entered, in making his usual weekly inspection of quarters, he halted directly in front of the locker containing Wop, and said, 'Why is that locker not open for inspection the same as the others?' 'It belongs to a man on leave, Sir,' lied one of our number. 'Oh, I see,' said the C. O. dubiously. Turning to the sergeant major who accompanied him, he said, 'Make a note of that, sergeant, and see that it is open the next time I come around.'

"I caught a battleship detail a couple of days after that and later a number of expeditions to various foreign countries, which naturally separated us, so I wonder where Wop is now?"

—H. S. Farrell.

Around Galley Fires

By "Doc" Clifford

Mongrel vs. Thorobred

"Do you know Tony?" was the query that greeted me recently in a home where I visited. I had to confess that I



"Doc" Clifford
(Dawson Photo)

had not made his acquaintance and was then informed that he was now on the radio and that I could listen in. Anthony Wons, or Tony, was just telling a story of President Roosevelt when a youngster to the effect that one day his father, to teach him a lesson, picked up a mongrel pup which yelped and squealed, making

an awful fuss. He then lifted another pedigreed puppy in the same way but there was not the slightest whimper from the animal, on which he pointed out the difference between a mongrel and a thorobred with the remark that Theodore must prove himself a thorobred, saying, "Don't squeal, whatever happens." Another remark of this broadcaster worth remembering was, "It is not the motto that hangs on the wall but the motto you live that counts." To hear Tony, if you possess a radio, is a fillip for the day's work ahead and I shall certainly hear him again when visiting my friends who have one.

Back from Soissons

Thirteen years ago we were on our way back from Soissons when Chaplain Father John J. Brady announced one morning that he was under orders to leave the Marines of the Fifth and Sixth regiments. The Padre had been so much with us that he could ill be spared and officers and men all felt that they were losing one whose like could never be replaced. Personally I felt the loss very keenly and wrote some of my thoughts concerning this man of God in the form of a poem. I have recently been asked for copies and am therefore sending on for the poem of the month the words then written. I called it, "To the Heroic Chaplain Who Went With Us."

Not his to wait and pray!

War's thundering sounds for three long years

Had rolled through Europe. The iron that sears

Had burnt in deeply to the heart of every one,

Whose prayers kept him in touch with Heaven's throne.

And now his country is involved. Men of his city

Have mustered, and round the flag for liberty

Have pledged their fealty. Left their kin

Gone forth to France to fight—to win.

Not his to wait and pray!

Had not his spirit thrilled as he had read Of all the awful carnage, how the dead Of France piled high, mute evidence to all

Of their heroic confidence. Did not the heavy pall

Of grief which over Britain hung speak out

More clear than words, beyond all thought of doubt,

That it was ours to act—no more to reason why,

But in the struggle place our best to do or die.

Not his to wait and pray!

His manhood urged him as his name he gave

To go there, too, to minister—to save— Without a gun he stood beside the boys,

Went o'er the top—withstood the shock, the smoke, the noise,

Gave clear his benediction, helped the wounded, those who fell—

Smiled through the scenes of horror, dark as hell.

Gas had no terrors, shell and bullet caused no fear,

For in his ministry he knew his Lord was near.

Not his to wait and pray!

The truest form of service oftentimes is shown

By rushing to the help of men. Not leaving them alone

To bear the brunt of conflict hard and stern.

But by their side—that they may truly learn

Of Christ, their Saviour, through the life Of one who is their friend and comrade

in the strife.

Thus though the face have lines it had not known before,

God's presence has been truest felt 'mid cannon's roar.

Haven't Been in Jail Lately

I am hoping to be in Philadelphia during the month to conduct services in one of the churches there. This will also give me the opportunity of visiting the various detachments in the same city and its vicinity. You may be sure I am looking forward to this with quite a thrill of excitement.

A note from one of the boys in trouble finishes rather abruptly as follows: "I'm sorry you haven't been with us in jail lately. We miss you very much, Doc, and hope you make it real soon with a good long stay."

Met a policeman in Augusta the other day, whom I had not seen since I met him as a sailor on board the "Mercy" in Panama away back in '22 or '23 when Chaplain Brokenshire was with that splendid hospital ship.

At a meeting of the Kingsport Legionaires it was nice to meet three old Marines as they came forward to greet me with "the old 79th Doc!" "I was with the 81st," and the third, "Culebra, Chaplain!" Kingsport Legion Post in Tennessee is one of the most enterprising and energetic groups I have met in a long time.

Jack and Jay are two brothers who for years have looked forward to service with Uncle Sam. They recently did their training in San Diego, Jack with the Marines and Jay with the Navy. Jack

is now a bandsman in Hawaii and Jay is in the Navy Band at California's lovely training station.

The 20th Company of the Fifth Regiment in France was officered by Captain Richard Platt and Lieut. Hal N. Potter. The Captain was mustered out after returning home but Captain Potter is now in Quantico. I wonder if they remember those days when that fine bunch of Minneapolis boys were under their leadership. The Twentieth, as all other companies, had a fine over-seas record.

I notice that Harold S. Jones, bound for Tokyo in the monoplane "Fort Worth" with Reg. L. Robbins in their attempt to make a non-stop refueling flight, was once in the Marine Corps doing service in California as a lieutenant.

A Useful Deck of Cards

It is said that once a sailor shocked the congregation of a church in Glasgow by spreading out a pack of cards during the services. He was subsequently severely reprimanded, but put up the following defense:

When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God.

When I see the deuce it reminds me of the Father and the Son.

When I see the trey it reminds me of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

When I see the four it reminds me of the four that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps.

When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made Heaven and Earth.

When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested and hallowed that day.

When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world; Noah, his wife, his three sons, and their wives.

When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour, they were the nine out of ten who never returned thanks.

When I see the Queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon.

When I see the King it reminds me of the King in Heaven.

When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards I find that the number is 365, as many as there are days in a year.

When I count the number of cards I find 52, as many as there are weeks in a year.

I find four suits, the number of seasons in a year.

I find there are twelve picture cards representing the number of months in a year.

On counting the tricks, I find 13, the number of weeks in a quarter.

So you see that a pack of cards serves me as a Bible, almanac, and prayer book.

SAMBO

A Short Short Story
By
GILSON VANDERVEER WILLETS

DURING the World War I witnessed hundreds of men die with their shoes on facing front, and some few officers pass out of the picture in front of those who faced the music. The toll of shot and shell was heavy, as well as the casualties from influenza and other diseases, but in all that ghastly nightmare I never heard a stranger, nor hitherto more interesting, unrecorded casualty than that of Private Sam Lincoln.

On the night of November tenth, 1918, I joined a group of stragglers who were trudging along a muddy road leading to the front. The mire was ankle deep and a drizzling rain had turned into a thick fog. It was so dense that we banded together and sought the shelter of some scrubby trees outside of Grande Pre.

After an hour of heartbreaking effort a tiny fire sputtered into life. By degrees we fanned it into a cheerful blaze over which we cooked some strips of bacon of doubtful origin salvaged from a tin we had found in the mire.

As I gnawed upon a strip of bacon I sized up my comrades by the flickering light of our fire.

There was a hard-boiled top-sergeant from the 91st, two frogs, three Yankee machine gunners from the 26th . . . and Private Sam Lincoln.

Sambo was a typical South Carolina negro. He even carried a rabbit's foot and some assafetida in a chamois sack about his neck. He also possessed a section of canvas, which, coupled with the one I carried, made the only real shelter available. I was a northerner and had no objections to sleeping with him, but Jim Manly, a Georgia Cracker, shouted to high heaven that I would NOT.

The argument became serious. It might have resulted in a fight, had not the dying embers of our fire warned us all that we needed more wood, more dry wood quickly.

"Sambo, what-all yo' doin' heah?" demanded Manly.

"I'se done lost, buddy, jes like you-all . . ."

"Don't call me 'buddy'," screamed Manly, beside himself with rage. "You call me Seh, you hear that, niggah?"

"I reckon this heah wah is fo' all of us gents, and you-all ain't got no mo stripes on yo arm than this heah niggah."

"Why, damn you dirty black . . ."

Manly lunged for the negro, but strong hands restrained him. Then, wishing to argue the matter peacefully, I said to Sambo:

"Listen, bo, you scout around and see if you can rustle some wood for this fire . . . by the time you get back we'll fix this cracker soldier."

"It's powerful dark out theh, Bo, and this heah niggah am right scared of the dark."

"Now, Sambo, you scout or I'll not be responsible for what happens." I noticed that Manly was making a better showing than I had expected. He broke away and produced an automatic. I stood between Sambo and the pointed weapon while the others maneuvered to get behind Manly. Sambo saw all this in a flash and melted into the shadows outside the circle of light.

That was the last we ever saw of Private Sam Lincoln alive.

A few minutes after he left us, we heard a blood-curdling yell. It was followed by a series of screams that brought us all to our feet. Then all was silence. The nearby brook rippled over a bed of pebbles, and far away the screech of a horn. After that—nothing.

"Don't bother with that black b—," said Manly, as he knelt and started to crawl into the tent. I took him by his "sit-down" and brought him roughly to a standing position.

"We're goin' to find out what happened to Sambo, soldier, and you're comin' with us, get that straight." I snapped his gun from his hand, and with the others half-grinning, marched him before me, while one of the frogs lit the way with a brand from the fire. Although we looked high and low, we found no trace of Sambo. We were far behind the lines, so there was no thought of the enemy. We searched for an hour, then gave up and returned to our fire. By careful nursing we coaxed it to burn again. Then we sat around it and shivered for the rest of the night. Sambo's tent remained unoccupied.

With morning the mist cleared, so we renewed our search for Sambo. We found him . . . stone dead. He was lying face upwards in a nearby field, his eyes OPEN in ghastly fright, his hands gripping his rabbit's foot.

Over him we observed the curved handles of an American plow. The rusty business end of it was buried in the mud. Some wood that Sambo had been gathering lay scattered about.

The story was quickly pieced together. The superstitious negro had gathered some wood and then stood up under the plow handles, which had gripped him over the shoulders and circled down under his armpits. He probably had the impression of being held in the iron grip of a maniac. The harder he struggled, the tighter the wooden embrace of the plow handles.

Sambo, a brave soldier (for we later learned that he had been slated for decoration), had died of FRIGHT!



4-B. Napisa



OR ANY PLACE ELSE

Robber: "Give me your money or I'll blow out your brains."

Marine: "Blow 'em out, you can make a liberty in Panama without brains but you can't without money."

—U. S. S. "Holland" Hollander.



"How did George break his leg?"

"Well, do you see those steps over there?"

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, George didn't."

Waiter: "Did you have coffee or chocolate, sir?"

Major: "I'm not sure, but it tasted like paste."

Waiter: "That was coffee. Our chocolate tastes like glue."

—Ft. Snelling Bulletin.

He—They tell me you stutter when you're about to be kissed.

She—Y-y-ye-s, th-a-t's r-i-g-h-t.

—Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

A RATTLING COME-BACK

A corporal was marching in front of his squad when he overheard a voice in the rear rank say, "This squad is like a flivver. The crank is in front."

"Yes," snapped back the corporal, "but the nuts are all behind."

—Contributed.

Private: "Why is it that a red-headed woman always marries a meek man?"

Husband of One: "She doesn't—he just gets that way!"—Contributed.

Lawyer—And just how bad do you want this divorce, Mose?

Mose—It only cost me a string of fish to git married, suh, but, please Gawd, Ah'd give a whale to git rid of her.

—Hurty-Peck.

"You have such a smart overcoat that I cannot understand why you have such wornout trousers."

"Now, how can a man get new trousers in a restaurant?"—Hurty-Peck.

"I can't get along with my wife. All she does is ignore me."

"Ignore you?"

"Yes. And if there's anything I hate, it's ignorance."—Hurty-Peck.

Long-suffering Sergeant (to his new squad): "We've got another half-hour to go yet. I don't know what to do with you."

Recruit (suggestively): "There's some trees over there, Sergeant."

Sergeant: "Yes, I know. But there ain't any ropes."—Selected.

"Bobby, can you tell me where the island of Java is situated?"

"No, ma'am."

"Don't you know where our coffee comes from?"

"Well, teacher, we usually borrow ours from the neighbors."—Capper's Weekly.

Visitor: "What is your name?"

Bellboy: "Mah name is Gawge Wash-in'ton, sah."

Visitor: "Seems to me I've heard that name before somewhere."

Bellboy: "Maybe you has, boss, I've been here five yeahs now, sah."

—Exchange.

HELPFUL SUGGESTION

"Willie," said the Sunday School teacher severely, "you shouldn't talk like that to your playmate. Had you ever thought of heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"Gee! No, ma'am, I hadn't, but it's a peach of an idea!"—Exchange.

The storm was increasing in violence and some of the deck fittings had been swept overboard when the captain decided to send up a signal of distress. Hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced passenger stepped onto the bridge.

"Captain," he said, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on anyone, but it seems to me that this is no time for setting off fireworks."

—Providence Journal.

Friend: "What is your baby going to be when he grows up?"

Daddy: "A blackmailer, I'm afraid."

Friend: "Why, what makes you think that?"

Daddy: "Well, we have to give him something every little while to keep him quiet."—Pathfinder.



"Sergeant, could that be Sandino himself?"

"Yes, it could be—but it's only Sergeant Smith measuring off the distance from Cristobal to Colon."

"Clothes always give me a lot of confidence."

"Yes, you can go to a number of places with them where you could not go without them."

JUST THE DEPRESSION, MAYBE

Tramp: "Can you spare me an old pair of shoes, lady?"

Colonel's Wife: "Why, you've got on a new pair now."

Tramp: "Yes'm, I know; that's what's spoiling me business."—Contributed.

Professor (taking up examination paper)—Why the quotation marks all over this paper?

Student—Courtesy to the man on my right, professor.—Boston Transcript.

Salesman (at motor show)—"This is the type of car that pays for itself, sir."

Prospective Buyer—"Well, as soon as it has done that, you can have it delivered at my garage."—Sea Breeze.



Hey, Bill, what time is it?
How'd you know my name was Bill?
Oh, I just guessed it.
Well, guess the time, then.

Child (in bus to stranger): "Daddy! Daddy!"

Mother: "Hush, darling. That isn't daddy; it's a gentleman."

—Walla Walla.

"I want a chauffeur—one who doesn't take the slightest risk," warned the would-be employer.

"I'm your man, sir," replied the applicant. "Can I have my salary in advance?"—Walla Walla.

"Is he unusual?"

"He certainly is! Why last night we went out riding and the car ran out of gas."

"I thought you said he was unusual."

"He is. He walked two miles to the nearest filling station to get some."

—Newport Recruit.

"I hear you've gone into truck farming."

"Aw, you can't kid me. You can't raise trucks—they come from a factory."—Exchange.

Lady—"Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce."

Tobe—"Yessum, she done gone back to Alabama."

Lady—"Who will do my washing now?"

Tobe—"Well, mum, I'se co'tin' again, and I co'ts rapid."

FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES

The dirtiest tramp on earth presented himself at a farmhouse door.

"Could you let me have a bar of soap, lady?" was his surprising request.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mistress of the house. "You're the first tramp I ever saw who wanted to wash."

"Wash, nothin'! I wanta use it to fake a fit."

"Pop, what's the difference between a democracy and an autocracy?"

"An autocracy is governed by one person whose word is law, while a democracy is governed by a number of persons whose laws are just words."—Life.

"Son," said the traveling man to Luke, "can you tell me where your father is?"

"Yes," answered Luke, "he is down in the holler makin' white mule."

"Thanks. Now I'll give you a half a dollar to take me down where he is."

"Will you give it to me now?" asked Luke.

"No, I'll give it to you when we get back. That's fair enough isn't it?"

"No, it isn't mister, you ain't comin' back."—Walla Walla.



"Darling, am I the first man you ever kissed?"

"Of course, dear, but why do all you Marines ask that?"

Judge—How did you come to embezzle this money?

Accused—I needed the money to pay off a debt of honor.—Passing Show.

"Nurse," said an amorous patient, "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well."

"Cheer up, you won't," she assured him. "The doctor's in love with me, too, and he saw you kiss me this morning."

—Selected.

Mrs. Bivins: "How are you getting along with your driving lessons?"

Mrs. Binks: "Just fine. I learned how to aim the car today."—Selected.

Marine—Chinese coins have holes in the center of them.

Girl (skeptically)—Is it really true that you can take a jinrikisha and drive through a Chinese quarter?

SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?

A lineman with a broken leg was taken to a hospital for treatment. After his leg had been set, the nurse asked him how the accident occurred. He replied:

"You see, ma'am, it was this way: I was stringing for the company and I only had one ground mole. He sent up a big come-along and she was a heavy one. I was pullin' on her and yelled to the mole to give the guy a wrap, instead he threw a sag into her, and that broke my leg."

"Yes," the nurse replied, "but I don't exactly understand."

"Neither do I," said the lineman. "The darn fool must have been crazy."

"Now," cautioned the judge, "remember you are to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Golly!" exclaimed the dusky defendant. "Mah case am los' right now!"

—American Legion.

Mistress: "The main thing here is honesty. The last maid stole the silver."

New Maid: "Oh, you needn't worry about me, mum. I'm on probation for stealing at my last place."

—Newport Recruit.

"So you're not going to Paris this year?"

"No—it's London we're not going to this year; it was Paris we didn't go to last year."—Life.

Tramp: "Lady, I've asked for money, I've begged for money, I've cried for money."

Lady: "Have you ever thought of working for it?"

Tramp: "No, not yet, mum. You see, I'm going through the alphabet and I ain't got to the "W" yet."—Walla Walla.

"John!" said the missus.

"Yeah?" he grumbled.

"There is just one of two things that is going to happen. Either you are going to learn to win at poker or you are going to spend your evenings at home playing checkers with me. I'm tired of your money going to buy new hats for the wives of those other players."

—Hurty-Peck.



Skipper: "Whaddya mean by planting a garden on the parade ground?"

Private Nutzan Boltz: "Pertection, Captain; you see the first one is a ammunition plant, the second is a gas plant, and the third is a poison ivy plant."

Judge: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?"

Foreman: "We have, your honor. The jury are all of the same mind—temporarily insane."—Hoofprints.



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Target Practice

The Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Florida," was awarded the Franklin Wharton Cup, presented to the Marine Corps in 1918 by Mrs. Sarah Wharton Howard and other members of her family in memory of Lieutenant Colonel Franklin Wharton, first commandant of the Marine Corps, for excellence in rifle practice during the target year 1930, having attained a final figure of merit of 4.577. Although the U. S. S. "Florida" has been out of commission since February, 1931, the Marine Detachment aboard was intact throughout the target year 1930. The Franklin Wharton Cup has been awarded to the following companies and posts in the years indicated:

1918	115th Company	1924	117th Company
1919	94th Company	1925	41st Company
1920	114th Company	1926	52nd Company
1921	187th Company	1927	MB. Lakehurst, N. J.
1922	39th Company	1928	MB. Annapolis, Md.
1923	59th Company	1929	MB. Annapolis, Md.
1930	MD. U. S. S. "Florida"		

The Haines Bayonet Trophy, the generous gift of Mrs. Helen Rockwell Haines, widow of Brigadier General Henry C. Haines, was awarded to the 39th Company, Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China, for the target year 1930. The 39th Company attained a figure of merit of 1.901 with the bayonet over the prescribed qualification course. Awards of the Haines Bayonet Trophy have been made as follows:

1927	Casual Company, Peiping, China
1928	Casual Company, Peiping, China
1929	39th Company, Peiping, China
1930	39th Company, Peiping, China

At the conclusion of the Marine Corps rifle and pistol competitions the Elliott Trophy team match was fired at Quantico, Va. (Elliott Trophy was presented by the officers of the U. S. Marine Corps rifle teams of 1909 and 1910 in appreciation of the interest and support of Major General George F. Elliott, former commandant of the Corps, in promoting skill in military marksmanship.) Eighteen representative teams from posts east of the Mississippi River participated. The team from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., won the match with a score of 1074. The membership of the winning team, showing their individual scores at all ranges as well as the order in which the other teams finished, is as follows:

		Slow Fire		Rapid Fire		Total
		200	600	1000	200	300
1st Lt. Harry E. Leland (team captain)		36	45	83	46	44
Sgt. Joseph A. Burch		43	44	81	46	46
Pfc. Richard B. McMahon		40	45	96	44	45
Pvt. Edward J. Moss		44	46	84	50	47
Team total						1074
2. First Brigade, Haiti						1069
Captain Harry E. Ellsworth, team captain.						
3. Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.						1052
2nd Lt. Henry R. Page, team captain.						
4. Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba						1052
Gy.-Sgt. Morris Fisher, team captain.						
5. Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.						1048
Captain Joseph Jackson, team captain.						
6. Second Brigade, Nicaragua						1040
1st Lt. William W. Davidson, team captain.						
7. Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York						1029
Captain William W. Richards, team captain.						
8. Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.						1027
1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, team captain.						
9. Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.						1022
1st Lt. Lewis A. Hohn, team captain.						

10. Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.	996
1st Lt. William I. Phipps, team captain.	
11. Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.	995
1st Lt. Will H. Lee, team captain.	
12. Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, N. H.	953
1st Lt. William H. Doyle, team captain.	
13. Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.	953
1st Lt. James Snedeker, team captain.	
14. Marine Barracks, N. O. B., New Orleans, La.	950
2nd Lt. Saville T. Clark, team captain.	
15. Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.	949
1st Lt. Samuel A. Milliken, team captain.	
16. Marine Barracks, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.	949
2nd Lt. Chester B. Graham, team captain.	
17. Marine Barracks, N. O. B., Hampton Roads, Va.	940
2nd Lt. James V. Bradley, team captain.	
18. Marine Barracks, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.	904
1st Lt. Dudley W. Davis, team captain.	

The following awards of the Elliott Trophy have been made to the posts listed below during the years indicated:

1910	Washington, D. C. (Marine Barracks)
1911	Annapolis, Md.
1913	Winthrop, Md.
1915	Port Royal, S. C.
1916	Port Royal, S. C.
1920-21-22-23-24 and 1925	Parris Island, S. C.
1926	Quantico, Va.
1928 and 1929	Parris Island, S. C.
1930	First Brigade, Haiti
1931	M. B., Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Wirgman Trophy, donated in 1926 by Major Harold F. Wirgman, U. S. Marine Corps, as a subsidiary prize in the Elliott Trophy match, was won by the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Previous winners:

1926	Marine Barracks, Annapolis, Md.
1928	Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.
1929	Marine Barracks, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba
1930	Marine Barracks, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba
1931	Marine Barracks, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

The team representation in this year's Elliott Trophy match was the largest since 1922 when twenty teams were entered. The spring competitions just closed also mark one of the largest number of junior officers at these annual spring events for the past several years.

The Marine Corps rifle and pistol team detachment was organized immediately following the Elliott Trophy team match and departed from Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., on June 16, 1931, arriving at Camp Curtis Guild, Wakefield, Mass., the following day. Tryouts and team training will be conducted until the opening of the United Services of New England matches, which are scheduled to be fired August 9 to 16, inclusive. Following these matches, the team will depart for Camp Perry, Ohio, to participate in the National Rifle Association matches which are scheduled to be fired during the period August 30 to September 7, both dates inclusive, and the national matches during the period September 8-13, 1931.

The team personnel is composed of the following:

Major Harry L. Smith, team captain.
Captain Joseph Jackson, team coach.
Captain Harry Paul, team quartermaster.
Gy.-Sgt. Glenn W. Black, team armorer.

TEAM CANDIDATES

Captain Merritt A. Edson	Sgt. Joseph R. Tietze
1st Lt. John D. Blanchard	Sgt. Preland S. Hamrick
1st Lt. Pierson E. Conrad	Cpl. John C. Blodgett
1st Lt. Lewis A. Hohn	Cpl. Harvey E. Brownell
1st Lt. Harry E. Leland	Cpl. Steve Disco
1st Lt. Raymond T. Presnell	Cpl. Louis E. Esley
1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler	Cpl. William A. Easterling
2nd Lt. Glen G. Herndon	Cpl. William T. Guy
2nd Lt. August Larson	Cpl. Johnie G. Lemons
2nd Lt. William B. McKean	Pfc. William C. Eggers
Gy.-Sgt. Henry M. Bailey	Pfc. William A. Hunt
Gy.-Sgt. Henry B. Crowe	Pfc. Ernest W. Kraay
Gy.-Sgt. Morris Fisher	Pfc. Melvin Lee
Gy.-Sgt. John C. Miller	Pfc. Richard B. McMahon
Gy.-Sgt. George L. Robinson	Pfc. Myron H. Turrell
Gy.-Sgt. James R. Tucker	Pvt. Salvatore J. Bartlett
Gy.-Sgt. Stephen J. Zeig	Pvt. Leonard E. Carlson
Gy.-Sgt. Jack A. Stone	Pvt. Charles S. Daugherty
Gy.-Sgt. Emil J. Blade	Pvt. John F. Edwards
Sgt. John C. Cochran	Pvt. Ralph H. Haaran
Sgt. Lester D. Cox	Pvt. John G. Jones
Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker	Pvt. Edward J. Moss
Sgt. Claude N. Harris	Pvt. Edward V. Seeser
Sgt. Carl I. Laine	Chf. MG. Calvin A. Lloyd

Major David L. S. Brewster, who has already been selected as team captain of the 1932 team squad, will accompany the team as observer during the training period and the matches at Wakefield and Camp Perry.

Happy Landings

With a hum and a whirl, as of beating wings; with a lift of its body, as that of a bird—gaining new freedom, exulting in its flight, winging onward and upward into the blue of the deep heavens—the plane vies, in its element, with the carefree, soaring gulls which frequent the water's edge near the landing field.

Up, up—it seems it shall never stop—and the earth below becomes as a picture: something to look back upon, as one may look back upon a good deed with pleasure.

But sometimes there is an obscurity, a dark cloud or local fog, which can easily be likened to the ulterior motive which moved us when we performed what should have been a good deed, and failed to do it wholeheartedly, thinking of some little gain, personal and selfish.

Notice how the obscurity closes to our desiring view the beauty and greenness of the outlying pastures. So does the fog of selfishness cloud our view of the clarity and beauty of what should have been a good deed.

There can be no wiping the obscurity away. It is there and can't be removed. Would we try to reach out into the wash of the propeller and wipe away the fog? No—it engulfs us when we reach for it.

It were better to profit by our mistake and search for some new view rather than become enmeshed in the toils of self-condemnation.

And instead of giving ourselves credit for a deed clouded by an act of selfishness, it were better to let it be and carry a clean slate. **It were better to have no credit than one which is false and fails in sincerity.**

Yes, we had best go on, lest our ship, now so clean, so free and soaring, become blinded by our fault and as a wounded bird dash itself upon the ground.

Let us profit by our mistakes and we will have happy landings.

—Arthur E. Day.

Colonel Edward A. Greene

The retirement of Colonel Edward Alonzo Greene, U. S. Marine Corps, on September 1, 1931, brings to a close a long and brilliant military career.

Colonel Greene was born on August 19, 1875, at Ft. Gainer, Ga. On May 12, 1898, he was mustered into service as a first lieutenant, Company A, First Georgia Infantry, and was mustered out of this service on November 18, 1898.

He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps on August 9, 1900, and ordered to the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., for instruction. He was promoted first lieutenant July 18, 1903; captain May 13, 1908; major August 29, 1916; lieutenant colonel (temporary) July 1, 1918; lieutenant colonel (permanent) June 4, 1920, and colonel January 29, 1929.

Colonel Greene was ordered to duty at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, California, on April 14, 1901, and remained at that station until June 19, 1901, when he was ordered to duty aboard the U. S. S. "Iowa." He remained aboard the "Iowa" until June 30, 1903, when he was ordered to the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y., and on October 9, 1903, was ordered to recruiting duty at Buffalo, N. Y. He remained at Buffalo until December 10, 1903, when he was ordered to duty at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. This duty was in connection with the Marine Guard of the U. S. S. "Des Moines."

From April 12, 1904, to November 15, 1906, he served in the Philippine Islands. After short tours of duty at various posts ashore Colonel Greene was ordered to duty in Managua, Nicaragua, and participated in the bombardment, assault and capture of the fortifications of Coyotepe and Barranca, Masaya. He was a member of the force that entered and took the city of Leon, Nicaragua, on October 6, 1912. On January 9, 1913, he was assigned to duty with the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Managua, Nicaragua. On March 7, 1913, Colonel Greene received contused wounds of the left eye, right shoulder and right thigh in a railroad wreck near Nagarote, Nicaragua, while entrained from Managua to Nagarote to recover and protect American property. He was detached from duty at Managua on July 28, 1913, and ordered to Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va.

From July 30, 1914, to November 24, 1914, he was absent on temporary foreign shore service at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and in San Dominican waters. After this temporary duty he was assigned to duty at the Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, Pa.

On July 31, 1915, he was ordered to temporary foreign shore service in command of the 17th Company, Second Regiment, in Haiti, and on December 31, 1916, was assigned to permanent duty with the First Provisional Brigade of Marines, Haiti, which duty he performed until May 23, 1917, when he was ordered to

duty at Quantico, Va. He remained at Quantico only a short time and on July 31, 1917, was ordered to duty with the Base Detachment, Fifth Regiment of Marines, France. He remained on duty in France until September 20, 1918.

After a short tour of duty at Philadelphia he was ordered to duty with the Second Provisional Brigade Marines, San Domingo. He remained on duty in San Domingo until April 4, 1922, when he was returned to the States and to duty at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. He remained at Quantico until January 25, 1926, when he was transferred to duty at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., as commanding officer of the post.

On May 9, 1927, Colonel Greene was ordered to duty at Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, as commanding officer of the post, which duty he performed until March 12, 1929, when he was again ordered to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York, as commanding officer, which duty he is at present performing.

Colonel Greene holds the Spanish, Nicaraguan and Haitian Campaign Badges, the Cuban Expeditionary Ribbon and the Victory Medal.

What About Dice?

The following is extracted from a Marine Corps general order issued at Fort Riley, Kansas, during 1842.

"General Order No. 2.

"1. Members of the command will, when shooting at buffaloes on the parade ground, be careful not to fire in the direction of the C. O.'s quarters.

"2. The troop officer having the best trained remount for this year will be awarded one barrel of Rye Whiskey.

"3. Student officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes.

"4. Attention of all officers is called to par. 107, A. R., in which it provides under uniform regulations that all officers wear beards.

"5. Short buffalo coats ordered, will be ready for issue November 29."

New Personnel Bill

Much interest in Marine Corps circles is attached to the new personnel bill which is now being studied at the Navy Department. The measure, which has been rather favorably received so far, is very simple and short in text, simply providing that the system of promotion in the Navy be applicable to the Marine Corps, except as provided in the bill. Inasmuch as officers in the Marine Corps did not enter the service in the somewhat equal groups that the graduates of the various classes of the Naval Academy have done in the Navy, some provision had to be worked out to care for this situation, and it is believed that a satisfactory arrangement has been made. At the present time the new bill is being studied in the Navy Department, having received the approval of the Major General Commandant. Personnel officers of the Department will probably confer with Marine officers regarding the mechanics of the measure, after which it will go to the Secretary of the Navy. It is expected that the text of the bill can be made public and transmitted to the service about the first of August. This will allow officers of the Corps to become thoroughly familiar with it by the time it is presented to Congress next December.

Since 1926 the Marine Corps has been urging the enactment of legislation to bring about revision of the present promotion situation. It is recognized that conditions are stagnating, and that the situation will become worse instead of better during the next decade or so. There is no equality of opportunity under the present system, it is pointed out. Many officers must spend about two-thirds of a normal service career in the company officer grades, whereas others will spend only about one-third of their career in these grades and the remaining time in the field and general officer grades. A large number of officers can look forward to reaching no further than the grade of major before retirement, while others spend more than one-third of their career as a general officer. In which class an officer finds himself, is determined solely by the date of his original appointment. Perhaps the worst part of the situation, it is felt, is that instead of looking forward to improvement, conditions will stagnate still further. By 1950, it is estimated, all officers of the Marine Corps in the grade of captain and above will be over 50 years of age, if no remedial legislation is enacted. This is the picture which will be presented to Congress, and officers familiar with the bill are very optimistic as to its chances of passing next winter.—Army & Navy Journal.

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

No Back Seats

Right at present the 416th Company, 19th Marines, New Rochelle, N. Y., is functioning as a rifle company, although we are officially rated machine gun. We hope that before long we will be equipped with the necessary guns and carts; in the meantime, however, we are not taking a back seat for any regular rifle company.

Our Gunny, Joe Ramaglia, is an ex-regular who knows his stuff, and how! Guns tells us how it was done "when I was in China," and most of the boys are trying to figure out how there could have been a Marine Corps without Joe.

Our hats are off to "Doc" Tuoti, our music at Quantico last summer. A crackerjack dentist and able M. D., "Doc" has received his commission as first lieutenant and is now on the regimental staff as dentist and "medico."

Lieutenant Jim Christie, formerly attached to the regimental quartermaster, is now our "skipper" and doing a darn fine job of it. He has instilled a marvelous spirit and a splendid morale in the ranks of the 416th and we certainly are going a long way with Jim Christie at the helm.

Bill Byron, our top kick, is deserving of a lot of credit for the time he has spent in whipping the company into shape and getting us up to Niantic with our full quota.

And, speaking of Niantic—now there's a camp. It isn't every training camp that has a pine grove and it didn't break our hearts a bit, although, along toward the end, Guns Ramaglia was complaining a bit of shattered nerves. And I'll never forget Private Cassidy's gag when he first entered the Casino. Gazing about with an expression of pleased bewilderment on his handsome countenance, he murmured in that beautiful rasping voice of his, "If I'd have known they didn't serve no caviar I'd of never of came to this jern't."

Drill was never a hardship. How could it be with Private Carri in the ranks? Carri and the slope of his rifle, the bane of the sergeants' existence from the "topper" down.

Carri. Carri. quite contrary.
How does your rifle slant?
With the trigger guard in your right ear
And the muzzle in the seat of your pants?

Private Ed. McGee had his swell-looking Chrysler convertible up to camp with him and more round trips were made in one evening between Niantic and New London in his car than the bus made in a week. "God's gifts to the Marine Corps," Augie Simon, Mike Parver, "Guns" Ramaglia and Ye Scribe, with Private McGee at the wheel, formed a good-looking bunch of Leathernecks, even if we do say so ourselves.

Corporal "Hal" Woodin received his sergeant's warrant while at camp and we are all greatly pleased. Hal is justly deserving of the promotion. He's one of our best shots and a real Marine.

Corporal Olsen has donated a 1928 Chevrolet truck to the company. We're going to have the thing put in shape, painted up, with a Marine Corps emblem on each side, and generally do ourselves proud.

By the way, if anyone sees a bald-headed little music wandering around, please send him back to us. Private Purello had his head shaved clean the first Thursday in camp and has been A. W. O. L. ever since.

We're going to have a dance and a beefsteak party pretty soon and wish some of you scribes from other companies would keep in touch with us, as well as some of you bozos who tried to make us deviate from the straight and narrow during our two weeks of "intensive training." We'd like to show you how we do things here in New Rochelle, so give us an idea where you are and what you are doing.

Personally, we feel that we derived more from camp this year than ever before, and, believe me, that's covering some territory. This correspondent is somewhat of an "old-timer" himself and has seen plenty camps. Not only did we become proficient in things military, but the social end of it turned out to be a huge success as well. We made more friends with chaps in other companies than we believed possible, and the more friends we have throughout the regiment the finer feeling of friendship we will have between men and companies. It all goes toward boosting up that old morale, the old *esprit de corps*, and, fellows, that's what makes a regiment a fighting machine that doesn't know when in h—— it's licked.

In closing, we want to say a word of praise for Bill Meehan, our mess sergeant, who bore up bravely under the stress and strain we imposed on him.

—Don Gould.

52nd Street Gossip

For there'll come a time when you'll sit 'n' smoke
With a crowd of older men.
An' here 'n' there between a joke,
You'll refer to now as then.

First Sunday. On a sunny churchday morning, June 21, 1931, the old 304thers, forming the newly designated 413th Company, assembled at the armory to embark for their annual summer training. Lieutenant Mark F. Kessenich, commanding officer, cast a critical eye over his stalwart men and was seen to grin slyly—a sure indication that he was pleased with the general saltiness of their appearance. First Sergeant Stenhouse surprised the gathering with his punctuality and called the roll. A rigid inspection followed and at precisely eight bells the outfit marched up 52nd Street to the subway, where a train was taken for Times Square.

Dreamy-eyed Broadwayites looked on curiously as the company stepped along the thoroughfare to Grand Central Terminal. Here the 413th joined the already

assembled 19th Marines, stacked arms, unslung equipment and exchanges cordial greetings with last year's comrades and the many old-timers who came to wistfully wish us tail winds and happy landings.

09:15 having arrived, the entire regiment boarded the train and shoved off for Niantic, Conn. The ride was uneventful, for the night owls were busy sleeping off last night's parties.

Shortly before noon, Niantic was reached and the 19th Marines disembarked, squads-righted and columned to the beautiful camp atop the hill. Bilets were assigned, bunks drawn, then chow. There followed the usual procedure of getting settled for two weeks' training. This distinguished outfit located itself on the second street, abaft First Battalion Headquarters.

The first man to be comfortably situated and corking off for the interim preceeding chow was Guns Lopez.

Organization in the sergeants' tent had barely gotten underway when the company clerk, Cpl. "Houdini" Parver, appeared with a desk, table, chairs and a locker crate, ad infinitum.

Taps was sounded (just a formality) and shut-eye was greatly facilitated by the cool breezes from the Niantic River. So cometh to a close ye first Sunday.

First Monday: 4:45, first call (gently making way for the unconditional 5:00 reveille). Physical drill (thank God "Papa" Wood didn't make this camp). Close order, extended order (old-timers carrying on with twinkly eyes, remembering those hikes to parade grounds in former years; also that torrid Quantico heat). Snapping-in and practice for evening ceremonies. Examinations by M. D.'s. Evening dress parade with Corporal Simon acting as drum major (gosh what a strut!). Many pictures taken for posterity. Corporal Costello afflicted with pining heart for the girl he left behind in deah old Brooklyn. Corporal Pannaman's squad breaking out with an epidemic of corn-cob pipes. Dance at Pine Grove with Pfc. Hill of Co. 423 making the wrens' hearts flutter with his Rudy Valleeing. Married, engaged and steady-companied men keeping themselves in camp, true adherents of Semper Fidelis (this may not be good reporting, but it's good diplomacy).

First Tuesday. Sergeant Hassett awakened with pail of agua frio. Schedule same as preceeding day. Pfc. Harrison observed training mosquito to relay message back to squadrons that there was much more juicy meat on the fat boys. Kamenetsky, upon persuasion of cronies, falls out in dress blues and a heavy. Lorenzen insisting that there must be mail for him. Zubris delivers lengthy discourse on why the chow was late. Andriola establishes a private first class table at mess. Kahn, on mess detail, asks if he's training to be a Marine or somebody's wife.

First Wednesday. "The whole order
(Continued on page 47)



Dash of No Ambish

The writing of this column this month is carried on under difficulty. In the first place we have to get copy in away ahead of time because we start on vacation July 4. In the second place one of our optics is out of gear and we can't always strike the typewriter key we aim at, and last, but by no means least, the publicity men of the various detachments have probably gone on strike which makes us shy of material. Add to this a dash of "no ambish" and you can readily see we have the situation well in hand.

My vacation, in case you are interested, will be spent on a motor tour with my buddies, Chris Wilkinson, adjutant of New York Detachment, and his wife, Peggy. We visit Washington for a few days, spending one with National Adjutant Beeg, make the annual pilgrimage to Quantico to look over the old scenes, proceed to the Wilkinson hunting lodge in the Catskills and while there, drive over to the Massachusetts State Convention of the League at Boston. Incidentally we will say hello to our buddies of the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment in Albany. And from there—back to work.

Marines Stick Together

An excellent example of the old tradition "Marines stick together" is constantly being displayed by the League detachments in New York State. For example: Hudson-Mohawk Detachment holds a military ball in Albany. Three members of New York Detachment and the wives of two of them travel 150 miles by automobile to attend. Several others come down from Syracuse, a distance close to 100 miles. Still others came from distant points up to fifty miles.

New York Detachment No. 1 was host at its eighth annual birthday dinner dance in New York City to fourteen members of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment and their wives who motored down from Albany with others from Hudson County Detachment in New Jersey.

And again Hudson-Mohawk Detachment runs a stag in Albany attended by a delegation from New York, eighteen men who made the 300 mile trip from Buffalo and eight others who traveled 150 miles from Worcester, Mass.

And about twelve from Albany and three from New York City will attend the Massachusetts State convention at Boston, Mass., a matter of close to 300 miles. How's that for co-operation?

Leading the Way

Hudson County Detachment of Jersey City, New Jersey, organized a little more than a year ago, is leading the way to most of the older detachments in the matter of membership. Their roster shows more than 150 members. The seven most recently signed up are:

By Frank X. Lambert National Chief of Staff

John J. Corrigan, enlisted April 12, 1917, and discharged August 13, 1919. Served with the Sixty-sixth Company, Fifth Regiment, overseas, and also with the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Thomas C. Sheeran, enlisted July 22, 1918, discharged March 31, 1919.

Joseph J. Thompson, enlisted June 21, 1918, discharged August 13, 1919.

Gustave F. Marmela.
Thomas Lane, enlisted January 7, 1921, discharged January 6, 1923, after a two-year cruise.

Frank A. Prokop, enlisted October 9, 1924, discharged July 9, 1928. Served with Headquarters, Mare Island, and other West Coast stations.

Hugh A. Murtha.

Kingsley Surveys

Thomas J. Kingsley of Oakland, State Commandant of the League in California, is working diligently to organize new detachments in his area. The following clippings from local papers in two of the towns he visited bear witness to his activity. They read:

Looking to the organization of a Fresno unit of the Marine Corps League, a national organization of former Marines and Marines in active service, Thomas J. Kingsley, state commandant, was a visitor here yesterday. Mr. Kingsley, a resident of Washington, D. C., but at present located at Oakland, conferred with M. J. Todd, Navy recruiting officer.

Kingsley is in charge of organizing units in the Western District comprising eleven states. He is at present devoting his time to forming new units in coast cities. He will be assisted here by Todd and by C. F. Lancaster, of the San Joaquin Valley Securities Company, 208 Mattel Building. A detachment will also be formed at Bakersfield. Purposes of the Marine Corps League are similar to those of other veteran organizations.

Thomas J. Kingsley, state commandant of the Marine Corps League, with headquarters at Worcester, Mass., was in Stockton last night to secure information on ex-Marines, honorably discharged, residing here, with the object of forming a local detachment.

What Do I Get?

The old and familiar but nevertheless justified question, "What do I get out of belonging to the League—or what good does it do me to be a Leaguer?" can be answered by asking in return, what good does it do a man to belong to any veteran organization?

Emphatically, the League is not intended to be a competitor of any other veteran organization. The League aims

to be a link between Marines who have left the Corps and those who are still serving actively, to uphold and continue interest in the affairs and welfare of the Marine Corps.

Its membership is open only to Marines, including those who are not eligible to other veteran organizations because of their youth and time of active service. On this foundation it is our purpose also that those Marines who are out of active service and who are in a position to, shall step forward and support such measures as will help the Corps uphold its traditions and keep alive the spirit born of the Globe and Anchor. Semper Fidelis—There are no "Ex"-Marines.

The Old Warrior's Tale —Chapter 2

In the last issue I spoke of our "soldier's supper" and to say we were surprised would be putting it mildly, for none of us had ever suffered the pangs of hunger and after going through the experience of the past two days we were ready to eat a horse. Realizing it all, we just tightened our belts and let it go at that. We were next furnished with a blanket and assigned a bunk. I was given one upstairs to the left of the large room generally given to recruits, which was over the mess hall. Not knowing which one to take and being somewhat timid among strangers, I did not make a move until one Bill Burke told me to take the upper one over his. Burke surely understood it all for which I was thankful and it occurred to me right there that if ever the chance offered itself to return his kindness I would do so, and it did some two years after of which I will tell in its turn. Thus ended our first day in the good old Corps, the date being November 23, 1876.

The next morning, we were routed out for reveille, but not having a uniform, were excused. Then later, breakfast, consisting of a hunk of dry bread, the size the same as the previous evening and a bowl of black coffee. Then to the quartermaster for an outfit, but in this I was disappointed. There were no trousers to fit me so I continued to appear with a cap and blouse, but had to wear my civilian trousers for two weeks and appear dressed like that at drill in the awkward squad. During the drill in the manual of arms, the sergeant insisted that we had seen service in the Army but he did not know of our experience in the National Guard, of which I have spoken of earlier and after two days, we were turned over for guard duty, but not me, on account of my trousers.

Finally I was detailed for the barrack guard. Let it be known, there were two guards, the barrack guard and the navy yard guard. The latter occupied quar-

(Continued on page 48)

Out of the Brig

By Lou Wylie

Goal

I am a wandering minstrel
Along Life's sunny ways,
I care not for its shadows,
Nor fear its gloomy days.
I know the worst it offers,
Its dreariness and pain,
The hot, mad toil of striving,
The bitterness of gain.
The hard road of ambition,
The laurel leaves it proffers,
The thorns within its silver crown,
The canker in its coffers.
Up sunny roads I'll wander,
Where early locusts bloom,
Where thrush and linnet warble,
Nor dream of winter gloom.
Since life and love mean parting
I'll take it not amiss,
But have the smile before the tear,
Before farewell, the kiss.
And when I'm old and broken,
And trails grow steep and long
That once I traveled lightly,
With laughter and with song.
I'll find some quiet valley
Where leaves and mosses lie,
And like paupers and like monarchs,
I, too, will come to die.
And over me the banners
Of flowers will flaunt in spring,
And I will slumber quietly,
Who loved to laugh and sing.

Jimmy Walker Captured

Dear Fellows: If the poem this month isn't quite so sedate, or so much in keeping with the sort of verse that usually



Lou Wylie

heads the column, blame it on Mayor Jimmy Walker's 50th birthday dinner. Although this column headed north some three years ago with a letter of introduction to New York's popular mayor, it was such a job to learn the subway system, the laundry racket, the newspaper racket, and unlearn some of the pre-con-

ceived ideas about New York the letter was never delivered, and for all we know still lies in the bottom of the Marine Corps chest that holds the column's souvenirs. It so developed that Mayor Walker's 50th birthday got us around to where we actually met the mayor. Some three minutes after the effect of his dazzling personality had worn off enough for us to become a bit analytical we commenced to understand how the things that the newspapers and about-town gossips say about James Walker fail to hurt his standing. The man is a fighter. Not a blustery, loud talking, threatening bully, but the same sort of a fighter that we like to think of as typifying the Marine Corps.

A chap who squares his shoulders, lifts his chin, and takes a wallop with a smile. It may leave its trace of pain, it may cut clear through to the heart (we are sure in Mayor Walker's case it has, for he is a person of much sentiment and idealism), but it can't lower the banner of his gallantry and pride.

We agree with Mayor Walker that his private life is his own. We are even willing to wager any small amount of money we have, after seeing Mr. Walker, that it is a great deal cleaner than a lot of the more hypocritical who are slinging mud at him. But regardless of his life, private or political, the man isn't a hypocrite and he isn't a coward. Saying he isn't a coward is hardly saying it strong enough. He is a brave man, insouciant, gallant, with the sort of fearlessness that any man in the Marine Corps can admire and understand.

To get back to the poem. Some of Jimmy Walker's light heartedness and philosophy still seems to be with us, and although he would probably not recognize it as himself captured and put into verse, here's thanking him for it.

Holdupper

And who was the Marine Corps lieutenant ploughing across the Narrows from Fort Hamilton to Fort Lafayette on a certain hot summer day to borrow two sleeve buttons for a borrowed white uniform? The nice thing about the sergeant's buttons were that they didn't turn into pumpkins, or blind mice, or something at the stroke of twelve, which would have been most embarrassing for the officer in question who at that hour was attending a ball.

And we wonder if anyone noticed the girl with black, curly hair who was being so very nice to the Marine Corps' Col. Greene at the opening of the St. George roof the other night?

And does anyone know the name of the lieutenant and the sergeant who got scared of ghosts one night over at the BOQ in Philadelphia, only to find it was some tricks being played by another officer in the building.

And will someone name five good reasons why Pensacola is getting the same sort of reputation as Norfolk among naval and Marine Corps officers?

And did anyone notice that the Marine Corps' Captain Coffenberg, who once called out the motorcycle cops and held up New York traffic at its peak to rush the Quantic football team from the Grand Central Station so they wouldn't be late to New London, is leaving the U. S. S. "Lexington" for shore duty.

Flitting

Life hasn't been so dull of late, what with army polo being put out in a bigger and better way over at the Fort Hamilton army garrison, and so many reporters vacationing or being laid off the staff of the Brooklyn Eagle that one can't miss getting an interesting assignment once in a while.

For instance, and all in the line of duty, we have inspected Warner Brothers Flatbush movie studio, and learned how casting directors are able to deliver ten cross-eyed persons or a carload of blondes at a moment's notice.

We have stood knee deep in mosquitoes and June twilight while half a dozen sweating Boy Scouts grunted and flour-

ished drills and bows in an attempt to get fire, and to see two crown their effort with success.

We have attended a meeting of a suburban branch of a temperance club and heard the victories of prohibition extolled until we ourselves were almost convinced that we had been suffering from hallucinations and that there wasn't any liquor, only to be brought back to earth and reality after the meeting was over, and the women gathered in groups to gossip about whose daughter and so-and-so they had seen sneaking in and out of the speakies in their neighborhood.

We have interviewed Ole Singstad, only survivor of the three engineers who built the Holland tunnel, and came away with an autographed picture of the tunnel.

We inspected a statue of St. Joseph whose face was covered with drops of moisture which many believed a miracle, and that the statue was weeping, and after much sage deliberation and offense to the owner of the statue, decided it was sap oozing out of the wood.

In short we have been flitting here and there, in and out of other peoples' business, as all reporters do, and enjoyed it.

Squirrel Food

Since the Supreme Court has refused to rule whether or not dry agents can search suspects without a warrant, maybe we can get a ruling as to whether or not they can smell your breath.

And then there's the goof who thought the Little Entente was a part of somebody's circus.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, having been re-elected President of Turkey, we have conclusive proof that a president of Turkey mustapha pasha.

It's easy enough to look pleasant, When life seems a long-lasting smile, But the bird worth while, Is the bird that can smile When, bang! goes the rear right tire.

The indoor baseball players who use the regiment compound for a diamond have taken to bathing suits for uniforms. The recent weather has made preparedness the ruler of fashion.

At last Chicago has said it with votes.

Now that Reno is working with such speed Jack Dempsey can get a divorce in real Dempsey knockout time.

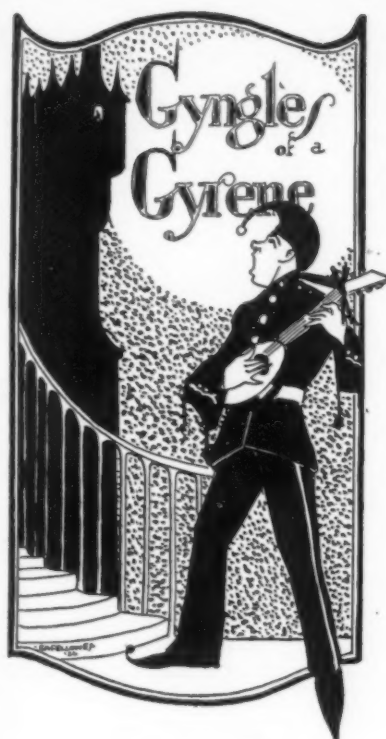
Judging from the way things are going, the easiest way to get a government recognized and publicized is to have a revolution.

Statistics show New York City to have 22,156 horses. Nobody ever did accuse it of being a one-horse town.

This stuff coming from Haiti, no further excuses are necessary

"Wop" Donato says that the Oriole polo team will continue to draw first blood in hopes that some day one of the other teams will overbleed after the first incision. So far the opposition has been most decidedly bloodless.

—Fred Belton.



THE RUNNER

By Phoebe Hoffman

Yes, you were running as you fell.
The foremost, seeing all was well
For those who followed where you led.
Through the abandoned town ahead.
At school and college, how you ran!
A boy, and then at last a man
I saw your lithe young figure flash
First to the tape in mile and dash.
A little child you'd always run,
Hair flowing, eyes alight with fun.
Then down beside the ancient tree
You'd drop in weary ecstasy;
Head pressed to earth; and arms flung
Wide,
Panting and laughing on your side.
And so you were found among your
men—
A soldier turned to a child again.

BEHIND THE MASK

By Lacy Richardson

There's something fine in ev'ry man,
Though it be but a dream,
A streak of good behind the mask
Of things as they may seem.
The surface may suggest the vile—
Ill-nurtured through the years—
But touch his heart from underneath,
And grimness turns to tears.
'Tis this they call one's "better self,"
The only hope of Man.
It lives today, tomorrow dies,
Then leaps to life agan's.
And so it goes—unless a man
Is Master of his Soul.
To him who rules his Destiny
It takes a lasting hold.
The least that you or I can do
Is lay awake at night,
Until we find this little spark—
And kindle it to light.

CYPRESS AND MYRTLE

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

One of us journeys from dawn to the
twilight,
One of us travels from twilight to
dawn.
You shall lie pale in the flood of soft
moonlight,
I shall sleep deep when the foe has
withdrawn.
My ears must hearken unto the wild
clashing,
Clashing of steel against buckler and
shield,
Yours were meant only to mark gentle
plashing
Brooks in the field.
One of us journeys with springtime be-
hind him,
One of us travels with springtime
ahead.
One of us chafes at the fetters that bind
him,
Fetters more strong than the grip of
the dead.
You were begot by the passion of Venus,
I issued forth from the loins of red
Mars;
Yet, though the world and the seas lie
between us,
Love scorns all bars.
One of us travels the trails of adventure,
One of us treads the firm highways
of Life;
Both of us bound by convention's inden-
ture,
Cruel as a kiss and as keen as a knife.
You know the beauty of music and
laughter,
I know the dregs that were left in the
glass,
Dregs of pale dreams and remorse that
comes after
Dreams that soon pass.
I shall go on with my dreaming forever,
Making a creed of your beauty and
charms.
Nothing can alter and nothing can ever
Rob me of nights that you spent in
my arms.
I shall go forth on my questing for glory,
Gaining bright ribbons to wear on my
breast;
Sheathing my sword at the end of the
story—
Loving you best.

REDEMPTION

Oh, I've taken my fun where I found it,
Yes, I've followed old Kipling's advice.
And there have been times, I'll admit it,
When I've skated on pretty thin ice.
Of material gains I've neglected
To gather my share, I'm afraid.
While the ants have been busy at harvest
Like the cricket I've gamboled and
played.
Ups and downs, yes, I've had them
a-plenty,
From dollars to dimes in my jeans.
And I've traveled from Hong Kong to
Haiti
In a hitch with the Fighting Marines.
There are times I try not to remember.
But at that now, I guess on the whole
I'll rate right along with my neighbor
When God cross-examines my soul.
For, regardless of all mis-demeanors,
And the times I've been locked in a cell,
There's one thing they can't hold against
me,
I've always done right by "Our Nell!"

FULL SPEED JOHN

Anonymous

He weegle da sweetch, he waggie da t'rot
Da boiler she smoke like hell,
But John never quiver da eye nor da
lash,
Just waggie 'em on wid da bell.
Da officer deck in a hell of a sweat,
Wanta fifta more turns putta on,
Den he holler for more, den he holler for
less.
"What da hella he want," sezza John.
So he waggie 'em on, and he waggie 'em
off,
Tho da boiler—by dam—still make black.
And John sweata like hell at da sound
of a bell,
While da B. T. U.'s march upa da stack.
Den da bigga da chief make a hell of a
beef,
An' he shout, "Hey, whatcha da vac,"
An' da little chief yell, "Hey watcha da
bell,"
An' da gauge—she go up an' come back.
An' da volt she bolt, and da amp she
scamp,
"Dan't weeken," sezza John at da
sweetch,
An, he say to himself w'at he never say
loud,
"Dis watch is da—*!-! x!x!xx & z*!*"!

ESPRIT DE CORPS

By Charles E. White

They are here in grim ranks beside us,
The men of the Corps passed on,
And our weapons are raised in tribute
To the souls of the brave long gone.
The tramp of their ghostly marching
Resounds from the bloody field,
And their serried ranks are gleaming
With the flashing of phantom steel.
Their faces are grim with the struggle
Their eyes are looking ahead,
And we thrill with a new-born courage
As we list to their passing tread.
As in a dream I can see them,
Their bodies gashed with the strife,
Yet with step never falt'ring nor flag-
ging,
In the madness of death against life.
Once more, phantom host, we salute thee
With steel tipped rifles held fast,
And as fast on our sight fade your
columns,
We take strength and resolve from the
past.
And the glory you died to secure,
For the Corps and her sons well main-
tained,
We will cherish, a banner of splendor,
Spotless, holy, and never profaned.

IN PANAMA

In Panama, when I'm ashore
In search of recreation,
I never pass through swinging door
To halls of dissipation;
I never lift the foaming glass
Or trip the tango gay,
With some misguided, dusky lass
In dingy cabaret.
When vampires try to lure me on,
I firmly say, "I won't!"
Do I enjoy Balboa? Colon?
You know damn well I don't!



Boxing

Split

Marines and Coast Guard split in a smoker held at Quantico recently. The card was good from the outset with Lavish, Hdq. & Hdq. Co., and Medlock, Signal Bn., lightweights, fighting every inch of the way until the third, when Lavish was knocked out.



Jim Hill, old-timer of the ring, beat Stish, Signal Bn., leading the fight all the way. Hill wasn't in danger once.

Berryman, Aviation, knocked out Wheeler, Coast Guard, lightweights, in the third round of a six-round bout. Wheeler had the fight won until the fatal third when Berryman landed a beautiful hook on the gob's jaw. This was the best fight of the evening.

In the final bout, Embry, Coast Guard, won on a foul from Dill, Aviation, in the first round. Dill floored Embry in the first but hit him while he was on his knees, due to excitement, and the fight went to Embry.

Willoughby, Signal Bn., won a decision from Schmidt, Maintenance Co. Middleweights.

Weitzell, Service Co., knocked out Hodge, Field Hospital, in the first round. Featherweights.

Clark, Field Hospital, knocked out Devine, Maintenance Co., in the first round. Mayer, 74th Co., won a decision from Plank, Coast Guard. Welterweights.

Reid, Coast Guard, won a decision from Anderson, Signal Bn. Featherweights.

The End of a Perfect Day

July 4, 1931, a day of celebration the country over, was brought to a thrilling close on Parris Island by a smoker held at the Lyceum. Promptly at 7:30 p. m., Brigadier General Harry Lee opened the festivities with a brief talk on what Independence Day means to us. Following his address, an interesting card of two wrestling bouts and nine boxing bouts entertained the personnel. In the first of the wrestling matches, Thomas, "A-26," gained a fall over Phinney, "A-26," in 7 minutes and 45 seconds. Van Buskirk, "B-22," won the second from Kashanek, "A-26," by a time advantage

of 1 minute and 29 seconds. The results of the boxing bouts proved varied and entirely satisfactory; there being three knock-outs, three decisions, and two draws. Gilmore, "NPD," kayoed Weaver, "A-26," in the third round; Johnson, "B-22," gained a technical K. O. over Healy, "A-26," in the third round, and Stein, "Serco," put Petrie, "F-2," to sleep in the first round. Davidson, "E-20," and Young, "A-26," battled three rounds to a draw, and Colombo, "D-14," and Colbert, "C-13," fought six rounds to a draw. Jones, "A-26," gained a decision over Kirian, "A-11," in three rounds; Dodd, "F-22," outpointed Sullivan, "F-2," in four rounds, and Szolwinski, "B-27," took the decision from Lempek, "B-22," in three rounds.

Speaking for the enlisted personnel, we wish we could have many more such smokers. Much of the success of the smoker was due to First Lieutenant Edward A. Robbins, our Athletic Officer, and First Lieutenant Robert G. Hunt, who matched the boys. Lieutenant Hunt and Quartermaster Sergeant Charles R. Butt refereed beautifully.

The judges were Lieutenant Commander Howard E. Gardner, U. S. Navy, Captain George E. Monson, and Quartermaster Clerk Landreville Ledoux, who did a fine job as vouchered by the fact that the crowd accepted their decisions as their own with nary a dissenting voice. The master of ceremonies was Master Technical Sergeant Steinsdorfer, who is our own inimitable "Joe Humphries." Everyone had a fine time and we can safely say that all went home contented.—H. S. Griffin.

Six Bouts, Four Knockouts

Out of a smoker of six bouts, four were knockouts at Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, Va., recently—one in true Dempsey-Firpo style. Bridges came out in the first round like a Dempsey and within three seconds had Graves on the floor for a six count. Three seconds later Graves was sailing through the ropes—out.

Two featherweights from St. Julien's Creek staged a Harry Greb-style match, resulting in a knockout in the second round.

The third knockout came as a surprise. Up until the third round the spectators' minds were made up as to the winner. A clever clip on the button by the underdog surprised them.

The main event between Joe Mandorano and a local Marine resulted in the fourth knockout. Mandorano carried the fight all the way through and ended it in the fourth round by a clever right hook to the chin.—Corporal O'Brien.

Sunk the Navy

The aviatin' Gyrenes of Quantico galloped home with the bacon on May 29 at the boxing carnival put on at the annual Board of Trade Shad Bake held at Sherwood Forest in an out-of-doors ring. "Texas Kid" Beerman drew an opponent from the Navy who out-weighted him 8 pounds—O. C. Duke by name—and cut him down to his proper size in short order. At the end of four rounds, during which the Kid closed Duke's left eye, cut his mouth, and hit him with everything but the ring posts, there was no doubt left but that another round would have seen Mr. Duke taking the count. Beerman got the decision and a great big hand from the fans for a fast, clever bout.

"Jimmy" Dill, the aviation gang's tall, lanky 155-pounder, drew Johnny Perez, Navy, for a scheduled four-round bout. After a minute and a half in the first round, however, "Jimmy" felt that he was wasting his time and pasted the flat-foot on the kisser for the count of ten.

"Jimmy" has been boxing for the past couple of years, from time to time, and has developed into a mighty dangerous opponent for anyone in his class. He has good footwork, long reach, and handles himself well. Advice to prospective opponents: Leave an order for your favorite flowers before you step into the ring.

"Honey Boy" Phelan, aviation's featherweight, drew the next bout, with the featherweight champion of the Coast Guard—Tony Burrows.

This bout went the full four rounds. Each round was packed with the old fight and plenty of boxing skill. Phelan, who has been boxing for only about a year, has made great progress. This fight with the veteran Burrows showed his class. He out-fought, out-guessed, and fully mastered the Coast Guard's pride in each of the four rounds, and fully deserved the decision.

Two other Marines fought at the same time and each brought victory to Quantico. Mayer got a draw with his Navy man, although he deserved a decision, and Thomas won from his Navy opponent.

Baseball

Won 29, Lost 14

Well, folks, here is Parris Island still bragging about our baseball team. We know now that it is the best team since 1928 that this section has seen in action. Since we last went to press, we have won fourteen games and lost five. Just for curiosity's sake, your correspondent

made a recapitulation of averages to find out whether the team was as good on paper as it looked on the field. It is plenty good, and how! Six of the regulars are belting the old horsehide at a better than three hundred clip, and the fielding is on a par with the hitting. As we said in our last article, pitching was our only worry. What a mistake! Sutton, Cole, Zlamal, and Bartlett form a "Four Horsemen" on the mound that is difficult to beat. Sutton and Cole, in particular, have pitched brilliant baseball, Sutton entering the pitcher's hall of fame with a no-hit, no-run game against the strong Columbia Mills team. It was the most nearly perfect game that your correspondent has seen in semi-pro ball, only thirty men coming to bat and only one getting as far as third base. The team fielded spectacularly behind Sutton, but it was a masterly exhibition of pitching and one worthy of special mention. At this present writing we have won twenty-nine games and lost but fourteen against the strongest opposition we can find in the States of Georgia and North and South Carolina. A brief resume of the percentages is given below to show the reason for all this noise from Parris Island.

HOW THEY STAND

	G	AB	R	1B	2B	3B	HR	AV.
Brannen	34	132	34	35	3	5	9	.394
Cole	9	31	8	9	0	3	0	.388
Casey	17	66	11	16	2	2	4	.364
McDowell	27	106	34	17	5	5	9	.340
Sutton	8	21	4	4	0	2	1	.333
Kerr	36	136	23	29	3	4	8	.332
Carden	31	125	26	40	0	1	0	.328
Zlamal	20	68	16	12	3	3	3	.309
Gotko	30	116	25	27	3	0	1	.287
Maxwell	34	124	13	22	7	3	0	.258
Dohr	27	100	15	15	3	2	1	.210
Galaziewski	29	109	27	17	1	2	0	.183
Bartlett	6	18	0	2	0	0	0	.112

PITCHERS' RECORDS

	Won	Lost	Percs.
Bartlett	4	0	1.000
Cole	7	3	.778
Sutton	6	2	.750
Carpenter	4	2	.687
Zlamal	7	4	.636

RESULTS OF GAMES DURING JUNE AND MAY

Marines	9—Sacred Heart of Charleston	0
Marines	10—Sacred Heart of Charleston	6
Marines	8—Sylvania, Ga.	0
Marines	8—Sylvania, Ga.	2
Marines	4—Henry Darling, Inc.	1
Marines	4—Henry Darling, Inc.	3
Marines	6—Brunswick, Ga.	1
Marines	2—Brunswick, Ga.	3
Marines	1—Brunswick, Ga.	2
Marines	4—Columbia Mills, S. C.	2
Marines	3—Columbia Mills, S. C.	0
Marines	2—Brunswick, Ga.	5
Marines	7—Brunswick, Ga.	0
Marines	2—Brunswick, Ga.	3
Marines	6—Charleston Marines	5
Marines	4—Atlantic Coast Line	5
Marines	15—Atlantic Coast Line	2

Stirring Battle

As soon as the final cut of the big team was made, an intra-post league, consisting of a team from each of the Marine Detachments and one from the Naval Hospital, was formed. The teams are providing fast and interesting baseball for the members of this command and all are intensely watching the stirring battle for first place between Headquarters, Service, and Naval Prison detachments. The schedule calls for ten games for each of the teams and lasts through August. There are three games per week, starting after working hours. At the present writing the Naval Prison Detachment is leading with Headquarters and Service companies snapping at their heels.

—Henry S. Griffin.

Athlete, Sportsman, Soldier

June 15, 1931, was "Levey Day" at Griffith Stadium, Washington, D. C., when a contingent of 500 Marines from Washington and Quantico gathered to wish James J. Levey, ex-sergeant and baseballer, U. S. Marine Corps—now shortstop on the St. Louis Browns—"good luck" and "bon voyage" on his chosen career.

When Levey stepped up to bat in the first inning, Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley, surrounded by a group of officers, enlisted men and the players of both teams, presented him with a handsome traveling bag, made possible by contributions from the officers and enlisted men of the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. The General paid him a fitting tribute when he remarked that he was a fine athlete, a sportsman, and a good soldier.

Levey served in the Marine Corps from 1925 to 1929. During that time he was a star on the all-Marine baseball and



General Berkeley presents Marines' gift to "Jimmy" Levey.

football teams, beside playing excellent basketball for the Quantico post team. He was an outstanding athlete during his entire cruise and undoubtedly the best fielding shortstop of Marine baseball history.

He was first secured by the St. Louis Browns in 1929 and farmed out to Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was given another try-out in 1930, but was farmed out again, this time to Wichita, Kansas, where his flashy fielding and consistent hitting earned him another chance with fast company. This time he stayed and his sensational fielding this year has been the talk of the American League.

In a personal interview by an editor of The Leatherneck, Levey stated that the experience he gained in his Marine baseball activities aided him tremendously in reaching the "big top."

The Other Side

"Kill the Umps"—the old battle cry of Baseballdom. And if you are my kind of a fan you, too, have hurled scathing remarks towards seemingly blind and partisan umpires. Yet, in spite of dire threats they always remain adamant—very, very much so, in fact. I used to wonder if big league umpires were at all human, if sentiment ever entered their hearts—perhaps you have wondered likewise. One of the most firm of the ball-and-strike men now wearing the well-known blue serge is George Moriarity of the American League. Old George has been around for many a season and many a fan, perhaps many a Marine, is firmly convinced that Mr. Moriarity is entirely lacking in sentiment. Just to dispel any such thought I am going to report, verbatim, a little speech made by Mr. Moriarity at Peking, China, in 1922, at a banquet given at the Grand Hotel de Peking by members of the American Legation Guard in honor of the visiting American baseball team, an aggregation of stars. Said his honor, the Umps, Mr. Moriarity:

"United States Marines, ladies and gentlemen of the all-American party: I am reminded tonight of a painting which shows the sun as a great red ball of gold about to creep over the hilltops in all its early morning splendor. It is plain that the deftly guided touches of a master's brush have achieved all that is humanly possible, and yet, there is something missing; a canvas sun is powerless to radiate heat and warmth; neither is the fresh early morning dew to be found glistening on the hillsides.

"Or perhaps it is a prized portrayal of the beloved lark clinging to the canvas. Again there is something missing. We do not see the bird winging its way through the gathering dusk, neither do we hear it singing. In the same way we gaze at the classic which shows the toiler about to wend his way homeward after a strenuous day in the harvest fields and once more we find the picture incomplete. It cannot show the peace in the toiler's heart at nightfall; neither can the brush depict the joy in the hearts of his brood awaiting the sound of his footsteps. True, the perfection exists in the artistic and mechanical sense, yet, the most magnificent delineation leaves so much untold.

"So it is with anyone who would strive to eulogize the dauntless and valiant U. S. Marines. There are deeds and actions that beggar all description. Time and effort are feeble and eloquence a weakling pitifully unequal, when one speaks with the idea of doing justice to the task. Suffice to say that no mortal can absolutely paint the honor and credit that belongs to the Marines, with the tints and hues of the spoken word. Sometimes we learn invaluable lessons by contrast. Back in busy, progressive America, we often rush by one another with hardly time for a greeting or handclasp, because the quest of a livelihood demands speed and haste in the daily routine; but here in a remote part of the globe it remains for that great American spirit of patriotism and good fellowship to come to the surface with leaps and bounds. The American service man looks upon the citizen of the United States as a comrade, and the citizen in turn gazes upon the uniformed man as his great champion.

"We have seen the gorgeous beauty of Japan; the incomparable Nikko where the tranquil and mysterious lake is hidden at the crest of the mountains; the silver flashes of Kegon Falls reflected against the sun; the matchless and majestic Fujiyama smiling at the skies; the soulful, touching beauty of the Arima and Yamada Valleys; quaint Pagodas and magnificent temples and picturesque rice fields that stretch mile after mile; and we have seen the Celestial who patiently clings to the primitive customs of his ancestors.

"We have felt the irresistible spell of the Orient, and yet, when the days and weeks and months fade into a resplendent past at the end of our tour, we will have but to turn back the pages of memory to the night we spent with the Marines of Peking, for one of our proudest and most glorious remembrances—I thank you."

And there, my friends, is the other side of a hard-boiled big league umpire. Maybe you fellows in Washington and Philly will look upon the elongated, aloof and satirical Mr. Moriarity a bit more kindly, but as long as it is the Great American Game it will be, "Kill the Umps."—J. W. K.

Batted .364

Corporal William J. Sullivan, third baseman for the late all-Marine team, was discharged from the Corps the week of June 14-20. "Sully" enlisted in the Corps in 1927 and has taken part in Marine sports ever since his enlistment.

He played amateur baseball in New York before joining the Corps, and while with us played in Cuba, the Canal Zone, Norfolk, Portsmouth, N. H., and for the U. S. S. "Salt Lake City" detachment.

He has a splendid batting average of .364 for his three years with the all-Marines.

"Sully" expects to play ball with the New York police force next year. His address while in New York will be 9918 Thirty-seventh Avenue, Long Island, New York.



Dinner at the Grand Hotel de Peking, December, 1922, given by members of the American Legation Guard in honor of the visiting American baseball team, and their wives. Noted major league players present were: Joe Bush, Fred Hofman and Waite Hoyt of the New York Yankees; George Kelly, Emil Muesel and "Casey" Stengel of the Giants; "Bib" Falk and Amos Strunk of the Chicago White Sox; Riggs Stephenson and Luke Sewell of the Cleveland Indians, Bob Griffith of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Herb Pennock of the Boston Red Sox. Mr. Herbert Hunter, who booked and managed the tour and George Moriarity, American League umpire, were also present. Maybe you will recognize some of the Marines.

Signal Wins

The evening of 23 June, 1931, was marked with the presentation of a trophy by Major General Butler to the baseball team which won the first half of the Quantico intra-post baseball series. The team was, again, Ye Goode Olde Signal Battalion nine. At the start of the series this team was known as just "B" Barracks team, but from force of habit it drifted back to the old name under which this team has won so many trophies in the past.

It is my desire to state in these columns just how much Signal appreciates the cooperation given by members of the 74th Company, 6th Marines, and the remarkably great amount of sportsmanship and good baseball ability exerted in our behalf. We would have Privates First Class Resio, Zeher, Booth, Peasley, Farrel, Posick and Gann feel that we are deeply appreciative of all they have done to help us along. Allow us, the team, to in this manner thank you, members of the 74th Company, and to assure you that Major Hawthorne and Captain Schubert join us in our appreciation.

The first half of the series was a hotly contested round, each team exerting its utmost to win the trophy. It finally simmered down to a tie between the Signal Battalion and the Tenth Marines. The first effort to play it off, a twilight game played on the seventeenth, ended in another tie, 13 to 13. On the 22nd another twilight game was played to decide the championship, this one ending in a 9 to 5 victory for Signal Battalion. This game was "nip and tuck" for the first six innings, the Signal Battalion managing to maintain only a five-to-three lead, but in the seventh and last inning Bailey scored a nice single through shortstop, with three men on base, and through an error turned it into a home run, thus scoring four runs which gave the Signal a decided lead. Resio, who once before held the Tenth to a no-hit-no-run game, pitched a really bang-up game, holding them to a few

scattered hits. Let it be said that every man on the team was working very hard, and all of them showed fight seldom seen in a like club. But just as important, it seems to me, was the support given the team by the rooters, and it was apparent that the game held some interest for them, because every rooter stayed till the final ball, which gave to Signal the game and championship of the first half of the series.

The second half of the intra-post series will start in the very near future, and it promises to be an interesting fight, Signal working with all they have to receive the very-much-desired-and-sought-after trophy for the championship of the post for the season. Since the fire which destroyed the Signal Battalion and all its trophies last October, this organization is expending all its energy in an effort to re-stock its trophy case. We hope to give you some very interesting information regarding the second half of this series in the next issue.—B. J. Bailey.

12th Victim

Quantico, Va., June 23.—The Quantico Marines continued their slugging and extended their winning streak to twelve in a row by defeating the Aviators from Langley Field, 8 to 2, here today.

MacWilliams kept the Fliers in check without any trouble, giving them but six hits. Nig Clarke, former American League star, who is now assistant coach, caught young MacWilliams' offerings and stayed in there the full nine innings. Nig looked just as good as he did 20 years ago when he was one of the American League's greatest catchers.

Jimmy Surret and Eddie Lusignan were the big guns of the Marines' attack. Surret gathered himself five for five and scored three runs, while Lusignan got a homer, triple and a single. Reep, Marine left fielder, also got three hits.

Earkardt started in the box for Langley Field, gave way to Carson in the third inning. Kerr, Langley Field right fielder, was the only one able to make more than one blow, getting two for two. The Marines will play host to Fortress Monroe here tomorrow and Fort Eustis Friday. Both of these teams were defeated by the Marines while they were in the South last week.

Marines	AB	H	O	A	Langley	AB	H	O	A
Gorman.3b	5	2	1	0	Kerr.rf	2	2	2	0
Surret.2b	5	5	3	4	Rhoades.2b	2	0	0	0
Clarke.c	5	0	5	1	Withers.3b	2	0	3	2
Lusignan.cf	5	3	3	0	Jeanette.lf	4	1	2	0
Locke.1b	4	1	9	0	Tyrell.3b	2	0	0	0
Reep.lf	4	3	3	0	McK'ney.3b	1	0	4	3
O'Neil.rf	4	2	1	0	Petrosky.lb	1	0	4	0
Tolan.ss	4	1	2	4	Clarke.lb	2	1	4	2
M'Williams.p	4	1	0	1	Leary.ss	2	1	0	0
					Eppenger.ss	1	0	3	2
Totals	40	18	27	10	VanFleet.c	4	0	1	1
					Collins.cf	4	1	1	0
					Earkardt.p	1	0	0	2
					Carson.p	2	0	0	0

Totals 30 6 24 11

Langley Field 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—2
Marines 3 3 0 1 0 0 1 0x—8

Runs—Gorman, Surret (3), Lusignan (3).
Locke, Kerr, Leary. Three-base hit—Lusignan.
Home runs—Lusignan, Surret. Double plays—
MacWilliams to Tolan to Locke; Tolan to Surret
to Locke. First base on balls—Off Earkardt, 8;
off MacWilliams, 6.

Bitter Share of Defeat

With ships crowding the navy yard at Portsmouth, Va., our baseball team has been kept busy. Teams from the "Arizona," "Sirius," "Northampton," and

others have tasted defeat. "Spick" Lopez, who last month was way under par in batting, has been placing hits between second and first regularly. "Asiatie" Moore, the Nick Altrock of the team, was switched from middle field to second, adding strength to the infield. The team's greatest pleasure, however, seems to be to give Hampton Roads a bitter share of defeat in a sportsmanlike manner.—Corporal O'Brien.

Baltimore's First

Before a crowd of 8,000 fans at Oriole Park, Baltimore, Md., the Baltimore firemen trounced the Quantico post team, 8-5, in their annual tussel.

The game was preceded by a parade of Marines and firemen from downtown Baltimore to the 29th Street park. The famous Quantico Band and a band from the Fire Department furnished the music. The parade was led by Major General Smedley D. Butler and Lester Muller, president of the Baltimore City Council, tossed the first ball. Mr. Muller's toss to General Butler was wide and Umpire John Ferguson, the mayor's secretary, called it a ball.

The firemen started off in the first inning. Thompson walked, Redmond singled, Bevenunger doubled, scoring Thompson and Redmond. Heins singled, scoring Vevenunger, and G. McGee scored Hines with another bingle.

For the next four innings the score stood 4-0 in favor of the firemen with Gately, the firemen's pitcher, hurling excellent ball. In the sixth Gately showed weakness and was hit for three runs. Tolan singled, Couch doubled, Surret singled, Lusignan doubled and Chenoweth made a fielder's choice to score the runs. The Leathernecks sent Gately to the showers in the seventh inning, making two more runs and tying the score, but the firemen rallied and the Marines failed to score again.

This is the firemen's first victory against the Marines.

Fourth Beat on Fourth

Shanghai, China, July 4, 1931.—The Fourth Marines won the annual Fourth of July American Community Cup for baseball here today, defeating the Shanghai Amateurs 3-2. This makes the second year in succession the Marines have held the cup.

Fourth to Second

The playground baseball team of the 24th Company, Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China, has forced its way by hard, consistent playing from fourth to second place in the Third Battalion playground baseball league. The last game with the 21st Company was a wonderful performance. Beautiful fielding and airtight pitching featured the game. The 24th registered fifteen hits to the 21st's twelve, the game ending with the 24th on the large end of a 4-3 score.

The 24th Company's standing in the league is .667—four wins, two losses. The total number of runs scored is forty-one to their opponents' twenty-nine.

It would appear, however, that sad days are ahead for the 24th. Woodfin, pitcher, and Taschler and Sawdy, two stalwarts on the team, are due for transfer back to the States as this is written.

—W. R. Tyler.

Basketball

Play Among the Ruins

May 6 dawned in Managua, Nicaragua, as per usual habit, but this day happened to bring forth one W. R. Hughes, First Lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps, who started things rolling, athletically speaking. His first step was to form a basketball league. Applications from aspirants were received by the carload and Lieutenant Hughes rapidly sieved them into the "possibles," "potentials," and "impossibles." Two days after taking over the helm of the good ship "Athletic," he had a couple of teams on the field of battle and the first game of the league was played. Teams comprising this league were Officers, Headquarters Company, First Battalion; 23rd Company, and 17th Company. A series of nine games per team were played. The final standings of the league were as follows:

TEAM	Won	Lost
Headquarters Co. _____	8	1
17th Company _____	5	4
23rd Company _____	3	6
Officers _____	2	7

During the play-off in this league a splendid basketball team was developed,



Reading from front to rear: Pvt. G. V. Barrett, Pvt. D. L. Powell, Pvt. E. J. Karlage, Sgt. M. B. Johnson, Sgt. H. G. Goldmeyer, Pvt. A. C. Strange, Pvt. R. K. Hale. (Photo by Cpl. D. L. Bothfur.)

that of Headquarters Company, First Battalion. The players were: Forwards, Johnson and Strange; guards, Barrett and Powell; center, Hale; substitutes, Karlage and Goldmeyer.

This team was ably coached by Lieutenants Weeks and Hester. The team, on the scene of battle, was captained by Sergeant Johnson, an admirable player. Johnson's splendid work was a wonderful display of keen and rapid thinking combined with perfect coordination of body. Johnson's adaptability, his deceptiveness and accurate shooting, backed by the able support of his teammates, early pointed out to the close observer the probable winning team.

Hale's aggressiveness at center and his sure-fire work placed him as the outstanding center in the league.

Lieutenant Gulick of the officers' team was the outstanding performer on that team. The officers' team presented a most formidable appearance on their first and second entry on the field, but, due to the transfer of several of their players, they were forced to forfeit two-thirds of their games for lack of the required five.

During the time consumed in the play-off of the league games, our amiable friends, the Army Engineers in Granada,

became interested and decided to develop a team to play the winner in our league. The challenge was readily accepted by Headquarters Company, First Battalion, and the Engineers returned to Granada, sadder but wiser, the losers 28-10. They fought a losing game from the start, but did not know the meaning of the word "defeat" until the tussle was finished.

Much credit must be given Lieutenant Hughes for his tireless efforts to make a success of athletic activities in Managua. The men responded to his request quite readily, but his up-and-at-'em spirit was the only thing that made the league a success after the earthquake and the mess that followed.—Pat.

Golf

Unplaced Divots

"Stone Wins the Golf Bag." All you "mashie wielders" and "divot diggers" who don't know the significance of that sentence will be enlightened by reading.

As a further inducement, we throw in the championship of the land of "Dessalines and Christophe," meaning Haiti, with the Bag.

Now the Golf Bag in question has a history. There are several fine golfers here in Port au Prince who have sets of clubs that would just set off that Bag. They looked at it, dreamed about it, talked about it, but couldn't beat Stone for it.

Commander Pollard, Captain Jackson, Ray Trevelyan and even ye lowly scribe wanted that Bag. Trevelyan walked all over ye scribe while Stone was having an honest-to-goodness battle trying to beat the man that put him out last year—our new, or near-new, Colonel Torrey.

Then, to get even with Trevelyan, after Stone finally won from Torrey, ye scribe loaned Stone a pair of spiked shoes. During the course of the match, which was rather close, Trevelyan got in the rough and Stone walked all over him with the spiked shoes. Then came the finals, played on Sunday, May 31st—eighteen holes in the morning and eighteen holes in the afternoon between Commander Pollard of the Navy and Quartermaster Sergeant Rupert Stone of the Marine Corps.

Commander Pollard thought the match was in the bag, not the Bag they were playing for but some other kind of bag. Anyhow he celebrated Decoration Day by getting decorated. Result was, "Age will tell" or "Youth must be served."

I wonder if "Doc" knows that little poem,

"Don't think, my son, you are getting old,
Because your step is slow,
Don't think you're getting old because
Your hair is like the snow.
Old Father Time will make it known
As swiftly speed the years
And all the sands of life have run,
And joy has turned to tears . . ."

Oh, what's the use? He must know the ending because he found out it is true. Anyway, Stone has the Bag and doesn't know what to do with it.

As golf bags go, this one is a beauty. It has six locks with two keys to each lock and he will have to hire an extra caddy to carry the keys around with him. It is one of those "zipper" bags. Every-

thing opens and closes with a "zip." Stoney has enough clothes to fill the Bag, but the most essential things are missing—golf clubs. Now, "Doc" Pollard has everything to go with such a bag: clubs, ability and temperament. He is also a darn good loser. Trevelyan also has enough clubs to fill the Bag; in fact, he has everything from a soup ladle to a steam shovel. His bag of clubs weighs more than the boy who carries them.

These Stones are not of the rolling variety, except when it comes to rolling a golf ball up to the cup, and then that boy is good. Ask "Doc," he knows.

And while we are on the subject of champions, we might as well add that Mrs. Stone holds the ladies' championship, won in 1930.

These Stones have been champions for years and years. Don't you recall reading in history about the "Stone Age" and how David slew Goliath with a stone in his sling shot? Now days they call those things "niblicks."

Well, anyway, Commander Pollard was presented with a beautiful trophy as the runner-up in the championship flight.

* * * *

Now we come to Class "B." For the winner in this class the committee selected a very appropriate trophy and the runner-up was to get a dozen new Spaulding golf balls. Well, the finals at 36 holes was between Mr. Magowan, our genial British Charge d'Affairs, and First Class Pharmacist's Mate Roberts, of the Brigade Hospital. They both looked at the trophy with a casual glance and gazed at the golf balls with longing eyes.

In the morning round, Mr. Roberts, just to show Mr. Magowan that our Navy brand of golf was good, piled up a very comfortable lead of "five-up." During the first nine after lunch, Mr. Magowan cut his lead down to "two." From then on it was a question as to which would get the golf balls. Mr. Magowan

would try to give Roberts a hole and he would do an "Alphonse and Gaston" act and refuse to take it. At the same time, Roberts was trying to present Mr. Magowan with the trophy and he wouldn't accept. Finally Mr. Roberts got tired trying to give holes away, and Mr. Magowan not taking them, so he ended the agony on the thirty-fifth green two-up and one to go.

* * * *

Class "C" also had a very interesting 36-hole match for the finals between our Assistant Provost Marshal, Assistant Morale and Athletic Officer, Billeting Officer, Brigade Headquarters Amusement Officer, and etc., Mr. Maitsch, and "Doggie" Rodgers of VO-9M. I believe that after "Doggie" heard all these titles he was a little scared. Well, the match went good for about twenty-seven holes and they started the last nine holes about all even. Rodgers cracked wide open on this round and Laitsch walked in and laid violent hands on the cup and said, "This is mine; give 'Doggie' the golf balls." This match ended on the thirty-fourth green with Laitsch four-up and two to play.

I questioned "Doggie" as to why he blew up that way. His sad tale ran along these lines: He tried to talk to Laitsch to let him win the cup because he had promised the gang at the field he would come back with it. Laitsch also had his eye on the cup and he told "Doggie" if he didn't let go of some of the holes and be satisfied with the golf balls he would have his M. P.'s lock him up every time they saw him downtown. Well, Rodgers being a man who loves his *cerveza*—I mean liberty—more than a cup gave up the match.

We, who were sitting on the club house veranda, knew that we were gazing on something tragic as we watched them walk toward us. It was one of those hot sultry Haitian afternoons, with no breeze blowing, and we could see "Doggie" wiping the tears from his eyes with

a towel. (Well, maybe it was perspiration, how do I know?) To show you how much golf means to Rodgers, he said he had his heart on this cup so he could use it in the mess hall and maybe next year he could win a saucer to go with it.

* * * *

Now I have played golf a little myself, and I can understand all about this Class "A," Class "B," and Class "C" business, but whoinell started this consolation foolishness?

The eight guys in each of these classes who are used as stepping stones for the other players in the first round, go into consolation flights and play for prizes. We will tell you about Class "C" first.

You all know Chief Marine Gunner Erdman. Well, in the first round he was eliminated, along with a lot of others, and went into the consolation flight. He was in the upper bracket and won his first two matches by forfeit. Then he failed to show up for the finals and we had to call him out of bed to come down and play O'Dau for the cup (said "cup" being an ash tray). He lost this match and thereby won a half-dozen golf balls. Can you beat that? When he was informed of the fact, he replied, "Is that all I get? Why, do you mean to tell me I went around and lost six golf balls just to win six more?" They really should have given Bill the Golf Bag. It would have made a lovely laundry bag around the house.

O'Dau, who won the Class "C" consolation cup, had an ideal time. First he took on a captain in the Navy and sunk him, then tackled the American Minister and signed the Treaty on No. 15 green, where it was agreed that Mr. Munro would withdraw all claim to the cup and O'Dau would meet Mr. Erdman, provided he could catch him awake.

* * * *

In the Class "B" consolation, Mr. Rees, our new chief pharmacist at the Brigade Field Hospital, and Mr. Johnston, "the big tobacco man from Smoke-town" (and that's no pun), waded right through all opposition until they met in the finals. Mr. Johnston, after a hectic battle, tried the wrong dope. He tried to lay down a smoke screen with one of his own cigars, but Rees was too wise and sprinkled laughing gas on him on number eighteen tee and poor Johnston passed away laughing. When asked, "What's the joke, why all the laughter?" he replied, "Look at the little cup he gets, and I get six new golf balls. The joke's on Rees." So, children, laugh that off.

* * * *

Now comes the Class "A" consolation. The semi-finals in this class were on the broad shoulders of Colonel Clarke of the Garde against P. M. Sgt. Long of the Brigade Pay Office and Captain Spicer of the Garde against Sgt. Major Lang of VO-9M.

Clarke looked at the cup and said, "Whoinell wants to play for that when they can lose and win six golf balls?" Long is old enough and wise enough to know that a small golf trophy is only another thing around the house to gather dust, so he decided he wanted the golf balls. Spicer and Lang didn't declare themselves but went out with murder in their eyes and when the divots had stopped falling, Lang had Spicer's scalp hanging to his belt and yelling, "It won't be 'Long' now."



Champions of Port au Prince Baseball League, 1931

Front row, left to right: Lieutenant W. E. Hall, GdH.; Captain S. W. Freeny, GdH.; Major General R. F. Williams, GdH.; Captain J. P. Riseley, GdH.; and Lieutenant J. Bukowy, GdH. Second row, left to right: Lieutenant O. L. Beall, GdH.; Lieutenant C. L. Lacey, GdH.; Lieutenant C. E. Stuart, GdH.; Lieutenant F. Belton, GdH.; Lieutenant C. H. Hamilton, GdH.; and Lieutenant F. J. Murphy, GdH.

About this time the Garde decided it was time to start something on their side of the Dominican border, and they did just that. The General looked up Colonel Clarke and said, "Clarke, never mind those golf balls; go to 'Anse a Pete' and maybe you will win a medal." The General didn't realize that this tournament was match play and not medal play, so the Colonel flew to "Anse a Pete." It took two of our planes to get him there and he is still there, so we had to let Long play Lang to see who would get the cup. Now, Long hasn't won a match since he was a corporal, and then he won a couple in a poker game, so Lang proceeded to send him to the cleaners. And that's how Mrs. Lang came to possess a nice cigarette box and ash tray to be used for a bridge prize.

The committee then decided that when the Colonel got back, if his medals were not too heavy, he was to play Long for the golf balls. Long, realizing that matches were scarce and wishing to play a safety (not match), asked the committee if he and Clarke couldn't call their match off and divide the golf balls, three and three. Yes, I believe he did come from Glasgow, now you mention it.

And that, children, is the true story of the Open Golf Championship of this great and glorious commonwealth of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, otherwise known as Haiti.

And next month we will have a "ditch-digging" contest that will make the Panama Canal project pale into insignificance. I refer to no more nor less than the "Ladies' Golf Championship" of this great land of Cooks, Butlers, and Yard Boys.

Thanking you one and all for your very kind indulgence and with apologies to none, I beg to differ with you. Please don't make that read "duffer" because we think we know how to play golf. But don't let on to anyone that we told you so. No one here will believe you anyhow.

We forgot to mention one of the most important features of our golf tournament. Our course in a nine-hole, thirty-three par golf course, and in the qualifying rounds Commander Pollard proceeded to break the course record with a par-smashing round of 32-33—total 65, one under par!

When "Doc" is right he is a hard man to beat, but, of course, Stone is harder. Another pun just in fun: That round of 65, added to his previous 71, gave "Doc" the low-medal score for the 36 holes with 136, thereby winning himself a dozen golf balls.—"E. Looto Trebor."

Shanghai Diary

New Peak

Although marked by intermittent rainy spells, a new peak for sporting activities during the month of May was reached by the Fourth Marines at Shanghai, China, with baseball and track predominating in the field of athletic events.

On May 2nd the baseball team defeated the U. S. S. "Black Hawk" nine, 6-5, in the first victory of the 1931 season. Fogleman and Munari starred for the Marines, their stick work bringing in the needed runs that nosed the visitors out.

On May 3rd the second team met the newly organized Chinese nine and won

an easy victory, scoring 20 runs to their opponents' 1 in seven innings.

On May 9th the Fourth Marine track team garnered 54½ points in the annual spring track and field meet sponsored by the Navy Y. M. C. A., scoring an overwhelming victory over their nearest opponents, the American School, who came second with 24 points. The Chinese Y. M. C. A. placed third, the Navy Y. M. C. A. fourth and the Foreign Y. M. C. A. fifth. The Marine places are as follows:

100-yard dash: First, E. Twonsley.

440-yard dash: First, E. Townsley; second, Sugden.

1-mile run: Third, Holliday.

110-yard low hurdles: Second, Humphrey.

½-mile relay: First, Marine team (Humphrey, Truitt, Swank, Townsley).

Medley relay: First, Marine team (Townsley, Bridges, Truitt, Holliday).

Broad jump: Third, Swank.

High jump: Third, Beauclair.

Pole vault: Second, Swank, Warwick tied.

Discus throw: Second, Long; third, Chapin.

Shot put: First, Traylor.

Telegraphic Match

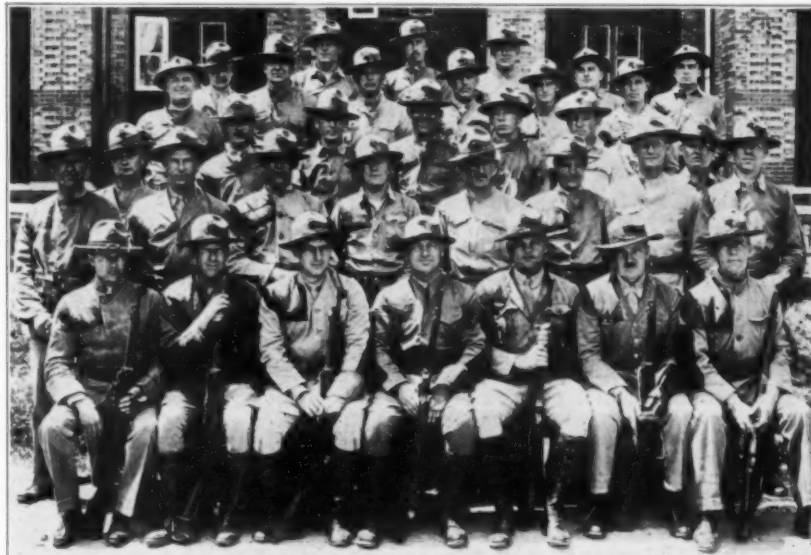
On May 9th the Shanghai rifle team, composed of eight members of the Fourth Marines and two civilians, fired a telegraphic match with the city rifle team of London, England, scoring 963 over the English national match course (200-500-600 yards), losing the match by two points. The Marines on the team were Captain W. W. Ashurst, First Lieutenant M. L. Shively, First Sergeant B. G. Betke, Gunnery Sergeant T. J. Jones, Gunnery Sergeant J. Blakley, Sergeant R. Thompson, Corporal A. R. Coffee, and Private First Class F. C. Bottemer.

On May 11th the Fourth Marines' rifle team competed with some of the best shots in the Orient in the annual Shanghai rifle shoot and the Fourth Marines' cup matches. Gunnery Sergeant T. J. Jones was the sensation of the meet with the envious record of first place in the grand aggregate, the Marine cup match and the Ransom cup match, setting a pace that opened the eyes of the various teams competing in the matches. His work, however, only slightly shades the scores made by Chief Marine Gunner L. P. Jensen and Private First Class F. C. Bottemer, who placed second and third in the Marine cup match, and First Sergeant B. G. Betke and Gunnery Sergeant J. Blakley, who placed second and third in the grand aggregate and the Ransom cup. Captain W. W. Ashurst won the class aggregate and Private First Class A. Skowronek the consolation cup.

On May 14th, in a practice game between the "Regulars" and the "Colts," Lieutenant Saunders, veteran right fielder of the baseball team, broke his leg sliding to second, depriving the team of the services of an excellent out-fielder and stick man.

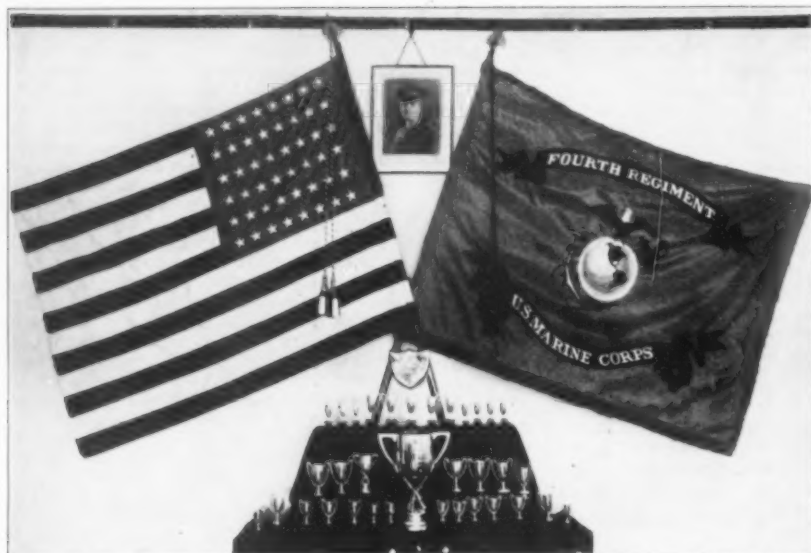
On May 16th the baseball team broke through to win both games of a double-header, defeating the U. S. S. "Tulsa" 12-3 and the local Japanese team 13-2. Johnson, Parsons, Long and Kimball divided the pitching honors with Maddes and Boyle on the receiving end.

On May 18th the Fourth Marines entered four teams in the American Asiatic Underwriters pistol cup matches, placing second, third, seventh and ninth of the nineteen teams competing. Gunnery Sergeant J. Blakley and Private J. E. Nugent placed second and third in the individual high scores of the day. The targets fired at were: Deliberate at 20 yards; semi-deliberate at 10 yards, Bobbing John at 10 yards, and running man at 10 yards.



Fourth Marine Rifle Team, now in Peiping, China, participating in the Asiatic Division matches. Before returning to Shanghai they will also take part in the U. S. Army matches.

Front row: 1st Lt. Brown, 1st Lt. Shiveley, 1st Lt. Scheyer, Capt. Ashurst, 2nd Lt. McQuillan, 1st Lt. Schneider, Ch.M.G. Jensen. 2nd row: 1st Sgt. Betke, Gy-Sgt. Jones, Pfc. Demers, Pvt. Stroop, Cpl. Coffee, Cpl. Harris, Pvt. Cohrs, Sgt. Adriaensen. 3rd row: Cpl. Lippold, Sgt. Thompson, Pvt. Salmon, Cpl. Smith, Pvt. Bishop, Pvt. Phillips, Cpl. Ewton. 4th row: Gy-Sgt. Jackson, Pfc. Bottemer, Gy-Sgt. Blakely, Sgt. Rudder, Pvt. Nugent, Tpr. Morris. Back row: Cpl. Nelson, Cpl. Janacek, Cpl. Dorsey, Sgt. Tatlo, Sgt. Fowel, Pfc. Skowronek.



Fourth Marine Rifle Team Trophies, Annual Shanghai Rifle Shoot and Marine Cup Match held May, 1931. The shield supporting the colors was presented to the Fourth Marines by the 1st Battalion Green Howards (Royal Army) in commemoration of their services together in Shanghai since 1927.

Rugby Champs

On May 20th the victorious Fourth Marine Rugby teams, champions of Shanghai, were tendered a banquet by the management of the Private and N. C. O. clubs in honor of their wonderful season. Guests of honor at the banquet were Colonel R. S. Hooker (commanding Fourth Marines), Major G. H. Osterhout (commanding 1st Battalion), Captain John McArthur (commanding 3rd battalion), Captain C. B. Cates (regimental athletic officer), 1st Lieutenant C. D. Baylis (Rugby coach), and Corporal H. A. Smith (captain, Rugby team). The dinner was also the occasion of a farewell to several members of the team who returned to the States on the June 9th "Henderson." They are Corporals Smith and Mason and Privates Cooper, F. A. Smith, Taschler, Alex, Gill, Daily and Routledge.

On May 22nd the 22nd Company, commanded by Captain T. A. Tighe, U. S. M. C., won the drill competition at the First Battalion. First Lieutenant A. W. Cockrell commands the First Platoon and First Lieutenant T. H. Saunders commands the second. The 27th Company, commanded by Captain M. J. Betchelder, U. S. M. C., won the drill competition at the First Battalion. First Lieutenant T. M. Ryan commands the First Platoon and Second Lieutenant M. V. Schaeffer commands the second.

On May 23rd a ten-man rifle team represented the Fourth Marines in the annual match with the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, winning the event by a score of 966 to 935, thereby avenging a defeat received last year in the same event. It is interesting to note that the full Marine team, firing over the same range as the city rifle team of London uses, bettered the score made by that organization by one point in the match where they defeated the Shanghai team.

On May 28th the entire regiment repaired to the race course for the annual inter-company drill competition. The 22nd Company of the Third Battalion,

commanded by Captain T. A. Tighe, U. S. M. C., was adjudged the best drilled company in the regiment and was presented with a pennant by Mrs. R. S. Hooker at the review that followed the competition. The First Platoon of the 22nd Company was commanded by First Lieutenant A. W. Cockrell and the Second Platoon by Sgt. Don Taylor in the absence of 1st Lieutenant T. H. Saunders, who was ill. The 24th Machine Gun Company, commanded by Captain D. R. Fox, U. S. M. C., was judged the best machine gun company. The First Platoon of this company is commanded by First Lieutenant A. R. Pefley, the Second Platoon by Second Lieutenant J. A. Juhan and the Third (howitzer) Platoon by Marine Gunner John H. Murphy. The judges were Lieutenant Colonel H. F. Wirgman, U. S. M. C., Fleet Marine officer, Asiatic Fleet; Major W. C. Powers, U. S. M. C., and Captain D. R. Nimmer, U. S. M. C.

At the Ringside

On May 30th the Fourth Marine fighters almost filled the card at the Auditorium and a packed house witnessed the victory of "Red" Walsh of the Fourth Marines over "Babe" Russ, local claimant of the light-heavyweight championship of China. Walsh went into the ring on the short end of seven-to-five odds and delivered an unmerciful beating to the Russian fighter to win the unanimous decision of the judges. In the semi-final Marine Wicka of the U. S. S. "Tulsa" won from "Kid" Andre by a foul in the fourth round. Lou Parker of the U. S. S. "Houston" out-pointed Jake Innaccio of the U. S. S. "Isabel" in a special ten-round event. "Herb" Perstein of the Fourth Marines, in his last fight before leaving Shanghai, lost a close decision to Frank Godden of H. M. S. "Cornflower." A number of the local papers declared that this fight should have been a draw. "Kid" Reed out-pointed Younge Nicko of Shanghai, and Fred Zavalitch of the Fourth Marines gained an easy decision over Lou Graves

of the U. S. S. "Houston." In a special wrestling event to open the program, Weaver of the Fourth Marines downed Pat Pettit of the U. S. S. "Houston" in the fast time of 1 minute and 56 seconds.

On May 31st the U. S. S. "Goldstar" baseball nine, an all-star aggregation from Guam led by Lt. Coughley, former U. S. Naval Academy star, met defeat at the hands of the Fourth Marine baseball team, 9 to 3. Slippery grounds and lack of practice due to rainy weather kept the scoring down for both teams. Maddes, with four hits out of five times at bat, led the swatting for the Fourth Marines with Passmore starring in the field. Johnson allowed the visitors only eight scattered hits.

Also on May 31st, the regimental track team warmed up for the international track and field meet held June 6th and 7th by defeating the all-Chinese team 74 to 70. Townsley starred for the Fourth Marines as high-point man of the day, taking first place in the 100-, 200- and 400-meter dashes. He was also a member of the winning 400- and 800-meter relay teams. Marines placed first in all the track events with the exception of the 400-meter low hurdles but were weak in the field, capturing only one first place, the shot put. No records were broken, although Townsley came within 2/5 of a second of the Shanghai record for the 200-meter dash. Hudson's win of the 10,000-meter run was one of the features of the day.

Thundering Ovation

"Amid the rat-tat-tat of musketry, the blare of martial brass, the clang of a far off city's church bells, Maestro Mario Paci bade farewell to his (Shanghai) audience here last night in the season's final symphony concert. Tchaikovsky's 1812 overture was the medium of his good-bye and was made the more martial, the more bombastic, the more realistic by the clean-cut collaboration of the FOURTH MARINE BAND which joined in the final climatic crash of brass and drums and bells, anticipating in music the thunderous ovation which followed after the last stirring notes faded.

"As the orchestra swung into the final passages of the overture, the curtains concealing part of the forward balcony were thrown aside revealing the Marine Band, instruments upraised, blaring into sound as the baton crashed down on the desk.

"Outside sounded the report of guns, musketry alive in the sputter of fire-crackers, Napoleon defied by the burning roofs of Moscow. Gunpowder filled the theatre. It's gilded rafters shook. Retreat and Russian triumph. There was triumph, loud and exultant, in those last tremendous measures, and it was a personal triumph for Maestro Paci who turned to accept the audience's cheers while the smoke still hovered in the air. The finale was a Tchaikovsky-Paci-Marine triumph."

The following is taken from the North China Daily News: "Sunday's concert concluded the season 1930-31 of the Municipal Orchestra, which was augmented for this occasion to 63 players. A detachment of the Fourth U. S. Marine Band also took part by courtesy of Colonel Richard S. Hooker, U. S. M. C. The bandmaster, First Sergeant R. G. Jones, was among those who played in the orchestra.

"Tchaikovsky's overture 1812 was performed with every accessory, including cannon and firecrackers. Full justice was done to the musical effects in this number, the contingent from the Fourth U. S. Marine Band making an impressive entry at the conclusion. The most effective conclusion of this work was the signal for the enthusiastic recall of Maestro Paci, who, in response to vociferous demands, repeated the latter portion of the overture."—C. D. Baylis.

Polo

Chukker. Not Chucker

As was previously announced, the first annual inter-post polo tournament was played at Quantico between May 30 and June 13. The team interest shown and the brand of polo exhibited by all concerned was such as to encourage even the most lukewarm supporters of the game.

A total of six teams were entered, the Groundloopers and Hedgehoppers from Aviation, the Dayscholars and Nightstudents from the Marine Corps Schools, the Horsewranglers from the Remount Detachment, and Spare Parts from the post left-over.

The trophy for the competition, a large silver cup, was donated by the Officers' Club at Quantico and is to be competed for annually and given to the members of the winning team.

The preliminary games were played twice a week, with the following results:

First game:	
Horsewranglers	9
Hedgehoppers	0
Second game:	
Dayscholars	5
Groundloopers	0
Third game:	
Spare Parts	8
Nightstudents	6

The results left three teams in competition for the trophy. The final decision was reached by a "Round Robin" tournament in which each team played the other two four chukkers (Haitiens please note correct spelling), making a total of eight chukkers per team, the team having the highest aggregate at the end of the series being declared the winner.

A significant commentary on the excellence of the three teams entered in the finals was the fact that during the "Round Robin" there were two ties, the Dayscholars and Spare Parts tying 2-2, and the Horsewranglers and Dayscholars

5-5. The final, deciding match, however, was won by the Horsewranglers. They defeated the Dayscholars to the tune of 5-2, leaving the final scores, Horsewranglers 10, Dayscholars 7, Spare Parts 4.

It is not surprising that the Horsewranglers won; in fact, it is surprising that they did not pile up a greater margin. They had schooled and handled all the animals used by the players in the entire tournament.

No One Knew Where

The Quantico Marines out-rode, out-hit and defeated the powerful soldier team from Fort Humphries in a hotly contested polo game at Quantico, 3-2, 12 July.

Lieut. E. C. Ferguson led the Marine attack, scoring two goals in the first and third chukkers. In the third chukker, with players bunched about the goal post, the versatile Leatherneck came from somewhere (no one knew just where), and hit the ball for a thrilling goal.



LIEUTENANT E. C. FERGUSON

Lieut. J. H. Stadler, Jr., scored the third goal in the sixth chukker, to win for the Marines, with a beautifully placed ball between the entire Army defense. Riding hard, Captain Brown and Major Del Valle took the ball down the field, passing it to Lieutenant Stadler, who dropped back and made the third and winning goal.

Captain Campbell H. Brown and Major P. A. Del Valle played excellent polo, making many heady plays, blocking and riding out, enabling Lieutenants Ferguson and Stadler to score.

Lieutenants Rheinhart and Watt were responsible for the Army's two goals, both riding beautifully and playing excellent polo, with Major Oliver, Captain Buckley and Lieutenant Cox riding hard, making many beautiful blocks and ride-outs.

SCORE BY CHUKKERS:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Marines	1	0	1	0	0	1
Army	0	1	0	1	0	0

LINE-UPS:	
Marines:	
Capt. C. H. Brown	No. 1
Lt. E. C. Ferguson	No. 2
Lt. J. H. Stadler, Jr.	No. 3
Major P. A. Del Valle	Back
Army:	
Lts. Rumagel, Rheinhart, Watt	No. 1
Lieut. Cox	No. 2
Major Oliver	No. 3
Capt. Buckley	Back



Morris Fisher's Guantanamo team, winners of the Wirgman Trophy.

Winless Wonders

Port au Prince, Haiti, June 14.—Messrs. Ripley and Hix have another topic for their popular cartoons of strange events. Port au Prince's polo dope bucket sprung a leak this afternoon and the Orioles, prior to four p. m. this date the winless wonders of the polo league, dug eight holes in it while the Cardinals, prior to four p. m. this date leaders of the league, fought frantically to bore that number and the cellar champs of a decade smashed through to their maiden victory and sent themselves, the Cardinals and the Bluejays into a triple tie for first, second and last places.

Trotting on the field without the services of Larkin, their number two ace who recently returned to the United States on board the valiant, much discussed, on-her-last-trip "Kittery," the Orioles just smothered the red-shirted four horsemen and took unto themselves a two-goal lead in the first chukker. There was no reply from the Cardinal guns and the Orioles never lost their lead.

Much has been said, written and argued and otherwise confabbed about the manner in which the Orioles kick through with the initial tally and then fade away like a chorus girl without her cosmetics. Maybe Jupe Pluvius, with his five weeks of rain, gave their ponies the needed rest or maybe it was just that the Cardinals thought they had a pipe and found they were bucking the entire water works, anyway, Drews, Donato, Olsok, MacMahon and Captain Rogers just galloped around the white-fringed campus like a bunch of bees and their humming was so much bitter sweet to Captain Gilder Jackson's danger garbed individuals. Of the Cardinal crew only Dr. Gendreau and Captain Shepherd showed any signs of life. The physician's near-side strokes were a revelation in themselves while Captain Shepherd, who rode one hour on horseback from Fury and then one hour's auto ride from Kenscoff for the game, crashed through on several occasions for lone efforts that lacked backing.

Captain Tex Rogers, as proud as a zoological peacock on visitor's day, played just as hard the two chukkers he sat out as he did the four chukkers he sat in. Drilling his enlisted outfit over a period of years, grooming them in the finer points of the game and coaching them through to their initial victory had

(Continued on page 49)



Lieutenant Leland's Philadelphia team, winners of Elliott Trophy.

BOOKS—PASSING IN REVIEW

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

By FRANK HUNT RENTFROW

Post War Germany

THE ROAD BACK, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen (Little, Brown). \$2.50

Long before critics ceased to laud the triumph of Erich Maria Remarque in his "All Quiet on the Western Front," he has, in the opinion of most authorities, surpassed his first achievement. The preference is a matter of opinion; and it is difficult to appraise them independently. Only by comparison are things judged, and these two books stand alone, beyond collation, establishing a standard of their own creation.

"The Road Back" concerns the effort of Ernst and his friends to readjust themselves to the ordeal of peace. They find they have returned to a different world, peopled by strange ghosts of the past. The demobilized soldiers are out of tune with the stay-at-homes, and they find not the joy they had anticipated, but despair and disillusionment. They fight courageously as ever they defended a strong point, but they are battling against odds on an unfamiliar terrain. The times have rolled on and left them behind, robbed of their youth, their hopes, and their ambitions. Vainly they try to pick up the thread of life where it has been broken by the call to arms.

In our estimation "The Road Back" is a much finer piece of work than "All Quiet." Perhaps this is an unjust comparison, for the limitations of war records do not exist in the sequel, the possibilities were greater, and Remarque neglected none of them.

The passages swing from almost obscenity to the pathos of human disappointment; tender beauty shares the pages with brutal realism. No element of dramatic value is overlooked, and we must go far in literature to equal the stirring appeal in the courtroom where one of the comrades is being tried for murder. It is not the man who should be condemned, it is the system that flung him into the maelstrom and taught him to slay and now brands him murderer because he had learned too well.

This book is not for the squeamish. Possibly a few of the more intimate details seem dragged in by the heels for the purpose of shocking the reader, but this can be palliated by the passages of sheer beauty gleaming through the pages.

Evolution of a General

THE RISE OF U. S. GRANT, by A. L. Conger (Century). \$5.00

Historians have long been baffled by the meteoric ascension of U. S. Grant. They have vacillated between crediting his own ability and setting him down as a man whom Lady Luck especially favored. Certainly no man ever rose from the obscurity into which he had sunk without some assistance by chance; nor could ever a man remain at the heights he attained unless capable of standing upon his own feet.

Colonel A. L. Conger succeeds very well in "The Rise of U. S. Grant" to explain the remarkable career. An obscure failure who had resigned from the army to avoid unpleasant consequences, a West Point graduate with a rather brilliant record in the Mexican War, Grant climbed the military pyramid from its broad base to the narrow summit. Within four years he rose to the highest rank of the Union forces.

Colonel Conger's analysis has none of the vitriolic prejudices found in so many biographies of the Union general; nor is it marred with fulsome praise. The author says:

"It is easy from our present knowledge to pick flaws in Grant's tactics. Yet it is not only idle but unjust to blame either the general or his contemporaries for these, since in his time there was an entire absence of any tactical literature or instruction worthy the name . . . What Grant later learned, he learned by recognizing his own mistakes."

The study is based upon creditable documents, records of the rebellion, and official reports. Grant's character and military education is revealed in successive stages. We follow him from a not-too-certain regimental commander to a calm, confident leader of the Army.

"In connection with Grant," Colonel Conger explains, "the earlier battles possess a special interest for us; showing as they do under critical examination his growth from tactical immaturity to mastery." Perhaps this is the explanation why the colonel painstakingly points out every detail of the early campaigns, but allows us to more or less shift for ourselves throughout Vicksburg.

While confined too much to historical fact for brilliance, "The Rise of U. S. Grant" is by no means dull or uninteresting.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR. By General Pershing. Stokes. A complete account of America's accomplishments and the difficulties of her leader in the World War. 2 volumes, boxed. \$10.00

OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S MILITARY HISTORY. By Lt.-Col. W. A. Mitchell, U. S. A. Infantry Journal, Inc. A study of military strategy from 1500 B. C. to 1918 A. D. With a supplementary analysis of Napoleon's campaigns. \$5.00

REMINISCENCES OF A MARINE. By Major General John A. Lejeune. Dorrance. Inspiring autobiography of a Marine officer. \$4.00

THE INCREDIBLE YANQUI. By Herman B. Deutsch. Longmans, Green & Co. The career of Lee Christmas, Yankee soldier of fortune whose exploits fashioned the destiny of Central American republics. \$3.50

EVERYMAN AT WAR. Edited by C. D. Purdam. Dutton & Co. Sixty personal narratives of fighting by all ranks on land and sea and in the air. Stories of the British arms. \$2.50

PLAY THE GAME. Edited by Mitchell V. Charnley. Viking Press. A book of all sports and athletic competitions, written by such authorities as Fielding H. Yost, Rogers Hornsby, "Red" Grange, Benny Friedman, Grantland Rice, and a host of others. \$3.50

FLYING DUTCHMAN. By Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould. Henry Holt and Co. The story and achievements of the man who brought terror down from the skies; Fokker, the eccentric genius. \$3.00

MACHINE GUNNER'S POCKET MANUAL. Compiled by five infantry captains. Infantry Journal, Inc. A textbook for machine gunners, involving fire control, computation of firing data, methods of fire distribution, sanitation and reference for full employment of that arm. Waterproof binding \$2.25. Plain binding \$1.75.

JEB STUART. By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribners. A flashing biography of a romantic leader of the Civil War. Profusely illustrated by the author. \$5.00

OFFICERS' GUIDE. Infantry Journal, Inc. Compiled ready reference for officers of all services. \$2.75

THE BATTLE AT BLANC MONT. By Lt.-Col. Ernst Otto, German Army (retired). Translated by Martin Lichtenberg, U. S. M. C. Published by U. S. Naval Institute. A German officer's explanation of the Blanc Mont affair. \$2.00

AMERICAN FIGHTERS IN THE FOREIGN LEGION. By Paul Ayres Rockwell. Houghton Mifflin. A story of the Americans who fought under the French flag in the World War. \$5.00

THE BLACK NAPOLEON. By Percy Waxman. Harcourt, Brace & Co. The story of Toussaint Louverture, Haiti, Santo Domingo and Continental treachery. \$3.50

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Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

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Our Sister Marine

(Continued from page 8)

us to attempt then to get out: we consequently lay a long while in port, during which the time for which I had enlisted expired; but I immediately re-enlisted, and before the conclusion of war made two more successful cruises—at the expiration of which I received a regular discharge.

"Thus for nearly three years I passed for and performed the duty of a Marine, on board a frigate, the most calibrous of any in the American Navy; during which I have been in three severe engagements, and never absented myself from my post in time of danger. I have, like others of the ship's crew, freely associated with my shipmates, both at sea and on shore, and yet, as extraordinary as it may appear, I have not the most distant idea that a single soul on board ever had the least suspicion of my sex. I had thoroughly studied the memoirs of Miss Sampson and by a strict adherence to the precautionary means by which she was enabled to avoid an exposure of her sex, I, too, was enabled to conceal mine."

From the foregoing paragraphs of Miss Brewer's account of her experiences we note that even then as since the Marines had battle stations in the tops of our fighting ships; that they shot well, and that they were in the thick of the fight always. Thus we see that the traditions of the Corps today are the sum total of many such acts of heroism numbering down through the years until the present. And in this case it was a woman who built so faithfully her part of the foundation of that great Esprit de Corps.

The Fita Fita of Samoa

(Continued from page 9)

are sometimes almost embarrassing. When the American Government took over control of Samoa it agreed not to interfere with the ancient Samoan customs more than was considered needful. As a result there are more chiefs than Irish in Dublin. The high chiefs and native officials are of great help in enforcing the law and keeping order. The chiefs are given a free hand as long as their conduct is for the best interest of the natives and the American Government. The rank of chief is hereditary, each chief choosing his own successor, who is usually a member of his own family, but sometimes someone not a blood member of his family is chosen. The "family" in Samoa goes further than the immediate blood relatives and often consists of from 50 to 150 persons. The head of each family is the "Matiai," recognized by law as well as custom and has control of the property and resources of the entire family. He allots the labor to be performed in gathering the crops, fishes, etc., and supervises the distribution of the food and clothing. It is a common and apparently true saying that a Samoan need never go hungry. There is no such thing as poverty as we see it in the United States. The Samoans are a very hospitable race and should one pass a Samoan house while they are eat-

ing, he is invariably invited to enter and eat. They spend a great deal of time in visiting each other, the visit often lasting for days. When the food supplies begin to get low the visitors move on and visit someone else. When the visitors finally return to their own homes they then become hosts for the people who entertained them and these people likewise stay until food begins to be scarce when they move on to visit some other family and finally return home when they can't find any other place to go. This custom is said to be dying out somewhat due to increases in population and necessity for someone to stay at home long enough to plant crops and raise the required amount of food.

The temperature in Samoa ranges from about 68 to 90. The seasons are just opposite those of the United States—February is the hottest and wettest month, June and July are the coolest and driest, although there is no real dry season and the rainfall is heavy throughout the year. Little clothing is needed at any time and most of the Samoans wear only the one piece lava lava.

There are very few foreigners in Samoa, the few here being mostly Americans, English and Germans. These are mostly merchants and planters and some of them have succeeded very well. No foreigner is permitted to come here without depositing \$100.00 as a guarantee that he will not become a public charge or undesirable character. Should his presence be undesirable at any time the \$100.00 is used to provide a passage on the next boat to some other port. The result of this is that Samoa is one of the few places in the South Seas without its quota of beach combers and undesirable white men.

Customs in the South Seas

It is part of the many duties of the village councillors to see that the natives keep their houses, food and clothing clean and that they do not gossip, that the children are sent regularly to school and to church. They visit the native gardens to see that they are properly tilled and planted to full capacity. If they are suspicious of a housewife and her cooking they enter her kitchen, lift up the lid of the pot of whatever is being cooked. If any fault is found she is summoned to appear the following day before the local court.

Love making in most islands is made by lovers congregating, sitting and looking into each others eyes by the hour. On the wedding day the mother of the groom displays much grief. When he leaves his home the groom is preceded by his mother dancing before him down the village street, weeping and wailing all the while.

The groom, and not the bride, is always the center of attraction. In the few places where shoes are worn, the groom endeavors to procure a new pair of "squeak" shoes for the marriage ceremony, and the louder the "squeak" the more swell and aristocratic the groom and his family are believed to be.

In imitation of the American custom of throwing rice, flour is thrown over the bride and groom. The effect of flour on the brown faces of the native can be imagined and this custom is the source of much fun for the natives.

The natives are very religious and al-

most all of them belong to some church and attend church very regularly as they are entirely devoted to their religion. The men usually sit on one side and the women on the other. In some places, the "verger" of the church is armed with a 15-foot bamboo rod. The rod is the symbol of his office and his weapon with which to keep order. Anyone who snores, wiggles his toes, is inattentive or otherwise disturbs the services is sure to feel the point of the rod, forcibly applied. At one town where the "verger" had been in office many years, a visiting bishop had just presented the ancient "verger" with a large silver ferrule which bore an engraving which set forth the fact of the long years of faithful service the "verger" had rendered the church. When the bishop held the service immediately after presentation of the ferrule, the "verger" was there with his newly presented rod, but no one winked an eyelash, wiggled an ear or moved a toe. The "verger" stood it almost until the end of the service, and then, determined to show that possession of the rod meant something, he gave his perfectly unoffending wife a whack across the shoulders which knocked her sprawling on the floor.

In many isolated villages, the wishes of the high chief of the village and the "councillor" constitute the law and from the decisions of these important personages there is seldom an appeal. The following well authenticated story comes from the island of Badu where there is but one horse on the entire island.

The horse was the joint property of the village councillor and another native. The partnership did not work well, but neither partner would sell his interest to the other. Recently the unofficial native partner committed some minor offense and was brought before the councillor for trial. The councillor promptly fined his unofficial partner half a horse. It is said that the councillor takes great pleasure in galloping his steed past his late partner in business, this unfortunate member of the firm being afraid to appeal from the decision rendered against him and his half of the horse.

The Samoans are a very hospitable people and they are constantly visiting each other or being visited. Food is usually plentiful, and not counting the roast pigs, chickens and pigeons which are invariably served, the most of the food grows on trees or bushes and is easily obtainable. A novel feature of the feast is the habit of the guests of carrying away every last morsel of the food which is left on the table and this is no inconsiderable amount. It is the custom to simply load the table with food in order that each guest may carry home enough food to last his family for several meals. Each guest comes prepared with a basket made from a branch of the coconut tree in about 3 minutes. At a feast which I attended some time ago in celebration of the installation of a very high chief, I saw one guest who placed in his basket and carried away from the table, 6 whole roast chickens, about 12 large roast pigeons, a piece of roast pig which must have weighed 15 pounds, besides many smaller tid-bits. This procedure seemed to cause no surprise to anyone, as each guest was busy filling his own basket. Many of the guests had servants standing behind them, the servant's job being to fan the chief while he ate, and to fill the basket of the chief



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with the kai kai (food) from the table. The table is usually a number of clean banana leaves, laid on the floor of the house or in the center of the village street if the feast is a large one.

I was recently shown a large outdoor oven on the island of Tutuila, in which the Samoans used to roast their enemies killed or captured in battle. It is impossible to find out just when the Samoans ceased to be cannibals, as it is a matter they don't care to talk about. They will tell one, however, that the Samoans did not eat human flesh because they were particularly fond of it, but that they ate the bodies of their enemies as a mark of contempt and hatred.

The native dance of the Samoans is called the Siva Siva and it is similar in some respects to the Hula Hula of the Hawaiians. Nearly every night there is a Siva Siva in some house or often in the street or village square (malae). No musical instrument is needed or used; sometimes the onlookers keep time by beating together rocks. If someone in the audience can produce an empty kerosene can which is beaten with a stick, the village band is complete. Empty 5-gallon kerosene cans are always saved by the merchants to be sold as musical instruments—price about 25 cents.

The Siva Siva dance is usually a very tame affair when there are white guests, but if the whites desire to see the real dance and there is no objection from anyone in authority, the dance becomes lewd and lascivious in the extreme. There are usually from 2 to 6 girls and men dancing together and as the participants become tired or exhausted, they are replaced by others in the audience and the dance often lasts the entire night. There is much noise, yowling and cheering. The dancers often parade the village streets, going from house to house, dressed in the most fantastic costumes at times, and at other times wearing hardly any clothing. White guests are much respected at all times. A white man may go to any part of Samoa, totally unarmed, and feel entirely safe. If he has any official capacity, he is always considered the guest of honor and may have anything he wishes. In practically all the South Sea islands a white man may marry the daughter of some chief and settle down to a life of idleness and plenty, provided he can live on the native food. This habit of white men marrying native belles in Samoa has been much discouraged of late by the United States Government and no white man is permitted to settle in Samoa without depositing \$100.00 which is to be used for his deportation should he become undesirable.

The prohibition laws of the United States apply to American Samoa, but the law is hard to enforce as the natives find it easy to make various kinds of home brew without detection. It is also claimed that whiskey, wine and beer from Australia find their way here at times, despite the efforts of the customs officers.

"And Never Lost Our Nerve"

(Continued from page 11)



encountered men who didn't know when they were licked.

The battle flowed northward through the woods. Day after day it continued to rage. Some of the Marines had gone a few kilometers to rear for a much needed rest. Most of them were

jerked back into the lines. On June 18 an outfit of the Fifth Marines went into Torcy and stamped out the German batteries that had been firing on them. The next day the allied artillery tore the woods to pieces with their shells. That night and early the next morning an American attack was made all along the line. Marine casualties were high and but little ground was gained.

On June 24 the Americans assaulted again. The first attempt was made about eight o'clock in the morning. It was repulsed by vigorous machine gun fire. The Marines reformed and two hours later attacked again. This time a rain of artillery shells beat them back. In the afternoon they made a third unsuccessful attempt. The Germans were now fighting with their backs to the wall.

Early the next morning the attack went forward once more, although slight headway was made until toward evening. The following day Major Shearer of the Sixth was transferred to the Fifth. He took one battalion and pushed to the northern limits of the woods, the defenses falling away before him.

The Battle of Belleau Wood was virtually over. Except for infrequent intervals when various units relieved one another for short rest periods, the Marines had been fighting nearly a month. They were exhausted; they were starving for a full meal. Some companies were almost wiped out, but the courage of those who were left ran high. Their victory had startled the world and won for the Marines a reputation that will forever endure. Their action was answer to the question of the efficiency of American arms. Outnumbered by seasoned troops, fighting over a terrain well known to the enemy, suffering a percentage of casualties that would warrant an honorable retirement, the Marines and their fellow-soldiers went forward and conquered.

Today Bois de Belleau, now known as "Bios de la Brigade de Marine," is sacrosanct to American patriots, and they are erecting in its softened shades a tribute to those two regiments of Marines who stood to meet the shock of the German advance and never lost their nerve.



Marine Corps Reserve

(Continued from page 32)

etc." More drilling. Bayonet work. Skipper demonstrates jiu jitsu and all hands applaud loudly when he puts one of the "sejentes" on his stern sheets. Jeva note how, when the chow detail was lined up and "right, face" was given, the Terry brothers were side by side with faces brighter than their meat cans?

Range. Army trucks taking men to the range at East Haven, 52 miles away, where pup tents were pitched in "ze" rain. DeCosta opined that "the whole damn thing was quite inconvenient." Captain Hale sends orderlies to China via banjo-digging route for doping off. "Canteen a la cart," selling black stogies to unfortunates who do not care for cigarettes. Huge bonfires blazing every night. Many versions of "Parlez Vous" emitted. In the butts with Sergeant Fitzgerald of the 303rd applying first aid to "oediscid" individual.

First Thursday. Squads east and west and evening parade. Major Krulwich conducts non-com school. New York skipper, Lieutenant Donovan, falls out with sun glasses, Lieutenant Kessenich follows suit. (Companies fall out for rest period and fall in skipper-muddled.) Usual boot jokes being employed for the edification of the old-timers; digging up the outposts; painting the skirmish line; procuring chevron polish; saddles for guard mounts; keys to the parade grounds. Private Cafferty gets salty and says "hell." Private Young hooks up iron in the dark and wants to know "who's been fooling around with the lights?" Intense competition among Sergeant Hassett, Corporal Parver and Corporal Simon for the degree of Ch. G. B. of the regiment, terminating in triple tie. Corn-cob squad falls out late and has to make up heavies. Private Stanick convinces all he's not to be trifled with, by crackee. Radio switched from one tent to the other; finally is permanently located in skipper's tent.

First Friday. Private Lopez feels he can't carry on as he was unable to get fifths at chow. Schedule unchanged. Those returning from range had to show identification scars to prove who they were, so great were the growing beards. Parver smokes Indian pipe, wraps himself up in blanket and helps look for the disappearing company clerk. Remarkable, too, how a fellow can be a corporal and a drum major and still find time to gold-brick.

First Saturday. Uh-oh, the essence of dignity, the disciplinarian, the executive regimental Sergeant Major Maus—riding a bicycle! Country folks startled no end by a battalion of Marines running in and out of the hedges, scouting and patrolling. Five-mile hike. Inspection and

liberty. Private Richter hears about good chow and decides to belay liberty.

"Question Mark" J. Simon still asking questions: "Why call it liberty—don't we have to come back?"

Second Sunday. Many distinguished visitors. Services on parade grounds. Coe comes up in car and drives half the battalion to New London.

Second Monday. O'Geary falls in with rabbit eyes. Close- and extended-order work. Evening parade. McCarthy so quiet tentmates chip in for garlic so as to find him in the dark. Tackler "salted down." McCormick says he'll be captain of the head if they will let him wear two silver bars. McGee makes it known he anticipates sergeant's pay. "Sea-farin'" Cafferty stops taking rifle apart long enough to get mad and call everybody "fatheads." Lynch states that camp is O. K., but too much attention is given to details. Grant writes home about the wonderful time he's having and is immediately given the "works." No liberty, but plenty of hell-raising.

Second Tuesday. At the sound of "revelry," Top Sergeant Stenhouse, attired in dress blues, has company fall out for "ze" physical drill. Drills, snapping-in, bayonet work, skirmishes, and evening parade. Kamentsky inquires about overtime slips for extra pay. "Question Mark" Simon once more falls out and asks, "What now?"

Second Wednesday. Schedule unchanged. Jesinsky loans a pair of trousers and through an oversight gets them back starched. Chaleff goes swimming and is mistaken for a life guard, but it wasn't he who saved the monkey. Dickson, of the Boston outfit, generously offers to draw cover design for our company and pay us a visit. Dance at the Morton House—nice, but too much pants and too little skirts.

Second Thursday. Stiff workout on parade grounds (estimated distance covered, eight miles). Paid off and physical examinations. Regimental review in khaki. Provisional company formed comprising sharpshooters and experts commended by Lieutenant Colonel James F. Rorke, commanding 19th Marines, with Captain George Bettex awarding medals. Liberty. Dance at Pine Grove with vodvil. Magician performing, but he didn't make himself disappear like our company clerk did.

Second Friday. Mattresses "ungutted" and locker boxes shipped to trains on siding. Scrumptuous chow "wiz ze ize crimm, my frand." Shoved off for home at 1:50 P. M. Bunk fatigue en route. Dismissed from armory at seven bells. "Ze beeg sweem in ze pool." Remarks (by boots): "Work, drill and details. Liberty spent in cleaning gear." Remarks (by old-timers): "Hot tam! Two weeks' vacation with pay!"


—William McK. Fleming.



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Old Warrior's Tale

(Continued from page 33)

ters in the old guard house at the York Street gate. I was given as my first post, that in the brig No. 5, upstairs and in charge of court-martial prisoners of which there were four or perhaps five. My first night's experience on that post has never been forgotten. Feeling that I was expected to walk up and down the length of the corridor, I started, but after the first two or three turns that evening, I was told to stand still or they would massacre me. My hair seemed to stand on end as this was all new to me and believe it or not, I did very little walking after that. I was mighty glad when I was relieved the next morning.

I often think of that night and some years later on visiting the yard, found the beautiful parade ground entirely covered with storehouses. It seemed a sin to cut up that wonderful piece of ground but it was necessary on account of the World War. On passing out of the gate, I happened to look in the direction of the old barracks and I saw the old window of the brig through which I had shouted "Post No. 5, All's Well." How my recollections went back to that day, my first guard.

Mentioning the beautiful parade ground recalls to mind the inspections held there by the regiments of the Brooklyn National Guard. The ground would be covered by spectators from the city. Too bad. The next year, in February, I was sent to join the guard of the U. S. receiving ship "Colorado," then at the gob dock. The guard was under the command of Lieut. McDonald. While with that guard the first U. S. S. "Trenton" went in commission and my two pals were in the guard. The "Trenton" was bound for European waters and I tried to be sent aboard her so as to be with them but no use. Their names were John T. Delaney and Ed. Conover.

Delaney served his 30 years and was retired as a gunnery sergeant at Puget Sound Navy Yard. At one time he was orderly for Admiral Contz. Delaney came east after retirement but lived only two years in which to enjoy civilian life. Conover, who was taken sick over there, was brought back but died in the Naval Hospital at Washington. He lies buried on the banks of the Potomac River.

—H. C. Edgerton.

(To be continued.)

Only One Casualty

Four hundred ex-Marines gathered at the auditorium in Chicago Saturday night, June 6, and made the annual

mid-west reunion of former Leathernecks of Marine Post No. 273, American Legion, the most successful ever held. The attendance was twice that of the 1930 assembly, and there was much enthusiastic talk of building up next year's to be the outstanding veterans' rally in these parts.



No group of veterans has a finer spirit to bind them together as the years roll on and none has so bright an anniversary for the celebration of the date when the Marine brigade stopped the German drive toward Paris in 1918. The colorful history of the Corps is a public tradition and this year the newspapers over a wide area gave generous notice to the Chicago reunion.

As in previous years, the round-up was sponsored by Marine Post, American Legion, which is the only Chicago organization of veterans of the Corps. All former Marines were invited, no matter when or where they had served. Most of those attending were veterans of the World War, but there also were many old-timers and the Haitian ballad of 1915, "On the Rollin' Coalin' Caesar," mingled with "Madelon" and "Hinky Dinky."

Several Sixth Regiment companies held their reunion during the day. It had been planned to make a ball game between Marine Post's team and another entry in the American Legion Junior Baseball tournament an afternoon feature of the reunion, but bad weather interfered. Marine Post has outfitted its boys with neat uniforms bearing the emblem of the Corps, ten inches across, on the chest, and the team has made a fine start.

The reunion started with dinner at 6:30 in the large ballroom of the auditorium. Captain Thomas T. McEvoy, commander of the 97th Company in France, acted as toastmaster and Tom Kenny, as master of ceremonies, directed a program of entertainment. Commander C. J. Devere and past commanders of Marine Post sat at the speakers' table. Major C. L. Fordney, in charge of reserve training in the Central Area, and Sergeant Harry Read, wounded World War veteran, gave the gathering color by appearing in blues.

Sergeant Read, who renders a mean ballad, also appeared on the program. After several attempts to get hearing for a speaker, Captain McEvoy gave up and adjourned the meeting to the palm garden, which had been rigged on the berth deck aft.

Only one casualty was reported: A leg off the grand piano.—Luke Hunt.



Polo

(Continued from page 43)

just about driven the caterpillarist from Texas gray on the cranium. He trotted out four stars to start off the game and when they looked the tiniest bit peeked ran out three more equally as brilliant. At least they were of sufficient brilliance to throw heavy, dismal shadows over their adversaries.

Considering a forced lay-off spreading over a period of five weeks the game itself was excellent. Drews, out of competition for the past two months (one owing to rain and one because of a boil on the place he uses most while playing polo) played the game of his life. His long forward strokes broke up many a scrimmage and made the goal line safe for the home team. Donato, king of the number fours, staged a heady, defensive game on behalf of his cohorts and saved a number of certain goals with his deadly backhand. Olsok, as usual, was here, there, everywhere and other places, various and sundry. McMahon, playing his first game as a regular, scored as many goals himself as the whole Cardinal team. Two of them came from scrimmages, one from a twenty-yard backhand and one a lone rush from midway.

To Olsok goes credit for the prettiest goal of the game. The dark-skinned, brunetted number one of the Orioles came from the side, weaved his way through his opponents with push shots, short shots, half shots and all kinds of shots and then crashed one through the barber-pole goal mouth from an almost impossible angle.

Shepherd, Gendreau, Jackson and Whitesel each took a turn at scoring for the losers.

Colonel L. M. Cartney Little, whose polo playing in Haiti dates back to 1916, refereed the game and gave the contestants many a pointer in the finer arts. Colonel Little called ten fouls, none of which were converted, and kept the folks playing the game as she should be played. Lieutenant Riseley assisted him.

THE LINE-UPS			
ORIOLES		CARDINALS	
Olsok	2	Hermle	0
Drews	2	Whitesel	1
Rogers	0	Shepherd	1
Donato	0	Jackson	1
McMahon (Sub.)	4	Batterton (Sub.)	1
Substitutes—Gendreau, Fields and Johnson.			
Referees—Col. Little and Lieut. Riseley.			
Score by chukkers:			
Cardinals	0	0	1 1 2 0-4
Orioles	2	1 1 2 0	2-8

Scrimmageless

Port au Prince, Haiti, June 21.—Overcoming a two-goal lead scored in the first three minutes of play in the opening chukker Captain Murray's Bluejays ran through six before the third frame had ended and never lost their lead. The final score was 10-8 and placed the victors at the top of the league and sent the Orioles tumbling into the cellar. A practically scrimmageless game, filled with long runs, difficult shots and super teamwork on the part of the winners kept a large crowd on edge in the final moments of the game. Bluejays went into the sixth chukker with a four-goal lead but the Orioles, again dispelling the belief that they were a first-half team, got two of them back and only a strong, stone-wall defense kept them from tying the score.

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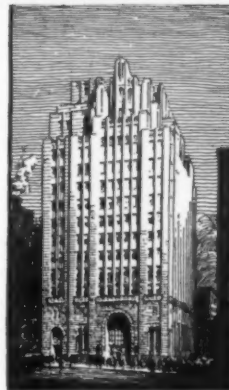
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THE LINE-UPS

BLUEJAYS	10	ORIOLES	8
1. Green	0	1. Olsok	4
Therrien	0	McMahon	0
2. Murray	1	2. Drews	0
3. Beall	3	3. Rogers	2
4. Belton	4	4. Donato	2
		Johnson	0

Score by chukkers:

Oriones	2	0	0	1	3	2	8
Bluejays	1	2	3	1	3	0	10

Referees: Col. Little and Lieut. Riseley.

LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Bluejays	2	1	.667
Cardinals	1	1	.500
Oriones	1	2	.333

Shorts on Sports

Annapolis, Md.—Spike Webb, U. S. Naval Academy boxing instructor and coach, agreed to tear up a resignation which he had ready to present. It is believed he has secured an increase in salary.

Fort De Russy, Honolulu, T. H., April 23rd, 1931.—Marine Phipps, leading service welterweight boxer of Pearl Harbor, Fourteenth Naval District, threw tons of leather at Soldier Zimcus, welterweight, Luke Field, U. S. Army Air Corps, to win the decision after four hard three-minute rounds of boxing. The soldier ducked, rolled and turned during the whole fight, only to run into a barrage of gloves from the Marine.

Same place, same night. Irish Paddy O'Connell, fighting Marine middleweight champion of the Fourteenth Naval District, Pearl Harbor, won all the way over Soldier Smith in a four-round go.

The Pearl Harbor Leatherneck took the lead and held it from the first to last gong. The soldier managed to put over a few lefts and rights but the Marine silenced his batteries in the third round by dropping him for the count of nine. The bell saved him.

Paddy again dropped the soldier in the fourth round to win the decision. The soldier was a tough hombre and the fighting Marine could not line him up for a K. O.

Same place, same night. John C. Reed, light heavyweight pride of Pearl Harbor, knocked out Soldier Pryor in the second round of a four-round championship bout. Reed pounded too hard and fast for the big doughboy, dropping him twice in the first round for counts of nine. The bell was the only thing that saved him during the second count.

The soldier tried and fought hard throughout, but the Marine's clever boxing tactics puzzled him. Reed's sharp-shooting lefts to head and body kept Pryor off balance and the Marine found plenty of openings to land his series of hard rights to the jaw. In the second round he was also down twice.

This makes the Marine's third win over the game soldier.

Same place, same night. Soldier Starnes, Luke Field, featherweight champ of the Honolulu Army, won a decision over Marine Johnny Jones, featherweight champ of the Pearl Harbor Marines.

These classy boxers drew wild applause from the large crowd as they left the ring. Both had fought well and Starnes earned the decision.

Same place, same night. The final was between Marine Johnson and Soldier Thornton. The Marine's knockout record kept the soldier in his dugout and he did not care to stand his ground and mix it. Johnson landed with lefts and rights to the soldier's head without a return in the first round. In the second round the Marine heavyweight hit his opponent at will, and at the end of the second the soldier looked tired. In the third round the Marine put Thornton down for a short count. The soldier tried a comeback, but was met with stiff lefts and heavy rights from his long-armed opponent.

The bout ended by Johnson easily winning all four rounds.

At the Coliseum, San Diego. Rudy Benton, fighting Marine, won all the way over Younk Papke, of Hollywood, Calif., in six rounds of boxing.

Recipes From the Galley

Our mess sergeant, Harry Cohen, has been said to have the following recipes in his cook book. No doubt he has for they have been coming out as the book calls for them.

Boiled Beef

Take one-half bull and put in boiling water with a large rock. Boil until the rock is soft enough to stick a fork in, then drain the water off the meat, take the rock out and place on a platter, throw the beef away and eat the rock.

Iced Tea

Boil 5 pounds of tea in one quart of water, first putting fifty pounds of ice in five gallons of water so as to get cold, then bring the tea to the boiling point, put sugar in to suit the taste, see if water is cold enough, then throw the tea away and serve the water.

Apple Pie

Take one apple and mix with one gallon of water. Add a dash of pepper. For the crust take one-fourth pound of flour, with one pound of corn meal and three rounds rich loam and mix until a dough. Then roll out and place filling in and make crust to cover same. Bake in oven until crusts are hard as bricks and then test each pie with a sledge before serving. Serve cold.

Rice Pudding

Take a half pound of rice and mix with gravel of same color. Place in boiler and let come to a boil, then add an egg, a cup of salt and five quarts of water. Add a dash of Portland cement, and when hardened, serve.

Baked Fish

Take one small perch and after cleaning cut in small pieces and throw in the garbage; then open a can of salmon and place on stove until the can gets hot and serve cold.

Hot Cakes

Take one pound of flour, one quart of water, one can of milk and two gallons of horse glue and mix with a wooden paddle, then put in oven for fifteen minutes and let boil. Fry on griddle and serve with one quart syrup, part water and part dishwater.

—William H. Dangman, Jr.

Nothing to Worry About

You have two alternatives: Either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are, you have two alternatives: Either you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are on the front, you have two alternatives: Either you are in reserve or you are on the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

If you are on the fighting line, you have two alternatives: Either you scrap or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives: Either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alternatives: Either you are slightly hurt or you get badly hurt. If slightly hurt, you have nothing to worry about.

If badly, you have two alternatives: Either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever.

Squirrel Food

One convincing proof that Christmas and lightning are most assuredly different is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

"Pop" Metzler is still cameraging as much as ever. Whenever a visiting cockroach smacks against the wall of a silent room someone says, "That's Pop Metzler taking pictures."

Since they opened the miniature golf course at the Aviation Field the boys are sorry it isn't a little bigger so that I could make a round on horseback.

Polo has made Haiti pleasant for hundreds of people and hundreds of people have made polo pleasant.

—Fred Belton.

You Know What!

They tell me some guy in Europe claims the time will come when engines will be placed in the rear of the automobile; he has one of these odd-designed cars at present. It looks to me like a case of putting the cart before the horse.

In that case, an absent minded motorist leaving the engine cover (or hood) up, is likely to find a Scotchman's Austin parked back there—for cheaper transportation!

I have read that the wheel was invented 5000 years ago—the pump in 500 B. C.—the fan in a harem—front wheel

drive in 1770. Are we ever going to get anything new, something some grease-ball hasn't tried and worn out?—and yet, when we stop to think, the Army uses mules—Ye gad, me lad, I'm snowed under.—Dutch Evans.

Return to U. S.

Two transport planes, which were piloted from the East Coast of the United States to Managua, Nicaragua, in April, 1931, in order to carry medical supplies following the earthquake of March 31, 1931, and then remained to assist the Nicaraguan National Guard in counter-activities against bandits, left Managua July 8 under orders of the Chief of Naval Operations to return to the United States.

One plane, a Marine Fokker, piloted by Captain Byron F. Johnson, U. S. M. C., returns to Philadelphia, and the other, a Navy Ford, piloted by Sergeant William E. Work, U. S. M. C., returns to Washington. Each plane carries one mechanic and one radio operator. They proceeded to the United States with a stop the first day at Tela, Honduras; the second day at San Julien, Cuba, and the third day at Jacksonville, Fla.

Questions and Answers

Q. At what date can a Major expect to receive the Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal and numerals and the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal to which he is entitled and for which he has submitted application?

A. Expeditionary Medals and Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medals are compiled from letters of application for such medals. Medals are also issued to officers and enlisted men (irrespective of alphabetical order) whose record cases are drawn for other purposes, where it is found that they are entitled to the above-mentioned medals.

Q. Are the prisoners paraded with the old guard when the old guard is being relieved by the new guard?

A. The matter of parading prisoners with the old guard is within the discretion of the Commanding Officer or the Officer of the Day. See Army Training Regulations No. 135-15, par. 17, subpar. (L), and Landing Force Manual, USN, Chapter 16, par. 27.

Editor's Note: We invite our readers to submit questions regarding regulations governing the Marine Corps. They will be answered in this column.

Three Months Grace

Requests for discharges, own convenience, three months prior to the expiration of enlistment, are again being approved for the purpose of enabling enlisted men to accept positions in civil life, enter school, etc.

Decommissioned

On June 30, 1931, the naval station, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, will be closed.

The questions of disposition of stores, equipment, care of buildings and property, and the details of carrying out this order are left to the bureaus concerned.

All Naval activities in the Porto Rico-Virgin Islands area will be under the officer in charge, branch hydrographic office, San Juan, Porto Rico, for purposes of administration.

DEVIL DOGS!

A tooth-brush is designed primarily for wear, or it should be, anyway! Especially when your income is such that you must make every cent count. The next time you discard the old one because you've lost your rifle cleaner, get an

EMERALD ODENCE TOOTH BRUSH

at your Post Exchange. The Emerald Odenice Tooth Brush will stay white throughout the life of the brush, and the bristles positively will not come out. Emerald Odenice Tooth Brushes are sanitary. They come in the hard and medium grades.

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Common Sense
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Advertisers

Contents Noted

Pleased

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for your letter of February 11, informing me that THE LEATHERNECK will continue to be sent to me until my renewal reaches Washington, despite the fact that my subscription expires with the March issue.

Kindly make out a bill for a three-years' subscription in advance.

Until further notice THE LEATHERNECK will



THE LEATHERNECK brightens up a bit of darkest Africa.

continue to be sent to the same address as below. I will appreciate a copy of THIRTY GAMES OF SOLITAIRE if I am entitled to same. Please send it to my African address.

Of the various periodicals to which I am a subscriber, I enjoy THE LEATHERNECK the most and its more or less irregular appearance, due to the mail service here, is eagerly awaited.

I also appreciate the fact that the last issue of the magazine was enclosed in a double wrapper. This is an advantage in an out-of-the-way place like this, as mail matter is handled many times before it finally reaches its destination.

Thanking you for your thoughtfulness and with best wishes to THE LEATHERNECK and yourself, I am,

R. D. WINNE.

c/o Forminiere,
Dundu, Angola, Via Tshikapa,
Belgian Congo, West Africa.

Brown Being George Rated a Salute

Sir:

Under "Contents Noted" (June) you printed a letter under the heading, "Brown is George." The writer of that letter was all too modest, as was his wont in days gone by. Well did I, and others, know Frank True (Buster) Brown, one time sergeant, 1st sergeant, sergeant major and officer. He was the best 1st sergeant that ever wore the diamond. Colonel Neville, Commanding Officer of the American Legation, Guard, in July, 1917, would have had "Brown" commissioned along with other members of the guard (Gr-Sgt. H. E. Leland, Sgt.-Major C. N. McClure, Gr-Sgt. C. C. Cole and one or two others), but "Brown" would have nothing to do with the promotion. Finally in the early part of 1918, Colonel "Tippy Kane," the C. O., had "Brown" in his office for a long while, and when the conference was over, "Brown was George," and rated a salute. Just as soon as the armistice was signed he resigned and returned to his long neglected law practice in Illinois. Since then he has made several trips to the West Coast, visiting old shipmates and once, in 1925 or 1926, he toured the Orient with Mrs. George, having waited until his old sidekick, Captain "Dick" Dwyer and Chief QM, Clerk Sam Conley, were again serving in Peking. I have always felt that had not the Corps more or less forced "Brown" to accept a war-time billet, Illinois would be without the services of a darn good corporation lawyer and the Corps would have one d—good 1st sergeant left.

So much for an old shipmate. I could tell you many things about "Buster Brown"—how his estimate of the cost of "blowouts" given by the Sergeants' Club (Peking) used to tickle Colonel Neville—the official court release I hold from him covering twenty cents mex paid to my agent, to wit: one rickshaw coolie, at a time when I was

more or less "hors de combat." Years later I was moving out of the Washington Navy Yard and happened to find a Chinese peseta, which I shipped to "Brown" and in return, was given a special release that is a corker.

You would be surprised how much time reminiscence takes up. It may not be peculiar that personal pictures in my den do not include the photo of that young gallant in "putts" or the crabby QM, Sgt., but above my desk I see a young, plain buck private toting a sun on post No. 10, Chien Men Parada, Peking. That guy brings to mind many fond memories—after all, it is the "first-cruise privates" who have the fun, the troubles, the most restriction, and the heartiest laughs. Fate willed my lungs to rot, took the "bend" from my right elbow, removed me from the old life, but thank the Lord, my sense of humor is left—I could spend the rest of my time laughing over things I saw happen at home and abroad. Adios.

JOHN W. KNOX.

P. O. Box No. 66,
La Mesa, Calif.

Help Wanted

Dear Sir:

I am very anxious to receive THE LEATHERNECK. I received it regularly when I was in the active service. Will you please send me a subscription blank?

I last served with the M. G. Company, 5th Regiment, at Quantico, Va., but most of my service was in Guam and Cavite.

I have often wondered about many of my old buddies, whether they were still in the service or following a career on the outside. Most especially do I remember Sergeant (Gook) Henderson, Sergeant Clark, 1st Sergeant Brosnan, Captain Snow and Captain Wicks. I sure would like to hear from anyone who served out at Guam or the Philippines, who then knew me as the Bugler (Windjammer) Eppler from Cleveland, Ohio.

CHARLES W. EPPLER.

3580 West 66th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Sgt. Bruce Henderson—2906 Piedmont Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sgt. Roscoe T. Clark—3425 Kettner Blvd., San
Diego, Calif.

1st Sgt. Daniel W. Brosnan—Receiving Station,
Pusset Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington.

Captain James E. Snow—Marine Corps Base,
NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Tom E. Wicks—Deceased.—Ed.

One Man Detachment

Sir:

I have never seen an account in the issues of THE LEATHERNECK about the one-man Marine Corps detachment at the U. S. Naval Station, Tutuila, American Samoa, which is, I think, the most southern outpost of the United States.

I have been here eleven months now and like it fine. This is where you still see real natives and tropical life. The old Samoan customs and modes of living are the same as they were years ago, except in the vicinity of the Naval Station.

The USS "Chicago" called at this port on her shakedown cruise and was with us three and a half days. This entire U. S. Marine Corps detachment was on the sick list at the time, and could not get out like HE wanted to and show the Marines from the "Chicago" around.

I enjoyed a very nice call by 1st Lieutenant Hogaboom, 1st Sergeant H. E. Reynolds, and Gunner Sergeant Ostick. Was also able to attend a party (see Broadcast Section) given the Marine detachment and the ship's orchestra by my Pita Fita Guard and Band.

They were a fine bunch of men and we hope to have the pleasure of their company again some day. Any Marine will find a royal welcome in Samoa.

LESLIE J. BURROWS,
1st Sergeant, U. S. M. C.

Marine Detachment,
U. S. Naval Station,
Tutuila, American Samoa.

Baler Relief Expedition

Sir:

I was much interested in the story about the Baler Relief Expedition in the June, 1931, issue. You may remember that the author had no information about the fate of the Spanish garrison. The June, 1931, issue of the U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, which came out a few days later, chanced to have the very story which was missing. It was most interesting and I wonder if you saw it. I had in the meanwhile mislaid my Leatherneck copy and now desire another in order that I may read again the story in it, having now forgotten the other story.

H. A. GOSNELL.

The Nassau Club,
Princeton, N. J.

He Served at Samar

Dear Sir:

The story relating to the lost Marines on the Island of Samar, P. I. in the June issue of The Leatherneck was an interesting one and very much the truth, but the story was not quite long enough.

If the entire history of the Samar campaign was written, it would entail several hundred pages. I have written a 200-page account of that campaign, giving a full description of all the hikes, engagements, rosters of each company and names of those who were killed or lost.

One incident remains clearly in my memory. Eight Marines had sought shelter in an abandoned hut and were imprisoned there for five days, without food, by a heavy downpour of rain. During this time they were visited by a stray mountain dog, which was evidently looking for a scrap of food itself. So nearly famished were these eight men that they cut up the dog with a bayonet, the only weapon they had, and proceeded to devour him.

Too much praise cannot be given to those soldiers, sailors and Marines who hiked across the Island of Samar and participated in engagements to suppress the Filipino Insurrection and to reverse Company C that was wiped out by the Bolo Men of the Island. I served in Company F of the 4th Regiment, Captain D. D. Porter commanding. Our camp was at the town of Balangia. We slept in tents, or rather, we tried to sleep for no one who served in that campaign was ever overburdened with sleep.

J. H. CLIFFORD.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Two Years Out

Sir:

Will you please publish the enclosed picture in THE LEATHERNECK. I have lost track of these boys and would like to get in touch with them again. Left to right are: Private Henson, Pfc. D. W. Wood, Sergeant Glen Gilbert, Cpl. L. C. Chrsam, and myself.

I have been discharged for two years and am now a member of Class 3, F. M. C. R.



I also enclose a clipping I found in the local paper, which I think is pretty true.

CHARLES E. HOLTZER.

Imperial, California.

The clipping: "Where, when, and what do you want us to do?" is the spirit of the Marines. A peace-time band that is willing to fight. A fighting crowd that is willing to be peaceful. The Marine is a sailor who is happy on land. He is a soldier who is happy on the high seas. They are the Legionnaires of Humanity—these slob-trotting sons of their Uncle Sam."

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS' LIST
(Continued from page 5)


15. Byers, Charles W.—February 13, 1918.
Smithers, Dennis K.—April 13, 1918.
Entringer, Alexander N.—May 3, 1918.
Miller, Morris E.—May 3, 1918.
Kemp, Robert L.—May 6, 1918.
20. Jackson, Francis M.—May 8, 1918.
Lawrenson, Raymond M.—May 28, 1918.
Baker, John W.—June 19, 1918.
Carel, Walter E.—July 26, 1918.
Lorraine, Robert—July 26, 1918.
25. Burnett, Joseph A.—July 27, 1918.
Dennison, Arthur E.—July 27, 1918.
Goodman, Niel C.—July 29, 1918.
Harris, Frank—August 6, 1918.
Reddish, James F.—September 1, 1918.

30. Imoberster, William T.—September 11, 1918.
Goessler, Edward L.—September 23, 1918.
Bailey, Frank M.—November 20, 1918.
Oesterle, John F.—November 25, 1918.
Sutton, William R.—November 25, 1918.
35. Olson, Joseph W.—January 6, 1919.
Davis, Lincoln P.—February 28, 1919.
Ellwanger, William G.—March 6, 1919.
Middendorff, Herman N.—March 13, 1919.
Thompson, Samuel G.—March 18, 1919.
40. Deakins, Hugh F.—April 2, 1919.
Gregor, Wenzel G. T.—April 2, 1919.
Haakenstad, Leonard A.—April 2, 1919.
Pantler, Elmer T.—April 2, 1919.
Tabor, Guy F.—April 2, 1919.
45. Wandt, Henry W.—April 2, 1919.
Godfrey, Henry H.—April 8, 1919.
Kinna, Roy L.—April 28, 1919.
Tyree, Frank L.—May 14, 1919.
Stokes, Andrew J.—June 16, 1919.
50. Speer, George N.—June 19, 1919.
Brendt, Lee—June 19, 1919.
Ldick, Dewey—August 8, 1919.
Price, Garlin J.—August 8, 1919.
Bissett, Ollie—August 8, 1919.
55. Smith, Earl—August 8, 1919.
Donnelly, Walter M.—August 8, 1919.
Corcoran, George H.—August 8, 1919.
Ashby, Hugh B.—September 12, 1919.
McCormack, John L.—September 23, 1919.
60. Hey, August A.—November 3, 1919.
Flynn, Harold L.—November 22, 1919.
Sullivan, Louis A.—December 18, 1919.
Manning, Philip J.—December 20, 1919.
Wilson, Clarence A.—December 20, 1919.
65. Winter, Hugo—December 29, 1919.
Shoemaker, Louie F.—February 16, 1920.
Robbins, Percy W.—March 1, 1920.
Clayton, Charles D.—March 11, 1920.
Hirsch, Charles B.—March 11, 1920.
70. McPherson, Carl M.—March 11, 1920.
May, Eugene J.—March 11, 1920.
Smith, Clyde T.—March 11, 1920.
Sterling, Homer—March 11, 1920.
Weibel, Albert R.—March 11, 1920.
75. Onofrio, Frank J.—April 1, 1920.
Brannon, Charles D.—April 1, 1920.
Overman, Stanley H.—April 7, 1920.
Williams, Frank H.—April 18, 1920.
Firth, Albert A.—June 25, 1920.
80. Smith, James E.—July 24, 1920.
Scott, Milton R.—December 3, 1920.
Berger, Joseph N. M.—December 17, 1920.
Wright, Roland A.—January 5, 1921.
Widman, Frederick J.—April 12, 1921.
85. Webster, Clyde H.—May 19, 1921.
Fowler, Jesse J.—May 21, 1921.
Murphy, Michael F.—December 27, 1921.
Sutphin, Charles J.—September 22, 1922.
England, Herbert—February 1, 1923.
90. Granger, Warren L.—March 6, 1923.
Woods, Dayton R.—March 26, 1923.
Backus, William E.—April 7, 1923.
Snyder, Harry C.—April 7, 1923.
Czapp, Walter J.—April 9, 1923.
95. Brown, William G.—May 5, 1923.
Razette, Raoul L.—September 13, 1923.
Mitchell, William B.—September 14, 1923.
Rousar, Leon R.—December 13, 1923.
Greenberg, Louis—January 11, 1924.
100. Straus, Joseph—February 1, 1924.
Wilson, Verner A.—March 21, 1924.
Reppenhausen, Edwin C.—April 25, 1924.
Connolly, James D.—May 1, 1924.
Baldwin, Harry B.—May 9, 1924.
105. Murphy, Joseph F.—May 29, 1924.
Titus, Allen F.—August 2, 1924.
Ranier, Hayes—November 15, 1924.
Smkh, John F.—December 20, 1924.
McDonald, James H.—January 15, 1925.
110. Cain, Byron B.—February 10, 1926.
Puckett, James C.—February 25, 1926.
Thrallkill, Joseph E.—April 12, 1926.
Stone, Richard J.—July 15, 1926.
Ostrom, Vaard W.—July 23, 1926.
115. Knight, Charles H.—November 16, 1926.
Brown, James R.—January 18, 1927.
Young, Lucian S.—February 10, 1927.
Wright, Frank W.—March 2, 1927.
Cross, Howard—April 4, 1927.
120. Barger, Noble J.—April 27, 1927.
Feustel, Charles D.—September 26, 1927.
McKinney, Howard D.—October 21, 1927.
Caspers, Frank X.—December 15, 1927.
Long, Clyde H.—December 29, 1927.
125. Dusan, Ralph E.—January 24, 1928.
Picketing, Ray W.—February 27, 1928.
Massey, Maurice—March 22, 1928.
Moore, Frederick H.—April 16, 1928.
Finlay, Albert W.—April 19, 1928.
130. Hubbard, Walter J., Jr.—May 24, 1928.
Bartley, Harry D.—July 6, 1928.
Gravelle, Homer J.—August 23, 1928.
Beavers, Ernest O.—October 4, 1928.
Chandler, Paul G.—October 4, 1928.
135. Neidle, Barnett—October 4, 1928.
Riggs, Charles L.—October 10, 1928.
Dystra, Frederick—December 13, 1928.
Trappnell, Alton P.—April 4, 1929.
Foran, Daniel E.—April 12, 1929.

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◆

140. Jameson, Edward K.—May 10, 1929.
Wilgus, Peter J.—May 13, 1929.
Anderson, Godfrey N.—July 2, 1929.
Detwiler, Harry "E"—August 16, 1929.
Tenny, James W.—August 16, 1929.
145. Texier, Martin W.—October 26, 1929.
Wilson, James L.—November 11, 1929.
Styer, Kenneth P.—November 14, 1929.
Hoffman, Robert C.—November 15, 1929.
Stone, Rupert E.—January 21, 1930.
150. Hoffmaster, Frank W.—May 3, 1930.
McCarthy, Cornelius J.—May 20, 1930.
Clark, Harry—June 3, 1930.
Jones, Sidney W.—June 3, 1930.
Merwin, Herbert LaMott—August 16, 1930.
155. Lyon, Horace E.—August 30, 1930.
Dowdle, Anthony J.—September 3, 1930.
Kline, Oscar C.—November 3, 1930.
Williams, William L.—November 13, 1930.
Griffin, Ivan H.—December 4, 1930.
160. Butt, Charles R.—December 27, 1930.
Pearce, John F.—February 17, 1931.
Hale, John S.—April 1, 1931.
Cox, Ethelmore R.—April 6, 1931.
Padgett, Robert F.—May 7, 1931.
165. Jackson, William C.—May 11, 1931.
Dougan, Thomas H.—June 2, 1931.
Matthews, Leon E.—June 17, 1931.

A & I DEPARTMENT

1. Webb, Percy—October 8, 1917.
Moore, Frederick J.—December 18, 1917.
Miller, Frank H.—February 19, 1918.
Fisher, Frank L.—August 10, 1918.
5. Darr, Albert C.—November 25, 1918.
Gill, Reginald H.—February 18, 1919.
Kelley, William R.—May 23, 1919.
Miller, Thomas L.—October 1, 1919.
Cummings, George C.—July 31, 1926.
10. Ramberg, William T.—October 26, 1928.
Thomas, Wesley J.—October 26, 1928.
Krah, Joseph E.—October 26, 1928.
Sinopoli, Jack—June 3, 1930.
Carley, Thomas F.—April 1, 1931.

LIST OF MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANTS
ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

1. Orthober, Frank—December 8, 1916—QM.
Steinsdoerfer, Joseph G.—February 8, 1919—QM.
McCann, William—February 6, 1920—QM.
Kale, Herman J.—December 4, 1920—QM.
5. Belcher, Benjamin F.—September 1, 1924—Aviation.
Boyle, George J.—September 1, 1924—Aviation.
Henderson, Norman G.—September 1, 1924—Aviation.
Esterbrook, Paul B.—September 1, 1924—Aviation.
Blackwell, Harry L.—September 1, 1924—Aviation.
10. Kool, Sava—August 5, 1926—QM.
Burke, William J.—November 27, 1926—QM.
Van Rhee, Peter F.—January 18, 1927—QM.
Barks, Howard C.—February 5, 1927—QM.
Turner, Fred—April 23, 1927—QM.
15. O'Brien, William J.—May 10, 1927—QM.
Nilson, Edwin N.—September 19, 1927—QM.
Adams, James S.—October 18, 1927—QM.
Rhinesmith, Samuel—November 5, 1927—QM.
Bekoske, Peter—December 27, 1927—QM.
20. Milam, Fred D.—April 10, 1928—QM.
McCook, Robert E.—June 29, 1928—QM.
Kuebel, Edward P.—September 5, 1929—Aviation.
Shepard, Millard T.—October 4, 1929—Aviation.
Munsch, Albert S.—October 4, 1929—Aviation.
25. Busbee, Alvin R.—March 10, 1930—Aviation.
Adams, Omar C.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Turner, John C.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Gould, Cyril A.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Zalanks, Earl J. J.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
30. George, Oscar L.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Kyle, Clarence B.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Reynolds, Charles—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Thurman, Roscoe V.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Tobin, Patrick H.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
35. Kurtz, Morris E.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Parrick, Scottie E.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Stewart, Carl E.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Morgan, George C.—July 1, 1930—Aviation.
Smith, Guy Ben—March 12, 1931—Aviation.
40. Knittle, Joseph W.—March 12, 1931—Aviation.
Groves, William G.—March 12, 1931—Aviation.
Goodins, Theodore—March 12, 1931—Aviation.
Geer, Horace "D"—March 12, 1931—Aviation.
Elmblade, Ralph C.—March 12, 1931—Aviation.
45. Gird, William W.—March 12, 1931—Aviation.
Meachem, Henry C.—March 14, 1931—Aviation.
Schoenfeld, Kurt F. E.—March 14, 1931—Aviation.
Weisand, William H.—March 14, 1931—Aviation.
Jordan, Harold Ross—May 21, 1931—Aviation.
50. Primm, John W.—June 4, 1931—Aviation.
Broek, Ira—June 4, 1931—Aviation.
Blackford, William C.—June 4, 1931—Aviation.
Campbell, Charles C.—June 4, 1931—Aviation.
Pardee, Walter W.—June 9, 1931—Aviation.

LIST OF PAYMASTER SERGEANTS ARRANGED
ACCORDING TO SENIORITY

1. Ford, Edwin C.—October 28, 1916.
Loben, Edward A.—August 24, 1917.
Schneider, Monty L.—April 22, 1918.
Pittch, Vincent—July 10, 1918.

5. Rath, John J.—July 24, 1918.
Cramer, Joseph A.—August 8, 1918.
Huekels, Frank J., Jr.—November 20, 1918.
Gates, Charles T.—December 20, 1918.
Hall, John E.—January 1, 1919.
10. Jones, Ernest M.—May 10, 1919.
Richardson, Edward A.—May 10, 1919.
Hall, Emmett G.—July 18, 1919.
Connor, Paul J.—September 15, 1919.
Ward, Hubert N.—November 12, 1919.
15. Post, Carlton L.—November 14, 1919.
Smith, Thea A.—November 14, 1919.
Neff, Paul A.—November 14, 1919.
Geiger, Harvey A.—November 17, 1919.
Watson, Thomas G.—December 11, 1919.
20. Martin, Paul A.—February 1, 1920.
Seifert, John L.—February 26, 1920.
Lons, Albert H.—March 19, 1920.
Dahlsten, Mahnus R.—May 18, 1920.
Bates, Norman C.—July 23, 1920.
25. Brown, Arthur—August 6, 1920.
Jones, Alfred E.—August 23, 1920.
Frank, George R.—June 20, 1924.
Tonnelier, David A.—January 19, 1927.
Maynard, Ray R.—March 10, 1928.
30. Herron, Joseph P.—April 25, 1928.
Ayres, Joseph J.—July 9, 1928.
Lundmark, Charles B.—August 17, 1928.
Greer, Adial P.—October 22, 1928.
Bird, Julius B.—May 1, 1929.
35. Andrus, Lee B.—February 24, 1930.
Steimer, William A.—March 8, 1930.
Wood, Stuart F. B.—April 26, 1930.
Russell, Frank M.—November 7, 1930.
Weatherford, John G.—March 10, 1931.
40. McKay, Robert H. J.—May 1, 1931.

The following-named men have attained a score of 330 or better over the rifle qualification course during 1931:

Gy.-Sgt. Carl J. Cagle	335
Cpl. Steve Disco	335
1st Sgt. John C. Parker	334
Pfc. William L. Kiser	334
Gy.-Sgt. John C. Miller	333
Pfc. Clay V. Charlton	333
1st Sgt. Earl E. Daniel	332
Gy.-Sgt. James R. Tucker	332
Sgt. Fred Martin	331
Pfc. Melvin Lee	331
Cpl. John F. Fessino	330
Something to shoot at	335

The following-named men have attained a score of 95 or better over the pistol qualification course during 1931:

1st Lt. Orin H. Wheeler	98
1st Lt. Ion M. Bethel	98
Sgt. Brook E. Clements	98
Gy.-Sgt. Charles B. Hughes	97
Tpr. Selman D. Gilbert	96
1st Sgt. Earl E. Daniel	95
1st Sgt. John C. Parker	95
Pvt. Russell M. Catron	95
Something to shoot at: 1st Lt. Orin H. Wheeler	98.4

DEATHS
OFFICERS

- DUNLAP, Robert H., Brigadier General, died May 19, 1931, in a land-slide, at Cinq-Mars-la-Pile, France. Next of kin: Mrs. Katharine W. Dunlap, wife, 1758 "K" St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- BEVAN, William F., Major, died June 19, 1931, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. J. B. Wells, sister, 4400 Hawthorne St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- POWER, Lester E., 1st Lieut., was killed in action June 15, 1931, at Embocaderos, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary J. Power, wife, P. O. Box 104, Quantico, Va.
- REAGAN, Elmo, Chief Marine Gunner, died June 17, 1931, as the result of an airplane accident at Pensacola, Fla. Next of kin: Mrs. Helen C. Reagan, wife, 1720 E. Blount St., Pensacola, Fla.
- WICKS, Tom E., Captain, died June 6, 1931, of disease at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Bessie G. Wicks, wife, 4292 Hawkes St., San Diego, Calif.

ENLISTED MEN

- ANDERSON, Gustav V., Sgt., died June 27, 1931, of disease at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Ellen Hanley, sister, 242 Baker St., W. Roxbury, Mass.
- McGHEE, William E., Sgt., killed in action June 15, 1931, at Embocaderos, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Horace G. McGhee, father, 501 Vine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
- SWIEC, Joseph C., Pvt., died June 25, 1931, at Baltimore, Md. Next of kin: Mrs. Anna Swiec, mother, 1228 So. Ellwood Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- WIGGERS, Harvey R., Pvt., died June 3, 1931, of disease at Norfolk, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. W. N. Shealy, mother, Little Mountain, S. C.
- ROBINSON, Morgan, Sgt. (retired), died June 2, 1931, at Washington, D. C., as the result of being struck by an automobile. Next of kin: (None given.)

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 1)

FLANAGAN, John J., at Wilkes-Barre, 6-5-31, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

FLATTERY, John E., at San Francisco, 6-22-31, for MD, Receiving Ship, San Francisco, Calif.

FURNISH, Maurice L., at Seattle, 6-4-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

GRACE, Charles, at Pittsburgh, 6-29-31, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

GRASBORG, Joseph, at Dover, N. J., 6-29-31, for MB, NAS, Dover, N. J.

GRAY, Irving J., at MB, Puget Sound, 6-8-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

GRIFFITH, Motte V., at Greenville, 6-29-31, for Rects. Dist. of Charlotte.

GROVES, Davis W., at Charleston, W. Va., 6-2-31, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.

HIDY, John A., at MB, Puget Sound, 6-18-31, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa., via Bremerton, Wash.

HOFFMAN, Robert C., at Port au Prince, Haiti, 6-7-31, for Port au Prince, Haiti.

HOLSTINE, Otis H., at NAS, Pensacola, 6-25-31, for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

HONNOLL, Dean R., at Houston, 6-24-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.

HOPKINS, William R., at MB, Charleston, 6-26-31, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

HOYLE, Gardner B., at Managua, 4-28-31, for Nic. NGD., Managua, Nicaragua.

HUGHES, George A., at Baltimore, 6-16-31, for San Diego, via Hampton Roads.

JENKINS, Llewellyn, Jr., at MB, Parris Island, 6-9-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

JODOIN, Edgar, at Worcester, 6-3-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

JOHNSON, Donald, at Philadelphia, 6-9-31, for MB, Quantico, Va.

JOHNSON, Melville T., at Managua, 5-14-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Managua.

JONES, Elmer, at NAS, San Diego, 6-14-31, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.

KISZEWSKI, Joseph T., at Quantico, 6-3-31, for 1st Marines, Quantico, Va.

KONOPKA, Joseph, at Port au Prince, 6-7-31, for Constabulary Det., Haiti.

KOWALAK, Albert, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 6-12-31, for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

KRUSZKOWSKI, Frank, at MB, Philadelphia, Pa., 6-22-31, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

LACHAPPELLE, Albert, at San Diego, 5-30-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

LECLAIR, Ralph E., at NAS, San Diego, 6-8-31, for NAS, San Diego, Calif.

LEE, Ernest Edw., at Vallejo, 5-25-31, for Peipins, China.

LEON, Harry, at Pittsburgh, 6-3-31, for 4th Regiment, China.

LEWIS, Edwin J., at Vallejo, 5-25-31, for American Legation, Peipins, China.

LOCKHART, Jack N., at Seattle, 6-5-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

LONG, Sam, at New Orleans, 6-4-31, for San Diego, via Hampton Roads.

LOVELL, Marvin J., at Los Angeles, 6-10-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

LYNCH, Milton E., at MB, New York, 6-7-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

MAHAFFEY, Adger C., at San Francisco, 6-10-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

MARTIN, Carl H., at Pittsburgh, 6-5-31, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.

MARTIN, George W., at NAS, San Diego, 5-31-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, San Diego, Calif.

MAYHEW, Eugene A., at Los Angeles, 5-29-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

McALEXANDER, Bennie C., at Memphis, 6-15-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

McCAFFERTY, John Wm., at Vallejo, 6-19-31, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

McCUE, John D., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 6-14-31, for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

McFARLAND, Hugh B., at Washington, D. C., 6-11-31, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

McNABB, Ellis R., at Ft. Wayne, 5-28-31, for 4th Regiment, China.

McVAY, John S., at Seattle, 6-2-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

MELDEY, Alexander, at MB, Puget Sound, 6-13-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

MERGENTHAL, Alfred R., at San Francisco, 5-24-31, for Recruiting District of San Francisco.

MILLER, Omer G., at Washington, D. C., 6-6-31, for China, via Hampton Roads.

MUDGET, Carson, at Vallejo, 6-8-31, for Peipins, via Mare Island.

MUSACHIA, Seraphin G., at Hampton Roads, 5-31-31, for MB, New Orleans, La.

MYER, George E., at Washington, D. C., 6-27-31, for Hdqrs. MC, Washington, D. C.

MYREL, Edward, at Philadelphia, 6-26-31, for D-of-S, Philadelphia, Pa.

NELSON, Herbert L., at St. Louis, 5-28-31, for West Coast, via Hampton Roads.

NOE, Louis L., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 6-16-31, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

O'CONNOR, Thomas P., at Indianapolis, 6-1-31, for QM Dept., Hqs., Washington, D. C.

PALMER, Estes B., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 6-19-31, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

PAWLOWICZ, Sigmund, at Baltimore, 5-29-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

PETERSEN, Emil L., at Parris Island, 6-23-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

PIVOWAR, Louis, at Washington, D. C., 6-2-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

PRIATTIE, James, at Salt Lake City, 6-24-31, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

RAMSEY, Eber V., at Charlotte, 6-5-31, for Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.

REEVES, Tom P., at Philadelphia, 6-29-31, for D-of-S, Philadelphia, Pa.

RODGERS, James H., at Fresno, 6-2-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

SAYRE, Francis M., at Quantico, 6-17-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Va.

SCHMIDT, Leo G., at Chicago, 5-28-31, for MCI, MB, Washington, D. C.

SCHUH, John, at MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H., 6-12-31, for MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

SCHWAB, Joseph L., at MB, Parris Island, 6-10-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

SECHKUS, John, at Philadelphia, 6-29-31, for D-of-S, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEUFERT, Henry A., at Philadelphia, 5-7-31, for D-of-S, Philadelphia, Pa.

SHIMP, William H., at Quantico, 6-22-31, for School Det., Quantico, Va.

SHUMAN, Manasseh H., Jr., at MB, Charleston, 6-28-31, for China.

SIMPSON, Albert, at Cleveland, 6-25-31, for MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

SISSON, George C., at Quantico, 6-1-31, for 1st Marines, Quantico, Va.

SMALL, Richard J., at San Diego, 6-3-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

SMITH, Clarence L., at San Francisco, 6-18-31, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

SMITH, William McG., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 6-4-31, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

SPENCER, Earl T., at MB, Key West, 6-10-31, for MB, Key West, Fla.

STAINBROOK, Wallace K., at MB, Dover, N. J., 6-18-31, for MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

STENCEL, Kasmer, at D-of-S, Hampton Roads, 6-8-31, for D-of-S, Hampton Roads, Va.

STEPHENS, Arthur S., at Quantico, 6-3-31, for 1st Marines, Quantico, Va.

TENNY, James W., at Quantico, 6-21-31, for Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Va.

TWOHIG, Jeremiah, at San Diego, 6-23-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

VAN BERGEN, Antonius, at NOB, Hampton Roads, 5-31-31, for D-of-S, Hampton Roads, Va.

WALKER, William A., at Baltimore, 6-8-31, for 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

WEISS, Louis J., at San Diego, 6-21-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

WELLS, Virgil E., at San Francisco, 6-9-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

WESTON, Harry, at Vallejo, 5-26-31, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

WILBANKS, John H., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 6-28-31, for MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

WILSON, Gerald F., at Philadelphia, 6-16-31, for D-of-S, Philadelphia, Pa.

WRIGHT, Clarence D., at Los Angeles, 6-19-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

WYKOFF, Garrett J., at Buffalo, 6-12-31, for NMD, Yorktown, Va.

YOUNG, James B., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 6-29-31, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

ZIEGLER, Adolph, at MB, Hingham, 6-10-31, for Shanghai, China.

ZIEGLER, Ernest H., at New Orleans, 6-5-31, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

(Continued from page 3)

Captain Charles C. Gill, on August 7th detached MB, Washington, D. C., to the Cavalry School, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Captain John Groff, on September 4th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

Captain Claude A. Phillips, orders to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Carl W. Meigs, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md.

1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., on August 1st detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to the Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md.

1st Lt. Frank P. Snow, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md.

2nd Lt. Benjamin F. Kaiser, Jr., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

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TAE
GENERAL
AND HIS AIDES
AT MARE ISLAND

UPON ARRIVING AT
MARE ISLAND - THE
GENERAL - IN ORDER
TO GET RID OF PVT,
ZERO WITHOUT
DROWNING HIM - TOLD
HIM TO CIRCULATE
AROUND THE POST
AND NAVY YARD AND
TO MAKE A WRITTEN
REPORT OF HIS OBS-
ERVATIONS - THE
GENERAL - IN THE
MEANTIME IS BUSY
ABSORBING SOME
CALIFORNIA - CLI-
MATE. TISH/TSK/

A FEW PAGES OF PRIVATE
ZEROS REPORT FOLLOWS!

Dear girl:
 I have found the
 more inland, but not an Is-
 land - its a mistake, surrounded by
 mud and mosquitoes.
 That the Mares which
 the Island was named
 after, dont sleep in the
 dry docks, like Pm. Sgt Jones
 said they did.
 The home brew sold
 in Valby is rotten but
 the corn liker is rubber
 elegant. The only rubber
 parade ground in the
 world is in front of
 the Marine Barracks
 here - I seen a foot
 in an Austin, bunc
 suspect H.
 a couple of

across it (the parade ground).
The hospital is full of
germs - carbomato-crocoaches-goto.
and doctors! This local-
fornia weather is unusual,
sunshine-sometimes. I was
going to suspect the
Prison (No 84) but, Bill
Bassett said - well,
anyhow - I ain't taking
no chances if a lot
major carries the keys!
The Post Exchange is
run by a Scotchman -
they won't even give
a guy a growl -
The movies is good -
that reminds me - how
we didn't
wood - you're
about to

nothing
boy what
Florida land
P.D. Mother Underhill phone
has the situation well
in hand! your Buddy

QUITE A FEW CHANGES IN THIS PLACE. NOW WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN—

YEAH!
BROOKLYN
WAS A
CROSS-ROADS

SOME OF
THE
GEN'RLS
NOTES

DEAR READERS= YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF THE GENERALS IN SP-ECTION- JUST IMAGINE WHOSSIS AND ZERO AT WAIKIKI-WELL! WE PROMISE YOU THAT- AND- PLENTY MORE- "THE GENERAL AND HIS AIDES" IN HAWAII- NEXT MONTH

THE POST QM
FINDS TIME BETWEEN
COUNTING AXE HANDLES/
AND UNDERSHIRTS - TO
SWING A WICKED GAME
OF GOLF!

THE
MARINES
HAVE A HOT

THE POST CARPENTER IS BUSY CUTTING AN EXTRA WIDE DOOR IN THE MESS HALL—SGT. MAJ. DOLL IS DUE BACK 'HOME' SOON.

THE MARINES HAVE A HOT BASEBALL TEAM- SO FAR THE SCORE FOR ANY ONE GAME HAS NOT BEEN LESS THAN- 26- WIN- LOSE OR SCRAM! SPEAKING OF BB- THE Q.M. CLERK HERE- IS THE ONLY HOMBRE WHO EVER " STOLE SECOND BASE- WITH THE BASES FULL " AND GOT AWAY WITH IT /

THE 1ST SGT OF THE
CASUAL CO IS RIGHT
SMACK IN THE MID-
DLE OF A QUANDRY-
A VALLEJO MOSQUITO
SWALLOWED HIS
CANARY-----!!

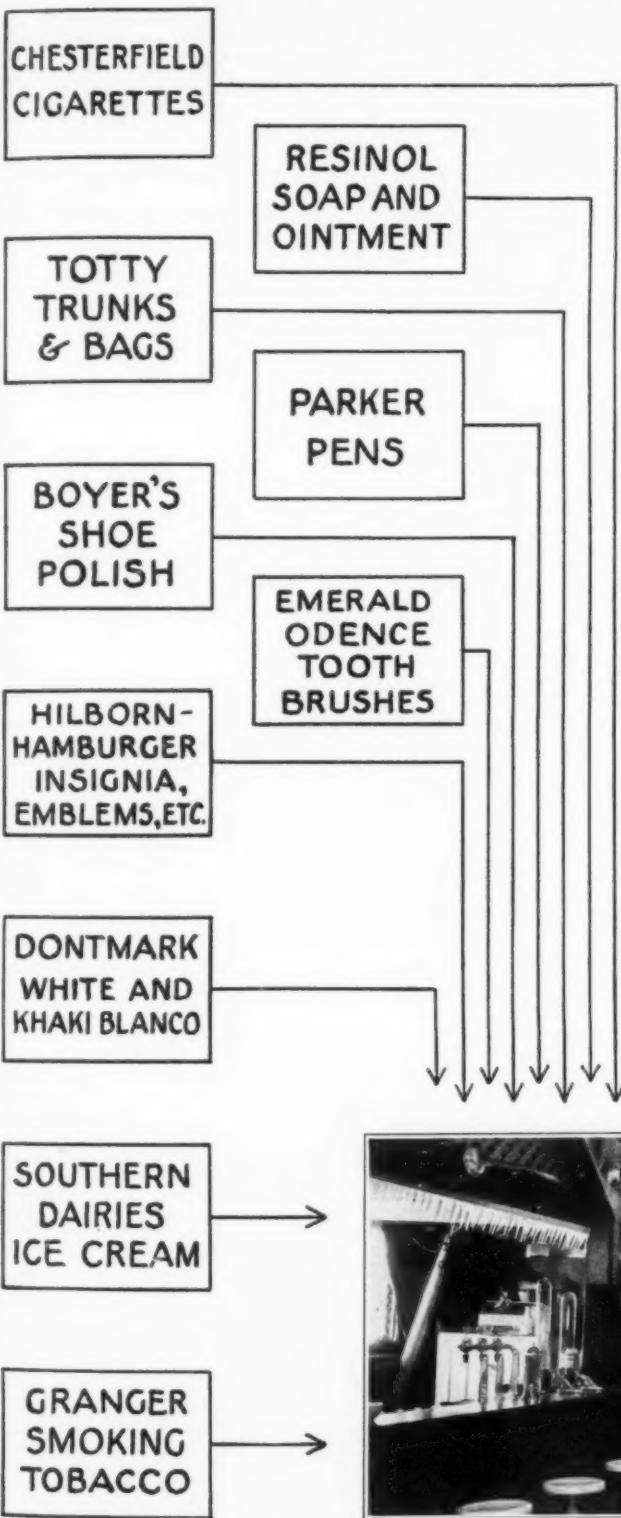
THE GEN. SAID
FILE THESE NOTES
UNDER "D-T-S-C"
NOW! WOT-TH!

OH! I KNOW!
D-T-S-C -
DOWN
THE
SLOP
CHUTE!

'SIGN OF SPRING' A NAVY LIEUTENANT
PICKING PAUSY'S DOWN NEAR THE
WATER FRONT — HO-HUM—LIFE IS LIKE THAT.

TEX
ADD ON
1931
ADIOS
FELLERS

"Why Should I Read Advertisements?"



ONCE every cruise we find a Marine who bewails the fact that The Leatherneck contains so much advertising. This bozo belongs way back "in the days of old when knights were bold." Advertising columns are the bulletin boards on which science and industry post their recent discoveries, new inventions, and modern processes; and the WISE Marine will always welcome this method of keeping abreast of the times.

IN A recent questionnaire conducted by our magazine, 100% answered "yes" to the question, "Do you read the advertisements in The Leatherneck?" This is very gratifying and shows that the average Marine is on the alert and ready to take advantage of every opportunity offered for progress and improvement.

PRODUCTS advertised in the The Leatherneck are of proven worth. Experience has shown them to be economical and reliable. The Marine who makes a practice of buying advertised goods need never fear of marching backward. He will always be finding better ways of doing things successfully, will always have his lockers stocked with the best and most modern items--will be carrying on with a great advantage over those who do not appreciate this function of advertising.



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HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



Smoke a fresh cigarette

CAMEL
20'S
CHOICE QUALITY

Smoke a fresh cigarette

HUMIDOR PACK

It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office

CAMELS

